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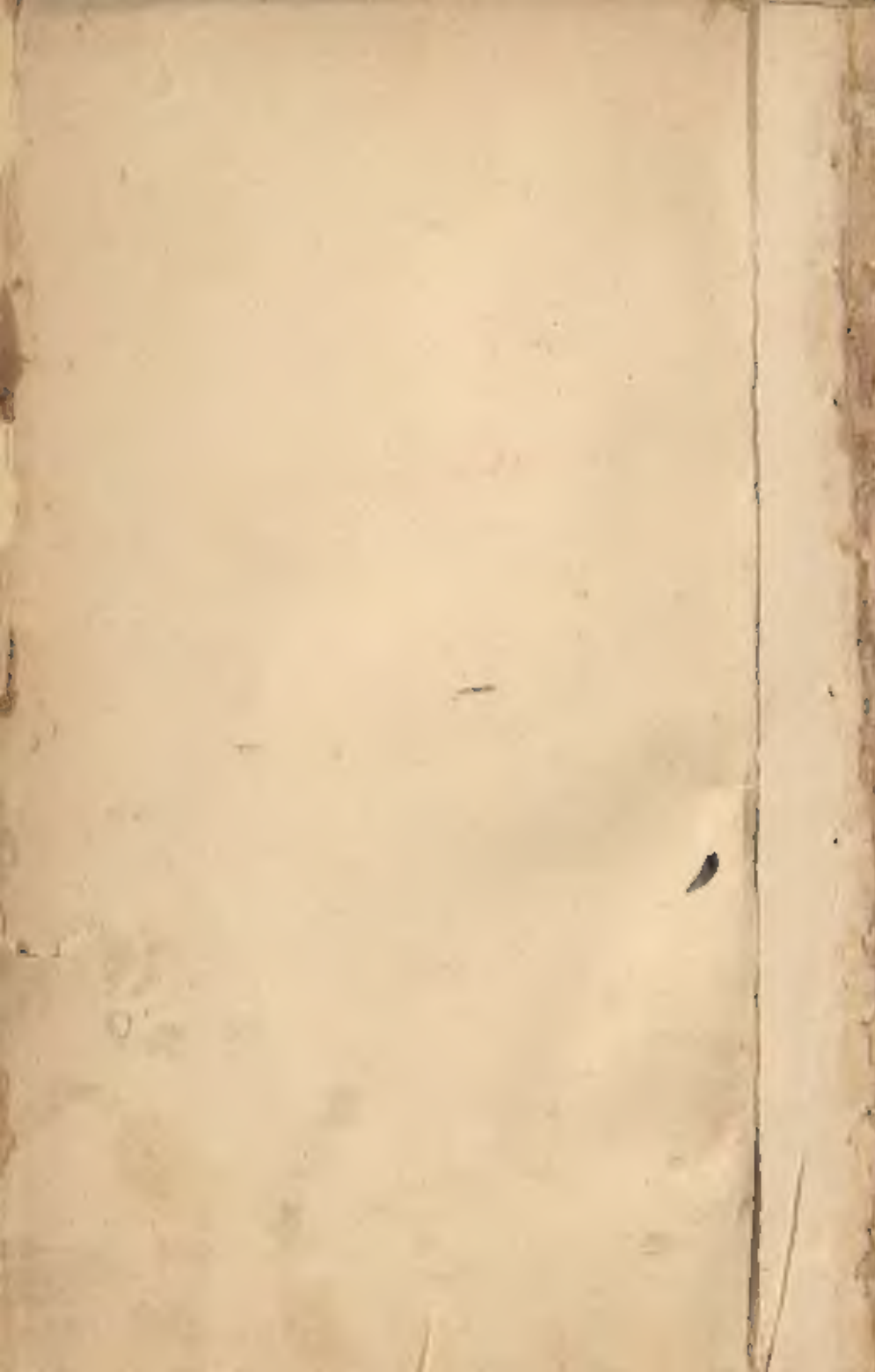




ROMANTIC TALES FROM THE PANJÂB

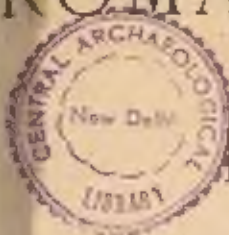






ROMANTIC TALES

FROM THE



PANJAB

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY NATIVE HANDS

COLLECTED AND EDITED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES

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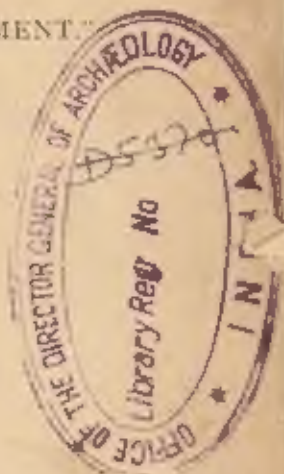
THE REV. CHARLES SWYNNERTON, F.S.A.

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AUTHOR OF

"INDIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT"

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INSCRIBED

(BY THE KING'S GRACIOUS PRIVILEGE

TO THE REVERED MEMORY OF

OUR LATE QUEEN VICTORIA

QUEEN VICTORIA

WHO, IN HER LIFETIME, WAS PLEASED

TO HAVE HER NAME INSCRIBED ON THE

PICTURE BOOKS

10, 100, 100

10, 100, 100



(THE ORIGINAL DEDICATION)

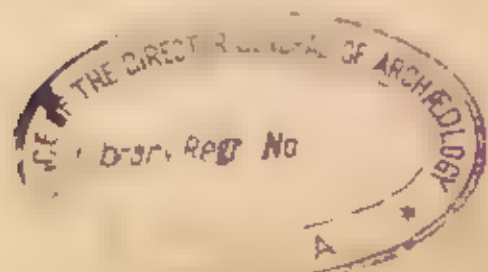
TO  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY  
ON VICTORIA IS INDIA

WHOM THE PEOPLE OF INDIA  
CALL BY THE ENDEARING NAME OF  
"MOTHER"

THIS SERIES OF INDIAN STORIES

BY MRS. J. H. M. S. S.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED





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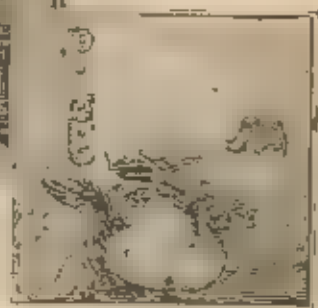


## INTRODUCTION





## INTRODUCTION



In this volume are comprised the most important of the village tales which I collected many years ago in the

neighbourhood of Attock on the Upper Indus. They were the stories of the people, of the professional bards or of the common villagers, as told by themselves, and they have been translated without any conscious embellishment. They were gathered at odd times and in different places, as the exigencies of the public service permitted, during two or three successive cold seasons, and of many a winter's night they were veritably the entertainment, when, after duty was over for the day, and dinner had been duly



companion we lighted our pipes and in listening and scribbling, while a group of Muhammadan story-teller squatting on the floor within glow of our log fire, enjoyed the pleasant hours quite as much as ourselves.

In this introduction I shortly seek to describe the circumstances under which these tales were discovered, and then to point out certain elements which they possess in common with the stories and fables so familiar to us at home (my theology and biblical legend). But questions of deeper moment I must forego—as for instance the scientific value of these folk-lore tales, and again whether they are the survival of a stock once the exclusive property of one original tribe, whether they originated with the few and have been carried far and wide to the many, or whether, showing for all that modulations, they spring independently in various centres as if on some principle of spontaneous generation, according to the observed tendency of the human mind to follow similar lines whatever the accidental environment may be. These and similar questions and the resolution of them I would leave to those of my fellow-countrymen who know not the penalties of exile, and who are deemed mighty to discern the origins of things vague, mysterious and legendary.

Of the household stories of the people of the Upper Punjab by far the most popular are 1) the story of Hir and Ranha, and 2) the Legend of Kasah. To these might perhaps be added 3) the Love-tale of Mirza and Sahibzadi, and 4) the story of the immaculate Piran Wangat, Kasah's half-brother, both of which are also narrated in this volume.

The long story of Hir and Ranha I picked up at Dera Israr, close to Abbottabad in the Hazara District and in this wise came I across it.

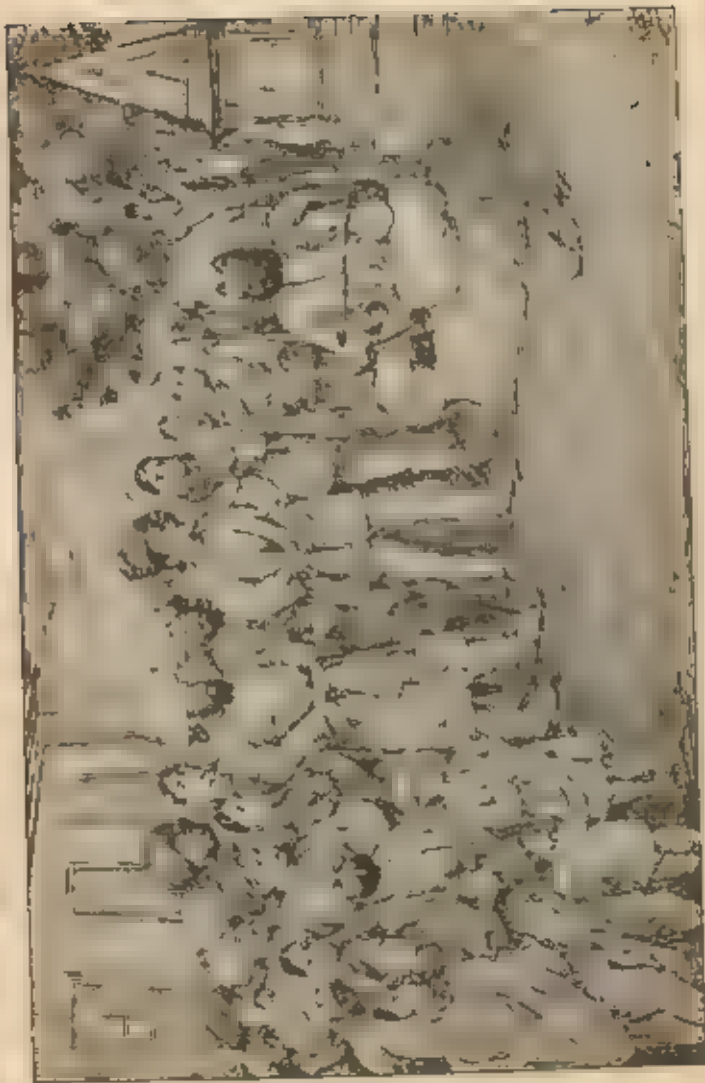
Riding one day along the mountain road that leads from Abbottabad to the village of Baghota perched high over

the precipitous sides of the Ulu Darnu issue a Pandur  
incent on the acquisition of Greco-Bactrian coins, which  
a few years ago were plentiful enough over the whole of that  
eastern region, and enclose the narrow tortuous streets  
of the village. It was evening now the war-drum was beating  
with jubilation at the low golden sun which flushed  
over the low ridges of the cottages and smote the brown  
sides of the steepening peaks with colour rendered the  
dark but not undecaying by reason of the depth and  
the want of the shadows between. As I exhaled I  
heard the singing strain rhythmic bearing of a meter varied  
with the strains of a *surunga* and now and then the voice of a  
singing of a song-procession. These things told me of  
festivals they revealed the fact that the whole village was  
in the enjoyment of the happiness of some happy occasion  
which had been solemnly announced over the country side  
for the misfortune of age as I never can do as her own. And  
in that fact was I aware of the open space in front  
of the *hupra*, the general guest-house I felt associated  
with the company of the wedding guests all of the nobler  
sex who were standing or seating under a huge *patal*  
listening to the black-bearded minstrel Shier, son of  
Mura, whose fame abounded over a great country side.  
We were all kept still. It was the thrilling adventures of  
Khat Resat—Pando-pando without a peer, and I was lost  
in the before a simulating catch the hero's last dying  
speech while a being in verse was only singing to the song of  
of an ancient family who when his a little greedy for more  
set up the cry—'Hir and Ranyan, Hir and Ranyan.' O excep-  
tional *in-rasi* to us the story of Hir and Ranyan.

Simple men are easily moved, and the mention of that simple story of hapless and triumphant love brought up many a straggler. The idlers in the wide verandas around moved nearer to the original group from the shadows of

blank walls and places unknown emerged several grey beards, casting their cotton togas about their stately forms as they approached, timid-faced girls darkly veiled gazed from rouse-tops, or peeped from neighbouring doors, and some staid matrons, returning home with pithers of river water on their graceful heads, shyly came to a halt between sunlight and shade, if so be they might catch fragments of a love tale which, to their ears especially, though ever old was ever new. It was a remarkable scene, and moreover, a scene deeply instructive, because, though a picture of life in the Panab as it is, it was also picture of life as it ever has been. Changeless as yet though certainly in the way of change the East is still the East, and Sner the obscure and Homer the renowned might shake hands, if that were possible, across the gulf of ages, seeing that the conditions of life continue unaltered and that customs, manners, domestic rule, mode of dress and style of dwelling may even remain itself in some respects remain it less day certainly is same as they existed of old. In the midst of such a scene as this, then, I first heard the story which for the first time is now presented to the English reader.

Of all traditional tales dear to the hearts of the people of the Panab there is not one more deeply engrained in the affections of that many hospitable race than the love story of Hira and Rayna. That, like most tales of ages long held, it is a composite story is true and that in comparatively recent times it has been largely overlaid with deposits of Mohammedan feeling and sentiment is likewise true. The main argument however distinctly survives, and whatever its origin it is now fully established as a faithful reflex of domestic rural life in those remote places where the mighty Indus rolls forth from the restraining barriers of the Himalayas. It is the story of the fortunes of an exile driven by force of circumstances from his ancestral



SHARAF THE BARD TELLING HIS STORIES.



home. No motif is more generally diffused than that, no basis of story or legend more universally popular. The divine folk-tales of the Old Testament and the delightful stories of classical legend, and of mediæval romance owe most of their human interest to that idea. The type abounds everywhere, though each separate instance is differentiated as dramatists say, with change, or colour, or meta, or augmentation, special to itself. And while it does not necessarily follow that the element of love should interpose to support or to carry on the progress of the original idea yet what it does interpose whether incidentally as in the story of Joseph, or as determining cause as in the case of Orpheus or as end and object of toil and labour as in the case of Arthurian legend, nothing can be imagined more enchanting to primitive minds than an all-world story of a venture so lightened and glorified. The story of Hir and Ravana is an example in point. There the principle of love, though of a somewhat naive and archaic type, interposes with delicious effect, affording us an example of attainment and of constancy on the part of a despised oriental woman, which no influence on earth could either shake or undermine.

One or two other points of interest there are to be briefly noted. First, in the story of Hir and Ravana we have expression given to the universal belief of the east world in the potent properties of exquisite musical sounds. The hero Ravana piping down the vineys, like Mr Sauton in the legends of Russia, or the god Krishna in Hindu mythology, is, after all, the Greek Orpheus, or the Teutonic magic hunter, moving across the stage of historical romance in Indian dress. He enters as a votary of the flower-crowned goddess in the days when Music, heavenly maid, was young. He embodies a principle. Music, according to him, is magical to quell whatever evil spirit from the land

may come to afflict the souls of men. Its hand is coming to soothe and to bless, to heal and refresh both man and beast by virtue of an irresistible inherent power peculiar to melodious sounds, of which we, in these latter days are only beginning slowly to realise the scientific and remedial importance — in sweet music is such art.

In the next place, the story carries a lesson almost forgotten in the modern degraded life of India. For it proclaims the doctrine that in eve women should be free to choose for themselves. Herein lies the secret of its immense popularity among the women of the Punjab. It pictures eve both strong and free. Bartered and sold as they practically are, cribbed up within the narrow limits of their desolate *zananas* if rich and if poor worked from morning till night like the beasts of the field, the women of the Punjab find in the story — Hir and Ranjha an expression of that reasonable liberty of action to which they vainly aspire, and a triumphant vindication of the inalienable rights of their sex, of which centuries of wrong and oppression have deprived them.

Again the story of Hir and Ranjha has evidently descended from most ancient times, its origin being veiled in obscurity. The natives ascribe to it the greatest possible antiquity, an antiquity far anterior to the era of Muhammad, though in the Upper Punjab the Moham-madans, as we have already noted have appropriated the story and modified it to suit themselves. An old band shah of Huzar a most intelligent man well versed in the traditions of his district believed it was as old as the times of Alexander. But I know no story of the ancient Greeks which it resembles unless it be the myth of Hero and Leander. And indeed, 'Hir and Ranjha' as the people love to speak of it and 'Hero and Leander' possess features in common over and above the mere coincidence in the jungle of names. For

begin with, it is a most uncommon thing for the name of the heroine to take precedence of that of the hero, as it does in *Hir and Rāṅgha*. I know of no other case in India like it. But this is precisely the case as soon the myth of *Hero and Leander*. The accessories, too, are not unlike. *Rāṅgha* swims down the river to the garden in which he first discovers *Hir*, and subsequently the two are divided one from the other by a waste of water. The Hellespont here becoming an arm of the river *Chenab*. In the modern story, too, the catastrophe which befalls the unhappy lovers must in the original tale have been exceedingly tragic for singers are introduced in order to account for their sudden disappearance. I think it would be time well spent to search for a variant of *Hir and Rāṅgha*, either among the Hindus of the Punjab, or else among the people of Hindustan Proper, whom the descriptive conquests of the earlier Mohammedan invaders, *Sabaktagin*, *Mahmud of Ghazni*, and their immediate successors so cruelly afflicted. The enlightened Greek King, *Meninges*, known in Hindustan as *Mehmed*, a successor of *Alexander the Great*, exercised sway now as far as the borders of *Beyro*, and if *Hir and Rāṅgha* be a variant of *Hero and Leander*, some simpler version might here be found which would satisfactorily establish the connection. And it would be most interesting to have evidence to prove that the Greeks had left in India as well as numbers of their lovely sons, one at least of their fascinating legends.

Another speculation of great interest is suggested by this popular story, though it finds far more pointed and cogent expression in the old national legends of *Raja Ravana*.

It will be observed that with the narrative is told in prose, the principal speeches, the more striking and imaginative utterances of the characters represented, are embodied in verses, which are even stronger in archaic forms and



expressions now scarcely in general use at all. The whole story of *Har and Kanhā* contains in the original not fewer than forty-five distributed stanzas, of which in this edition I have retained in verse only fourteen. The *Āgama* of *Rāmāyaṇa* contains very many more, at the least a hundred or more. The many bardic who are incessantly in want of ever-renewing and strong war-bay recite the prose portions. But the verses in treatise in the traditional manner continue to East and West to India not less than to Morocco, Spain, Germany, Greater and Lesser Asia to the Indian coast, and as far as I know to well-chromatized Europe, and of such wrong notes and minor cadences as do not escape the sure and evidently as old as the Arabian Nights. The question arises, Has the story of *Har and Kanhā* save the old legends of war and love, the songs and tales of *Rāmāyaṇa*, *Rasāyaṇa* and many more, which for ages have been handed down by a caste of poet-bardic bards, retained their original form, or like the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyaṇa*, the *Itihāsa* and the *Upanishads* were they ever entirely altered?

In answering this question we have to note the circumstances under which the stories have been transmitted and preserved. The Upper Punjab is now but sparsely populated by tribes and families rude and poor, but in former times it was the home of peoples who flourished in numbers, arms and wealth and resources in abundance. Nor were the inhabitants ignorant and poor, then as they are now, but in the contrary, they were ravagers, certainly with the rest of India, in letters, the sciences and the arts. Traces of that vanished civilization are still to be seen in the surviving fragments of their literature, in their customs, their descriptions, temples and their ruined tombs. The whole of northern India, extending as far westward as the Hindu Kush, shared in the power

the progress of civilization which had received its original impetus from the invasions of Arian invaders. When Alexander the Great descended through the passes of Swat to the plains of Peshawar and the banks of the Indus, it was to encounter a strong and sturdy people where a feeble and the Roman king no feaster him and his Macedonian soldiers at Taxila was not less civilized and not less sturdy than the Macedonian house. It was the glory of the Greeks that wherever they went they were curious to observe and to learn. Hence, local institutions, political and social, were suffered to survive the blast of conquest. Customs and manners were partly developed, and the arts were cultivated, and the various nations in which they resided were united by a common genius and civilization. At least the Buddhist system of ideas, so rare in India, was extending itself all over the Punjab and into Kafiristan, Kashmir and Tibet. Little Greek and Roman literature, which had never been introduced into India, had found on the coast of Azoka, one of the seats of learning, a ready home, and even flourished exceedingly. One of those university cities, now almost entirely lost, of Peshawar. And even farther south, near Lahore, at a place Azoka's son had been received. Peshawar, cities and country, had been established in the city of Taxila that is, the site of the city, and many living, but that of Azoka exists no more, and the city exists in part only beneath the ruins of Taxila. I do not mean to be repeating, run over to the modern history of the continent of Asia. Peshawar was in the century which immediately preceded the birth of Christ, and the Scythians subdued the whole of the Punjab, but only to be subdued in their own turn by the beauty of the civilization into the midst of which they had plunged, and the reign of the enlightened king Kanishka, whose temples, now ruins, or restored through the agency

of Greek artists, adorned every spot rendered sacred by pious custom or saintly tradition marked the beginning of a new era in Buddhist history. Like the Greeks before them, the Indo-Scythians identified themselves with the people of the land, they mixed with them as we do not, they intermarried with them as we do not, and they were found to be known as 'Kajrats'. For long centuries, therefore, no soil could have been more favourable than that of the Panjab for the spontaneous growth and the careful preservation of a refined, learned, and a romantic literature, and the national haris must have received in a great measure of song and story both written and unwritten, which not even the most devastating conquests of Mahomed could wholly obliterate or destroy.

Still, the Mahomedan era—on changed the whole face of the country, annihilated all the existing conditions of society. It came down like a flood, and with the savagery of a flood it carried almost everything away. We modelled figures of Buddha, portrait statues of princely benefactors, ideal forms of grace and beauty, wonderful sculptured illustrations in *alto relievo* depicting scenes in Buddhist legend were all deliberately destroyed, hammered to pieces one by one with systematic and cruel determination. The temples and viharas or schools were utterly ruined, the glorious *stupas* (stupa), with gold were overthrown, priests, princes, and people were ruthlessly massacred, neither age nor sex was spared. Those tall, stately fierce-eyed Arab fanatics became the scourge and the death of whole races of men rendered unfortunately soft and unfortunate unwarlike and effete, by reason of wealth and luxury too long possessed, and by the very principles of their gentle non-resistant religion. Not till satiated with rivers of blood did their stern conquerors offer the wretched survivors the alternative of Islam or the sword. I know

nothing so pathetic anywhere as the testimony to this fact which is to be seen in the hundreds of women's and children's beads of crystal and garnet, carbuncle and jade, which are yearly picked up on the desolated sites of the great cities of Agra and Taxila. And as the people and their temples perished, so must most of their literary treasures have perished too. The devouring flames of conquest must have consumed the *rit* books and manuscripts, and harsh laws must have checked the flow of tradition, proverb, and household-tale. Yet in the midst of the universal havoc the race of the bards as a caste and institution, was preserved. They were driven into the fold of Islam to sing of the exploits of other conquerors and to learn and to recite on a suitable occasions the endless genealogies of other families. And with the bards survived also, we may be sure some at least of the most famous pre-existent legends over and above those of Persian origin, on which even the "Image-breaker," Mahmud the Ghaznavide, had been induced to smile. Of these local legends, the story of Hir and Ranjha, and the veracious history of Rana Raso, must have formed a part. In spite of the fact that they were the profane survivors of an infidel though refined past, they were suffered to live, if only to beguile the hours or to amuse the minds of women and children. But they were bound to waver, as well as to lose and deteriorate. For as a professional bard is held in far greater contempt by Mussalmans than by Hindus, so, as the caste sank more and more in knowledge and in social distinction, their legends preserved less and less of their original beauty of poetic form. Gradually by the very force of circumstances, they tended to settle down to the level of plain unadorned narrative, and I therefore conclude that, in the quaint stanzas mingled and interwoven with the tissue of prose, which have resisted the wear and tear of centuries, we have the last survivors of immemorial Panjab minstrelsy.

The book I edit must not be considered without any word to itself for it is a legend which smelly teems with mythic elements.

The origin of the first discovery of this legend is not appears to belong to legend. It is a legend of the 19th century. As it is back as 1854 it is the first of the century. As it is back as 1854 it is the first of the century.

The next book is a story which is not the first of the century. It is a story which is not the first of the century. It is a story which is not the first of the century.

In August the 1st of the century. It is a story which is not the first of the century. It is a story which is not the first of the century.

It is a story which is not the first of the century. It is a story which is not the first of the century. It is a story which is not the first of the century.

These four serve a purpose which is not the first of the century. It is a story which is not the first of the century. It is a story which is not the first of the century.

\* Journal of the Asiatic Society (Bengal) for 1854 pp. 123-163.  
 • Newman.

of Joma sang not of at al, as the charming legend of Mrshakâr, and the Tale of the Swans. Again Sher's version of the revolt and conversion of Rasad far exceeded in interest and importance the account of the same episode which I possessed in the *Gharri* variant. Then again, Sher called Rasad's steed Falah Shraf called him Bauraki, the latter if I remember rightly being also the name of the famous war-horse of Rustem. To Shraf again I am indebted for the beautiful lament which I have rendered,—

"Strange is Thy nature always, God must dread &c.

To the lover of comparative folklore, the legends of Rasad, all of them of great antiquity, should appeal with considerable power and interest. Whether derived from primitive solar myth, or from traditional fables, or from vulgar human adventure, they reverberate at least with the echoes of the household tales of many lands. And, like *Her and Ranjha*, they are not destitute of curious reminiscences of the myths of the ancient Greeks, so familiar to us in their mythology and in the pages of the tragic poets. Here and there in these old-world fragments we catch glimpses faint yet tender of the Golden Age dreamt of by the bards of yore. What could be more quaint and simple in the golden loveliness than the peaceful picture presented to us in the story of Râa Rasad and Râa dho? It is as if the man of blood had passed out of a world of battle and strife into a region of a new and happy existence, as if he had stepped backward in the march of Time and was tasting the delights of that blissful era in depicting which the wondrous dreamy eloquence of the Knight of La Mancha enchanted the ears of his rustic audience, for even to him it was not given to perceive unto the very last that, after all the Golden Age lies not in the visionary past, but in the bright unfoldings of an

assured future, in the crowning elevation of the whole race, in "the Christ that is to be."

The stories of *Rasau* open with a short compressed account of an incident in the youthful lives of Rani Diana and her step-son Puran which is almost exactly the counterpart of the classic tale of Phædra and Hippolytus. The Greek hero declines to apprehend the overtures of his father's wife, he rejects them with horror and disdain, he is in consequence denounced by her, and Theseus his father, a demigod in the toils of a girl, drives him away to exile and death. But Diana, ever enamoured of chastity, restores the youth to life while the conscience-smitten Phædra acknowledges her crime. So, too, Puran is similarly tempted and accused and in like manner condemned. For years, like a corpse, he lies in a dry forsaken well close to Sankot, until a prophet of God raises him, restoring his dismembered body, while the remorseful Diana confesses her wickedness in penitence and tears.

In the lighter tale of *Mrshakani* we are again in touch with some of the most famous stories of classical antiquity. Like *Hir and Ranha*, it is the story of Orpheus—of Orpheus of delicate vein, whose music beasts and stones did follow, of Amphion, whose son by Antope whose pipes gathered his flocks together when shadows fell, of Pan whose *syrinx*, blown by Krishna, beguiled the nymphs of Harastan. The Panabi word *bin* which I translate *ate* means either a stringed instrument or a wind instrument. *Sharat* be-eved *Mrshakani* is to have been the latter—the double pipes. These pipes, frequently seen in the Panabi, are precisely identical with those which are figured in Egyptian temples and which were used among both the Greeks and Romans. They are the *libine pæres* of classic times, the Lydian pipes referred to by Horace consisting of two separate reeds, the male and the female, the *libra dextra* and the *libra sinistra* an

swering to the different tones of the human voice, and played upon by the one performer, both at the same time. In



ONE FORM OF THE PANJABI DOUBLE PIPES.

India the upper extremities of these pipes are often inserted into the hollow stem of a squill gourd which answers the



purpose of a receiver, and which is furnished as we will see with a single mouth-piece. This is the instrument which is used by travelling snake-charmers, and this too, according to Sharaf was the instrument which disseminates the stirring music of Meshakar. The whole story of the latter king, however, is so redolent of classical myth that I have adopted the alternative reading of *hij*, and conferred on Vaisknav the stringed instrument in vogue among the Panjab bards, which I take to be the Indian form of the *lira*, but is the *cithara* of Apollonius, using the term *hij* as being more generic than *lyre*, and as being equally appropriate according to Shakespeare's beautiful lines:

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing.

Now concerning Orpheus, we read that his lyre was a gift of the god Apollo. In the manner Mus-hak once saved his from an immortal too, from Kwa's Kwan the celestial deity of the Hindus, a god whose prototype is in existence, but whose cultus in a more way still actually survives, who is thoroughly believed in and even worshipped by the Mohammedan dwellers by the "Father of Rivers," and whose aid is always invoked whenever the enormous flood threatens to engulf the fortresses and villages.

The singer with his lyre, as he is often pictured on the domestic walls of Pompeii, singing in wood, in glades and enchanting glades with the golden notes of his lyre. So too Meshakar is canonized by trees and seated upon rocks, ever singing with the voice of his magic lute the poor crippled fools with which, even still, forest and wood are abundant.

When we turn to the tales of the giants we are greeted with a version of certain stories which are diffused universally. These giants, whether really giants or, as seems more probable, the miserable gianted aborigines of the country,

something less than man and more than pig, the monsters, man-eaters, human in shape, demonic in origin, who are a terror to gods and man. They live in the mountains and from the mountains they descend to ravage the plains. At last comes the deliverer Hercules in the person of Rosalva, who slays them all to death, and who brings home one survivor under his arm—his trophy, as it is, in classical mythology, those of the *gigantes* who escaped the avenging arm of the destroyer of their race are imprisoned in the rearing smithies of Actua. Or, again Rosalva is Ulysses, who avenges the giant-dwellers in mountain caves and who, when the Cyclops Akakochers at his feet enormous oak-reeves the pericardiac oak and carry no offence in the top of his shield.

This introduction would be rendered fully suggestive of its title by long directly faithful references to the traditional lore were extended into discussion and detail. In Koz, the raven is presented as the herald of death of the father of the slain, the ill-fated bird of Fate. In the flying serpent or dragon, which is the essence of the creative power, may be detected that emblem of the creative principle, the force or that manifested of creative energy which was ever an object of awe and worship all through the system of the mystic's last. The number nine, as the episode, the subtle destroyer is represented hovering over the faces of weary sleepers, to crawl over the rock, breath is strongly suggestive of the grim picture in the Voluspæ:

Then will come the dæm  
And flying dragon  
The fierce serpent from below  
The mountains of Nala  
He floats on his wings,  
He hovers over the plain,  
Nidhögg, over the dead.\*

\* Strong's *Futhuof's Saga*, Notes, p. 32.

\* Bigsby's Translation, — *Old Places Revisited*

Again, in the speeches of the principal characters are embedded numbers of archaisms and proverbs, having their analogues in similar proverbs in other lands. And, further, we have the drama as both and the dramatic contest between father and son together with distinct references to charms and incantations, to witchcraft and the supernatural, to the foundation sacrifice of human beings, to the heathen worship of a variation of the triad of gods, to the long and long-lasting periods of trade and commerce, of the traditions and persecutions, thus indicated, being extremely Scandinavian in character and significance. Passing by these various points of special interest we may conclude this part of the introduction with a few words on the subject of the enigmas and the riddles which arrest the attention in more than one of these Eastern stories.

The riddles, the enigmatical verses, which occur in some of the tales of the legend, are of them akin to the dark sayings of the Pythian Oracle as recorded by Herodotus are reminiscent of a verse which has left its antiquity far behind. In form and conception they are precisely like those which have been handed down to ourselves from the earliest periods of history. Thus Samson, in the Book of Judges, has an adventure by the way. He kills a lion and when he sees it again he finds a colony of bees settled in the hollow carcass. So he propounds to his enemies a riddle,—

Out of the eater came forth meat  
Out of the strong came forth sweetness.

In a similar way Ravana has an adventure in the forest. He remains a mute spectator as he examines which hotel Mrishnakar had when arraigned by his toes baffles them with the riddle,—

"One was killed and two died,  
Two were killed and four died,  
Four were killed and six died,  
Four were male and two were female."

Not less ingenious were those fabled philosophers of old Egypt, so emnely propounding their puerile riddle to the temple with a single shaft, or the Sphinx herself, that

"Subtlest of fiends,  
Who ministered to Thbes ~~poison~~ poisons poisons were  
A natural one and more unnatural ate."

puzzling her serene world with that most fetching riddle of all—"What is that which walks on four feet in the morning, on two feet at noon, and on three feet in the evening?"

But there is another passage in the Greek which forms a very near approach to the riddles of the legend we are now considering. It is a metrical riddle ascribed to an uncle of the famous Menander, one of the leaders among the Athenians of the New Comedy. His name Alexis or Thuri, he flourished about the year B.C. 356. I venture on the following free translation of the passage in question:

- A. Not mortal nor immortal, both at once,  
Not mine nor gone, but something ear-  
Ever it grows, ever endures decay,  
Eye sees it not, yet all men feel its sway.
- B. How riddles catch you, as mine then dear Norse,  
What fancies such of nature so diverse.
- A. 'Tis deep, my child, 'tis seen that lives to end  
In some great rest, the shores of mankind.

Comparing these enigmatical curiosities of the ancients with the riddles which occur in the Rasala Legend, we discern elements common to both the series. A simplicity amounting almost to childishness is the leading characteristic of every one of them. As, for instance, the riddle with

which Srikap was I have his ancestral guest — What is that which has four ears, a blue foot and a red neck or head? There are four husbands and sixteen wives, four axes to each husband — under the same roof. What is it? The riddles of India are in short the riddles of the old tribal centres. They are the men's recreations of the literary infancy of the race. They often exhibit a community of tradition as remarkable as that of folk-tales themselves, and they display hence the constant intercourse which was undoubtedly carried on between East and West, between the Mediterranean and the Indus, long before the invasion of the Germans. Nor as regards India has the taste for similar amusement at all diminished with the lapse of time. One of the ancient verses of the *Agakhsans* in the Panjab is the invention of riddles which are composed on all conceivable subjects and which are dispatched by messenger to special friends in neighbouring lands, who fail not to return the compliment in kind. By this means an endless contest in ingenius guessing and guessing is maintained, between square and square and great is the triumph of him who solves a difficulty or perplexes an antagonist.

The next point to be observed is that which is suggested by Kasal's curse and indeed by the other curses too, such as the Kasal Legend and in the story of Hir and Ranana. How universal, for instance is that habit or custom by which mankind, or at least the religious races of the human family, and even the deity himself, are represented again and again as cursing the innocent earth or the fruits of the earth — a consequence of the occurrence of some terrible calamity, or the perpetration of some devastating wickedness. Caused be the ground for thy sake — "Ye mountains" — "Good, let there be no dew upon you!" These are words typical of maledictions to be found not only in the pages of Holy Writ but throughout all history.

And what is true of history is true also of romance. The crazy curses of the *Agamemnon* which so distress the ear are an example in point. In *Æschylus* people curse after the fashion of the time, and so, with increase of invective power, curse also the characters of his great contemporary whose *Œdipus Tyrannus* absolutely appals by its persistence in withering maledictions, as it displays the spectacle of the sightless old king, driven out by fate ever terrible, never relenting and pouring forth as he pursues his journey of Death infallible anathemas over the heads of his two sons, already so unutterably miserable. In that tragedy is spoken a curse which compares with a curse in *Richard II.* and both may compare with the curse of Raja Rasalu. Thus it runs in free rendering:—

And let them fail not to obey my best.  
 Else may the Gods above rain baneful spells  
 On all their fields and blight the growing crops.  
 Yea, may their wives be childless! <sup>1</sup>

The gentle queen of *Richard II.* utters her curse in gentler wise:—

1. A messenger for telling me this news of woe  
 I would the plants that graist may never grow.
2. Poor queen so that thy state might be no worse  
 I would my skil were subject to thy curse.

And then in fairly exact translation the curse of Rasalu, which was denounced as he gazed for the last time on the mango-trees in the garden of Koklâ:—

On feshen, with fruit, or bare o'rough.  
 Fruit may ye never form again.  
 Dead is Koklâ, her place is void,  
 And flaming red the fires remain! <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Œdipus Tyrannus*, 269—271.

<sup>2</sup> *Richard II.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

Lastly, we could observe that the point of time wisdom in kings was deemed a phenomena does not the idea still prevail. That fact finds a reflection in the story of Raja Biru who when he is at the very last sentence learns wisdom from the jester's mysterious performance and lies about the Rajm, India. The story is exactly parallel to the life of Aesop when a man in a circus saw, half a spoken word he showed King Xerxes a cock that is a Arabian cat could not possibly have known the Arabic word of King Xerxes whose reputation is marked the passing hours of the night so the royal man of Egypt could not possibly have still less conceive by hearing the neighing of stallions of far-off Babylon.

But when the two families here we were was his  
singling who were his own intimates.

But a costless and very exact answer can be given. Rasavi's name is never mentioned on the glowing pages of history nor can it be seen to survive in the enduring metal of recent coins. He lives in the past, in the memory and in the present memory only. Is there a real Rasavi in the nineteenth century? Then, I was, I being, and I Rasavi in existence of the glorious memory into which he has become inscribed. Is there a real Rasavi, a hero, a conqueror, perhaps with caparisoned and a circle of prehistoric iron hoofs which challenge enquiry. They are the mysteries buried by Rasavi in some mighty contest at the head of an antagonist more less powerful than himself. Has some self-Buddhist stupor any Rasavi castle nobly designed and superbly built escape after destruction at the hands of the ferocious Mahomedans. It was the fifty palace tower from which, one fine winter's day, the Rani Kokila stood in her garden of mangoes a handsome stranger prince gazing at her beauty entranced. In short legend and tradition alone and these are the only vestiges of Rasavi's life.

But legend and tradition, charming and suggestive as they are, are unfortunately not of much account in the domain of history. Nevertheless, let us see how far these uncertain quantities will carry us, not only in the way of conjecture.

1. They tell us that there was a prince famous in story named Rasala, a son of Raja Sahyavan and a descendant of Vikramajit.

2. They tell us that he sprang from Saket to the Panjab, and that his sway extended from Chaim to Kabul.

3. They tell us that he became a convert to Mahimadanaism, and that he finally suffered defeat at the hands of a prince apparently inferior to himself, living west of the Indus.

Now, though the Vikram era, still in use in Haristan, begins B.C. 56, that beginning of all things is considered merely *mythical*, being ante-dated some centuries. The great battle of Kororan in which Vikramajit, otherwise Harsha of China, finally defeated the Mekkas is believed to have occurred A.D. 544. According to Wilson, this monarch extended his arms as far west as Kabul. Briggs states that his empire was overthrown by Raja Sarvarin one hundred and thirteen years subsequently, since the era of Sahyavan, still in vogue among the Hindus of the Dakkan, began normally, A.D. 77. This consideration would bring *about* A.D. 700 as the earliest approximate date for Raja Rastu, the very period when the Mahammadan invaders were over-running Central Asia.

Rasala was a Rajput of Saket, and Saket, as the name implies, was the stronghold of the Syris, a great tribe still flourishing, who popularly claim descent from Raja Rastu himself. Their old capital town lies near the fammî border of Kashmir. According to Brahmî tradition, it was founded by the famous Raja Sal or Sava of the Mahabharata, the original ancestor of the Syris. It is



contended that *Rasāl*—a name which occurs also in the forms of "*Rasāl*" and "*Rasāl a*," is not so much a personal name, not a birth-name so much as a descriptive cognomen, and that it signifies "*Prince of the Syas*." If this were so, as a learned pandit friend maintains, *Rasāl* might possibly be identified with one of the Rājasthān kings of Gandhara (*Kabul*), who fought, before the Mauryan conquest—as for instance, with *Rasākhar*—*and so*



who, according to Thomas and Cunningham, was identical with *Syāl-pati Deva* of the *Bull and Horseman* series of coins. It did not escape the notice of Cunn-

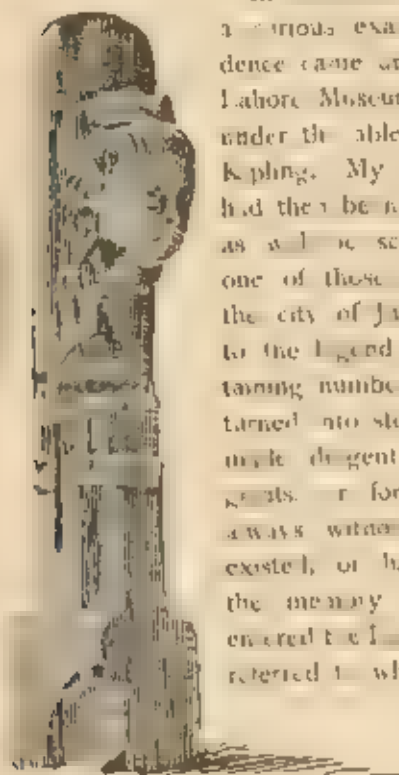
ingham that *Syāl-pati* is no more a personal name than *Rasāl* is a dynastic title, and it signifies "*Prince of the Syas*."

But if *Rasāl* was a family designation rather than an actual birth-name, the same remark holds good of its great antagonist *Kabul*. In the rest of the Vedic literature it is known as *Udā*, a word which means "*land*," and assumes the form of *Udā*. And *Udā* is the province of *Udāra*, by the Greeks called *Udāra*, answering to the region watered by the *Kabul* river. So that in short *Rasāl* is the name of a personal title that is a birth-name, but in a sense dynastic or descriptive too.

It will be seen that these etymological considerations are purely speculative, and therefore for historical purposes valueless, and I am conscious that they will appear trivial and even unnecessary in the eyes of men of exact historical science. At the same time they serve a useful purpose in so far as they tend to emphasize the fact that the real name of the hero, and not whose memory these legendary tales of

\* *Vāmśāvatā Rasāl*.—T. 1. *torā tūr dīnā, Sām Rājā Rasāl*

various epochs are made to revolve like planets round a central sun, has still to be established.



HEIGHT, 9 FT. 7 IN.  
BASE, 1 FT. 7 IN. — 1890

In connection with the Kasali Legend, a curious example of unexpected coincidence came under my notice while in the Lahore Museum when that institution was under the able direction of Mr Lucknow Kipling. My *Adventures of Lord Kasali* had then been published some time, and as will be seen by the present volume, one of those adventures had to do with the city of Jalandhar, near which, according to the legend, "there is a territory containing numbers of giants who have been turned into stone." At Jalandhar I made diligent search for those petrified giants, or for any traces of the "lost" always without success. No such thing existed, or had ever been seen, within the memory of man. Scarcely had I entered the Lahore Museum on the occasion referred to, when I saw that the collection

of ancient sculpture had been enriched by the recent acquisition of a large *lingam*, the acknowledged symbol of the God Siva,

showing a human head projecting in high relief near its summit. In answer to my enquiry, Mr Kipling told me that it had been discovered close to Jalandhar many feet below the level of the ground, by some engineers who had been sinking foundations for a bridge. This interesting relic, this "giant turned into stone," must have been one of the many Brahmanic phallic idols which had fallen before the zeal of

the first Muhammadan invaders who, as they could not utterly destroy, used sometimes to bury the images of the aniconicised dogs of India a fact of which I have had ocular testimony on more than one occasion. In the present instance the head appeared to be that of a woman with her hair tied up in a knot, or rather roll on the top of the head an arrangement very commonly seen among the sacred Indian sectaries of the early part of our own era as witness many a like example from the Peshawar Valley from Jalalpur, and from Swat. The pillar is carved in red sandstone, and I here present the reader with a view of it, together with its dimensions, taken from a sketch kindly made for me by Mr. K. P. Singh. The testimony which it affords as to the antiquity of the legend is the curious and interesting record of a monument which must have been hidden beneath the surface of the earth for nearly a thousand years.

Of the other stories published in this volume that of the Iron Ring, as I have already pointed out, is really the story of the *Apokalypsis*. Another well-known variant of the same or tale is the biblical legend of Joseph, at which has been grafted the famous Oriental romance of *Yusef and Zuleika*. Of the latter version it is to be noted that the descent of the pillar forms a most striking feature. It vanishes into the nether world and there remains for years, twelve in number corresponding to the number of the months in the year, and of the signs of the Zodiac, and then is brought back to the earth again by an exercise of supernatural power. But the story affords too, another element in common with a circumstance recorded in the Old Testament for as the rod of Aaron budded in the sacred enclosure of the Ark so the dead trees in the garden

\* On many of the old existing *lingams* K. P. Singh has made a series of four finely executed drawings showing the same. See a gallery.

of Lāran revived and shot forth leaves in the presence of exceptional sanctity of character.

Of the loves of *Mirza and Sahibnagh* I suspect I have not a complete version, but rather two imperfect ones. At any rate I have not the metrical version of Pīro the poet, nor do I think it exists, though the few stanzas which occur in my version may have been derived from the work attributed to him. Pīro was a Panjabi Mohammedan whose home was in a village on Mount Grandgnar and who lived long ago, but concerning whom little appears to be known. The reputed tomb of the two unfortunate lovers, ruined at last in death, is still preserved with jealous care, and has become a place of pilgrimage, especially for young people pierced by the dart of unrequited love.

Analogues of the "tribe" will be found in most collections, while the story of the man who expected his mistress to turn his ass into a man is also a variant of many similar tales.

This volume contains only two or three jungle stories, one of which is merely a brief epilogue.

The Story of a Ruby, with its record of no less a so-called arkany true to life, seems to belong to a class by itself, of which I have found but the one specimen only.

Of the two stories, *Nek Bakht* and *Gul Budkhāh*, much remains to be written in a space allowed. In the latter tale are embodied, like flies in amber, some very curious things that would well repay examination, as, for example, the incident of offering messes of food, periodically laid out among the tombs, to the spirits of the departed, who fail not to come to take—an incident analogous to the beautiful post-funeral observances of the Ethiopians, Egyptians, and Etruscans, and still to be met with as in India, but nowhere so charmingly exemplified as in the touching domestic rites of the Japanese on their All Souls Day.

where lanterns, caskets of silver and gold, and tiny cups of  
 Number one *sake* are joyously set before every family  
 a-laf to please the returning ghosts. And when, by midnight,  
 are sung from eave and bough to let them on their noiseless  
 way to their old homes, as we are to hear men when  
 at mid-night the gentle cret res troop back to their dim  
 abodes in the under world. Nor was it possible not to  
 include in this collection at least one typical story of witch-  
 craft for that is a superstition so universally diffused and  
 so persistent in its grasp on races of men whether savage  
 or civilized, that it must surely correspond with some of  
 the deepest tendencies of human character and human  
 temperament. Such a story is the story of the Adventures  
 of Nek Bakht, a king whose lucky name is as if of the  
 principle of dreams, wrought for that luckless man only a  
 sorry destiny.

The illustrations in the body of the volume are all from  
 the pencils of native draughtsmen. The four in *outline*  
 were procured for me by Mr Lockwood Kossington (L. K.), to  
 whom I tender my grateful thanks for his courtesy. The  
 rest, together with that of the group in this introduction,  
 were the work of a Hindu friend of my own, by name,  
 Mohan Chaud. His artistic letters are very commendable  
 being ingeniously contrived and most cleanly and beauti-  
 fully drawn. The sketch of the *miras* or baron is a  
 portrait from a photograph of Saraf, which was taken by  
 Mr John Burke whose excellent work is well known in  
 the Upper Panjab. To all these gentlemen, as well as to  
 T. L. Barlow whose kind assistance I have already acknow-  
 ledged elsewhere, my thanks are hereby accorded.

Shekh Budin, Panjab.

C. S.

June 1893.

1 Good Luck



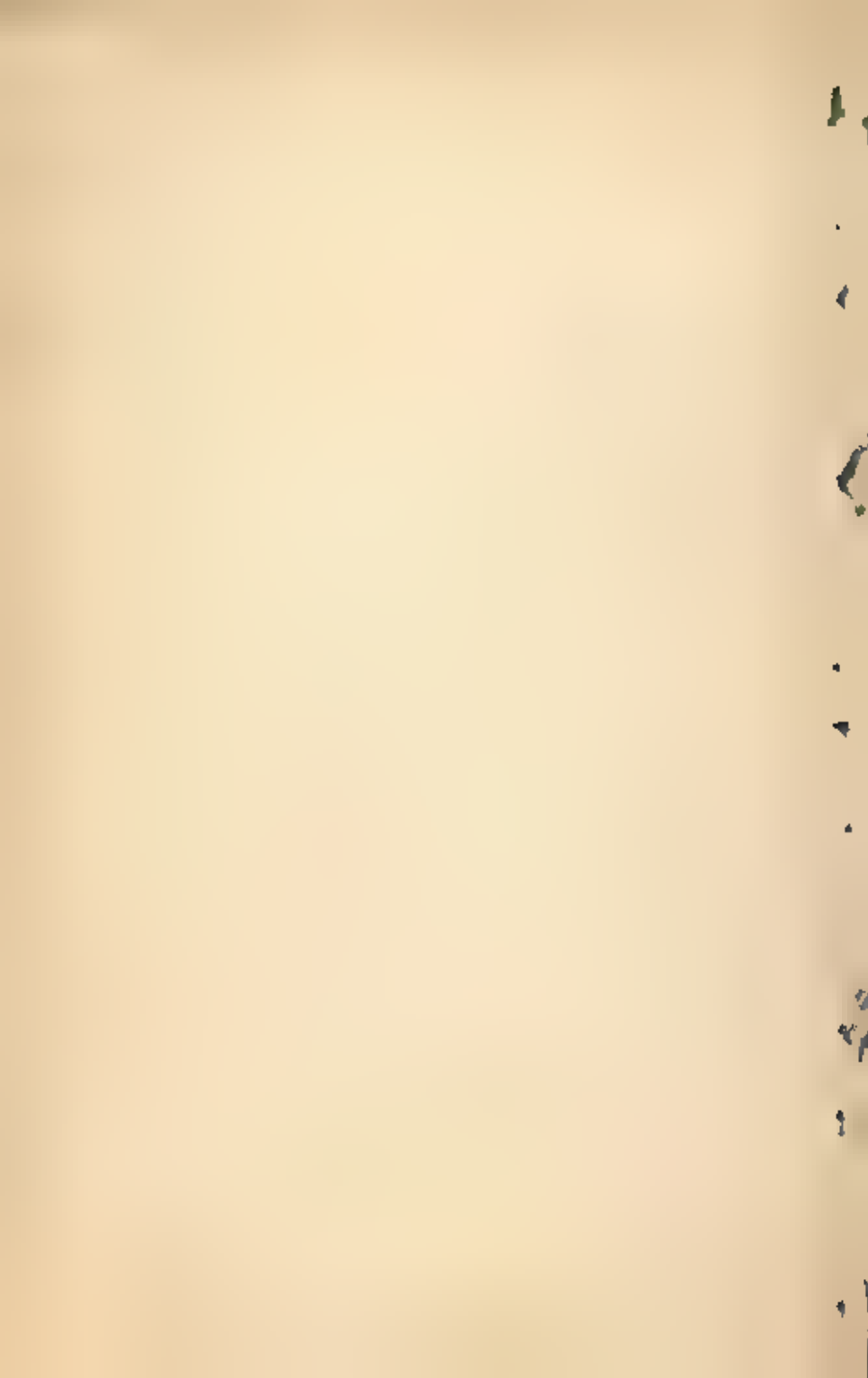
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THE LOVE STORY OF HIR AND RANJHA







THE LOVE STORY  
OF HIR  
AND RANJHA \*

ANY years ago, in quite the olden time, there lived three brothers Nûr Khân, Chûnd Khân, and Rânjha. Of

these three the two elder were married, but Rânjha, whose pet name was Dhido, was only a stripling.

One day Nûr Khân and Chûnd Khân came to Rânjha and said, "Dhido, our father is now dead, and as for us we have families to feed. But you, Brother, do nothing at all on the farm. All you do is to ramble uselessly after the buffaloes and goats, playing old tunes. So we two have decided to divide the inheritance into three parts, and we now tell you plainly that from this time forth you will have to manage your own land yourself."

"Up, Brother, up thy piping days I see  
See where our lands were once so free  
These orchards, these, with many a tree  
Which we have long ago made free  
Which have we now again to see  
That shall divide our heritage from thee."

\* The verses of this tale are translations of verses of the original Panjab

In van Rana and never his sisters the wives of his brothers. He said that he was still but young and unmarried. The oxen was brought to the land, the yoke was put on, and the ox was left to do the best it could. The work matters worse, the portion assigned to him was small and single, and the yoke. He merely got a barren land which had never been broken at any time, and of which the soil was poor, bearing stones, and so bad and coarse grass. It was impossible for any man to reduce to order at all. Nevertheless, taking with him his yoke and a plough, and carrying his oxen before him, the boy set out early in the morning to clear it, and till it. That was the task, and still the ground, and soon his arms began to tire, and his back to flag, and when at last his ploughshare snapped in twain in the stony furrows, he sat himself down and bitterly weeping complained: "I was the son of my father's old age, and nothing of this kind have I ever seen before. Cruel unnatural mother, are mine to give me barren land?" Saying these words he loosened his oxen from the yoke to wander at will, and lay down to rest under the shade of a tree.

By-and-bye when the sun was high in the heavens, and stepped his two sisters from the house bearing on their hands some *chūri* and carrying the boy by his arm. As they came along the fields they passed their husbands busy at the plough, and they stopped a moment, and said: "Do you know where Dhuri is?" And their husbands looked up and told them where to seek him. And when the sisters reached the spot they found him lying asleep, his work unfinished and his oxen loose. So they slapped his cheeks with the tips of their fingers, and awoke him up, and began to reproach him, saying, "O! Dhuri, for shame —

\* *Chūri*, sweet cake.







PA-PA VS THE NARR



"You love to tend the lazy herd,  
 To sleep beneath the shady tree;  
 You love to startle beast and bird,  
 Playing your flute's soft minstrelsy  
 But now thy sisters stand and weep,  
 They cry, 'O thou whom others keep,  
 When wilt thou learn  
 Bread of thine own to earn?'"

Saying these words they took him and the broken plough and the oxen, and coming to their husbands they complained about him. "O Dh do," said the brothers, "it is not awful food you eat, and, unless you work, you earn for yourself, no longer can you remain with us. See to it therefore, for we mean what we say!"

Ranjha felt grieved as he listened to these words which vexed his very soul. And in the night long he lay awake turning them over and over. He could not sleep and at last he determined that when the morning came he would leave the village and never return again. In vain his sisters strove with him, coaxing him to stay. He left them as the day broke, and with only his staff and his staff started off on his travels. All day long he walked never stopping for a moment to rest, and in the evening it so happened that he approached a certain village named Kuarân-di-Mari, and because he was worn with hunger and fatigue, he entered it and made his way to the mosque, intending to spend the night there.

Now it was then close on the hour for prayers, and soon the people began to assemble, and one of them saw him and said, "Son, you look like a wayfarer, have you had anything to eat?"

"No," answered he, "I have eaten nothing at all. Early in the morning I left my house in Takht-lazara and I have only just arrived." Then went a lad to his home and brought him some food and he ate and drank and



revived. But it was winter time and he lay on the floor in the open mosque, became sick with the pangs of fever, and his fever and sickness troubled him sore. And when the people came together again to say their morning prayers, they looked at him, not seeing how he had been they said to him "And how have you passed the night?" Then said Kanha "I came from Fikht at a time

"At dawn of day I broke away,  
Nor lingered once to rest,  
Till in your village mosque I lay,  
By want and grief oppressed,

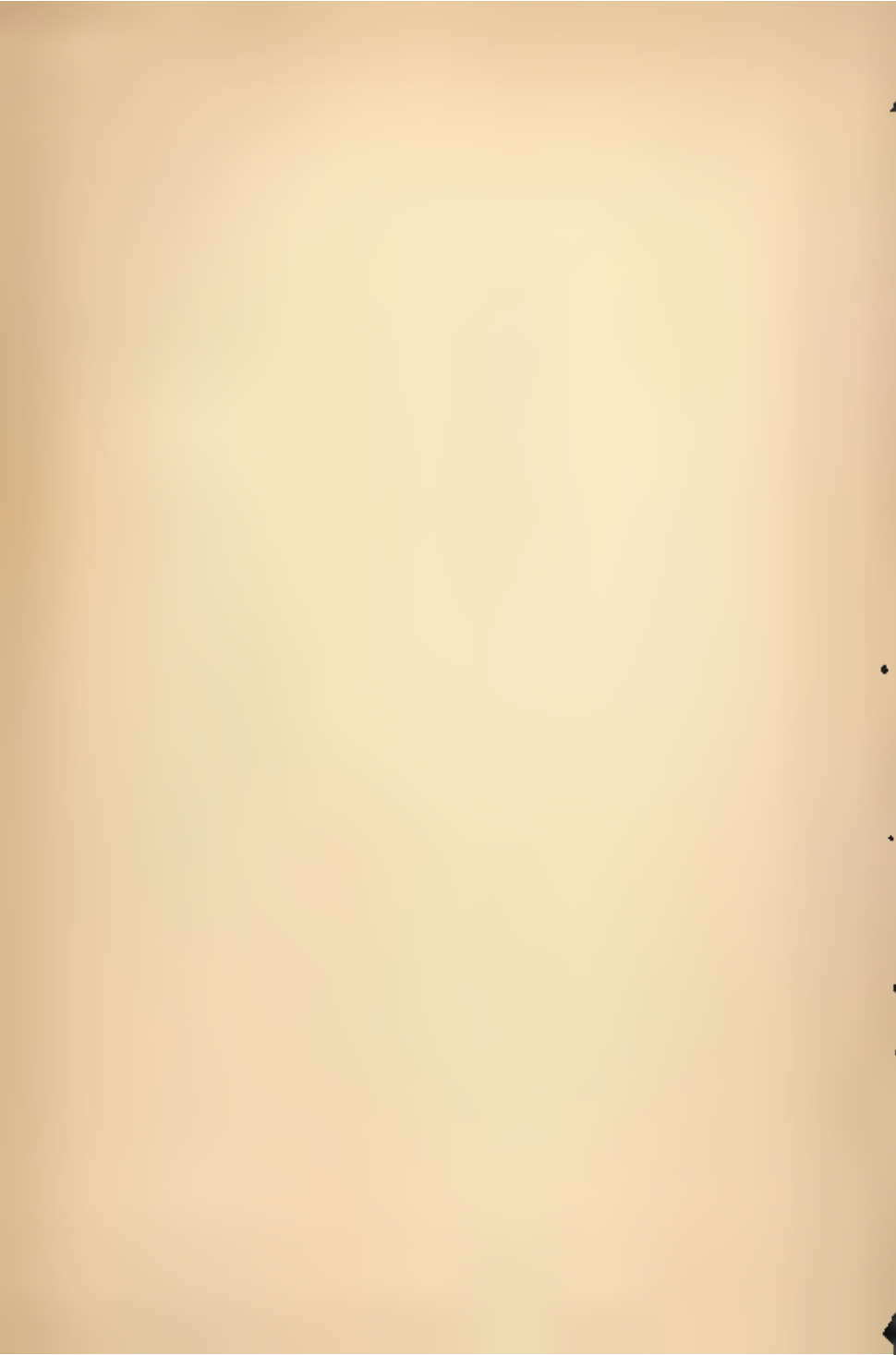
A little while was I at rest,  
And then I saw the winter

I tell you I am the son of a good man," said he and one well-to-do, and never before have I seen such troubles. I have become sick from the cold, and I pray you therefore to let me warm myself somewhere at a fire."

One of the villagers at once took him to the village smithy and he sat down and began to warm himself over the glowing charcoal. Meanwhile the smiths heated a bar of hot iron, and holding it in the anvil, he told his two lads to beat it with their hammer. Then, looking at Kanha and observing that he seemed a fine stout young fellow, he bade him also take a hammer, and while the others rested Kanha felt ashamed to refuse the man so small a service, so he sprang into the pit, and seizing a sledge, he struck the red-hot iron three or four times, but, as he struck, the blood started from the veins of his arms. And when he laid the hammer down he said—

"I do was the great robber and murderer I  
And when I raised my penance I  
My cry was ever 'Khan' to the









But the blacksmith was astonished. Ah, what delicate limbs! cried he. Are you a King's son, or born of some fairy race? In my house you would never earn even your keep and therefore, boy, go seek your fortune elsewhere in the name of God.

So Ranjha left that place, and his heart was sad, but as he went along he chafed in his great joy, to see a certain woman putting some fire into an oven, for she was a bread-seller and he determined to go near to her, and to sit down and warm himself. As soon as he entered the door of the court. However, he was arrested by the cries of three or four young girls. "O youth," cried they, "whoever you are, is it among a parcel of girls you wish to sit? Surely a house full of women is no place for you." But the mistress of the house, whose name was Mirabai, observing how handsomely he carried himself, called him in and made him sit down by the side of the stove and the boy did as he was bidden and came into the courtyard and sat down and the heat of the stove warmed his blood, and his eyes began to shine. By-and-by the woman glanced at him again and perceiving that he had something hidden away under his arm, she asked him what it was. "Whenever I am sad," said he, "I take my flute and play upon it, for it amuses me and I carry it wherever I go." Then all the girls, and the woman herself as well, would have him play the same tune to pass the time, and at first he refused to do it, saying it was better not, but when they came clustering round him, crying, "Play us something, play us something," he put the flute to his lips and began to play. At the effect of that music was such that the girls and even the woman of the house herself became possessed, being rendered utterly distraught by the sound which filled their ears, and they began to dance like mad things all over the court, keep-

ing time with feet and hands. Yet the very cakes in the stove danced till they turned as black as coal. Seeing her cakes burnt to ashes, Miraban was filled with grief and sorrow of heart and, waxing wrath, she snatched up her *kunda*<sup>1</sup> and gave Rānpha two or three strokes on the back with it, saying, "O you sorcerer, you have made us all silly. Out of my house at once! you are not worth a pin. Thus the boy would have had to wander forth again, but looking at the woman he said, "O you lazily-compounder of loaves, listen to the words of your spiritual guide! Go to Madam Oven, lift up the cover from her mouth and look within! Then she took on the top of the oven and looked down and saw that the cakes were no longer burnt as before but all come to a turn and when she considered the thing, she guessed that Rānpha had mystic power in him, and she approached him humbly, and besought him to stay with her for a time, seeing also indeed that her own good man was a poor creature, and that Rānpha on the contrary was young and stout.

Soon after, her husband, who had gone to the forest for fuel, came back with a load of logs on his head, and as he threw them to the ground he observed the youth seated like a prince, on a couch, with the best carpet in the house spread under him, and so he said to his wife, "Who is your visitor?"

"You do not know him," answered she, "But I know him, for he is my family *yāy*,<sup>2</sup> come from my father's village."

So Rānpha remained in the house of Miraban for three or four days, but at the end of that time he began to get tired of his dull life and longed to go away. In the middle of the night, therefore, when husband and wife

<sup>1</sup> *Kunda*—the hooked stick with which the cakes or loaves are taken out of the oven.

<sup>2</sup> Spiritual guide.







were both asleep, he rose softly and stole away. But as he stepped over the threshold the woman heard him and awoke and when she found that he had gone she also went after him. Pursuing him along the stony footpath she soon drew nigh him, but Ranjha turned and threw stones at her, telling her to be gone. So she stopped and cried, "O you cursed of God, why would you hide your self? Mirabân is calling you. Have you eaten poison, or wholesome food in my house?" Then came also her husband, and he, overhearing all that was said, bade her return. "Come here, Mirabân," said he. "Was this man your lover, that you speak him far and foul in the same breath?"

"And do you not know?" answered she. "You were sleeping I think. But understand he is a thief. He took up all our precious things and was going off. We were ruined in deed if I had not awakened in time."

Then as she caught Ranjha by one arm, her husband seized him by the other, and as a captured thief he was dragged back to the house and put in the stocks, and there in the chamber alone he was left to pass the night.

Now in the morning when her husband had gone forth as usual for a load of wood, Mirabân came privately to the lad, bringing him *churt*, and she opened her heart to him, saying, "My dear love, do you not see that I love you? I love you, and now then can I bear to part with you. This speech Ranjha heard, but keeping silence he uttered not a word, but remained still, and by and by she gave him some *churt* and left him alone."

This woman used to parch quantities of corn and to leave much of it lying on the oven. One day a blind man groped his way in and coming to the stove began to pick up the grains and put them in his mouth. Presently Ranjha caught sight of him and cried, "O blind man, what are you doing?"

"I am eating parched grain," answered he.

"Come to me," said Rānha. "If you come to me, I will put some beans, meal, and oil on your eyes, and then you will be able to see."

So the blind man rose up and coming to Rānha he began to feel his body, and as he did so, he touched the stocks, and by feeling soon found out what they were. Then Rānha took up a handful of *churi* and crammed it into his mouth, and when the blind man found out how delicious it was, he stretched out his leg and tried to put it into one of the holes of the stocks. "What are you doing now?" said Rānha.

"I think," answered the blind man, "you get *churi* here and if I sit in the stocks with you, of course I shall get *churi* too."

Blind man, said Rānha, "do not waste your time to no purpose. You cannot put your foot into the stocks unless you first take out the leg."

Then the blind man felt for the peg, and when he had found it he seized it, and, applying his full force to it, drew it out at once. Then Rānha lifted up the plank and put the blind man in the stocks instead of himself, after which he took up the wooden peg and drove it home with a stone. "O blind man," said he, "take this plate of *churi* and eat it up! If you want more, call aloud—O God, send me *churi*, O God, send me *churi*!" and *churi* will come to you. So Rānha left the blind man in the stocks, and escaped from the house.

Now the blind man was not long before he had finished the whole of his *churi*, and as he still felt unsatisfied he began to cry out, "God, God, send me *churi*, send me *churi*, O God, send me a mouthful." And he made such a din in the darkness of the night that he roused Mābān, who rose in a vain cry, "Who are you, and what in the world are you saying?"





'I am a blind man' roared he of the stocks, "and I am doing nothing whatever but asking God to send me *kur*.'

Then thought the woman to herself "Ranjha perhaps has gone mad. So she got up and came into the chamber to see him and to find out what had gone wrong with him. Great was her surprise to discover that it was not Ranjha at all, but the old blind beggar who passed her door every day. Her anger was beyond everything, and dragging him out of the stocks she threw him down, and seizing her *kundi* she applied it well to the old fellow's shoulders, who struggled in vain and howled horribly. Louder and louder grew the noise of the fray, until at last it ended by rousing the husband, who came rushing into the room, and who laid hold of his wife by the throat. 'O shameless hussy,' cried he, "you have come out here to carry on your tricks with Ranjha, have you? So saying, he punished her well.

Meanwhile, as they were thus contending, a third one with another Ranjha came back, and standing beside the door, peeped in to watch the fun, and when he saw his chance he cried aloud, 'O woman so tall and so slender, whose name is Miraban, get up, you sleep too long, Ranjha is leaving you.' These words said he, and then he ran away. But Miraban and her husband Sowari ran after him, and while one cried 'Claf' the other cried 'Rogue' until Ranjha lifted some stones and stoned them, saying "Neither my father's sister nor my mother's sister are you Miraban, that I should not put a knife to your throat. Love indeed? What can you know of love you sorry jade?'

Now when Sowari heard this speech he left following Ranjha no more, turned on his wife in a fury. Ah faithless female dog, cried he. You ok me the lid

was your village *pîr* and behold now he speaks to you of love! Verily you have harboured him for tricks of your own and sought else! And with these words he belaboured her front and rear with her own *kundt* until she cried "Paccavil!"

Meanwhile Rājha laughed. "Ha, ha," quoth he. "How now, sly puss?—

"Sowāri suspects

Some things have been done. Mirabân,  
Is it true?

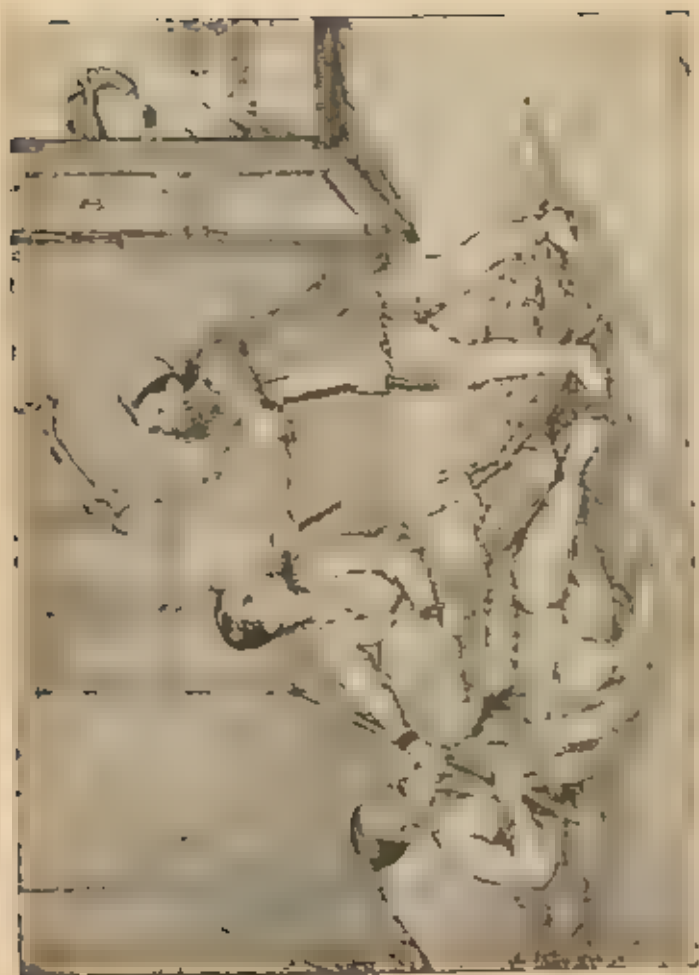
Sowāri believes

A thief has been kissed, Mirabân—  
Was it you?

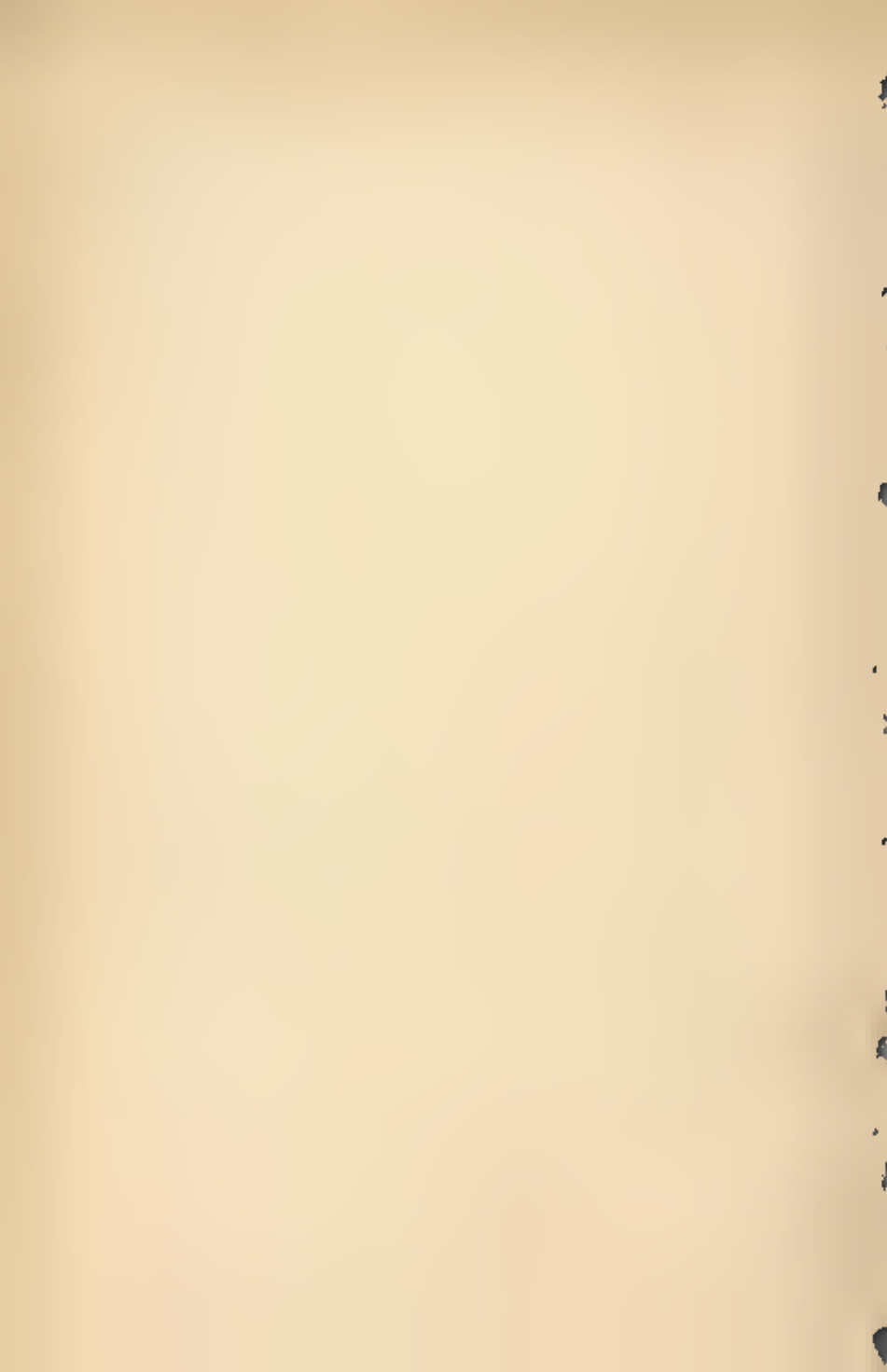
Sowāri declares

He will give you his fist, Mirabân,  
So, vixen, adieu!"

Leaving the contending couple to settle the difference between them Rājha went on his way, and coming to the river Chenab which flows into the Rāvi, he plunged in and swam with the current many a mile until it last saw on the bank a beautiful garden. So he made for it, and, landing, entered it. The beauty of the place captivated him because being only a simple countryman he had never seen the like of it before. It was dawn and the worshippers of God were making preparations for their accustomed prayers. While sitting alone under a shady tree his mind went back to his native village, and he thought of his brothers and sisters and the cows and the cattle, and the nooks and corners of his father's house, and then he thought of his present miserable condition. All at once he remembered his eyes, and perceived five venerable men standing before him. To see them there he was astonished and amazed to find they spoke to him as if they were saying, "O good man, give us some milk." All five of them standing together, joined in prayer to Rājha, saying,







"Who beg and try are dost th' a ken?  
O we the Five *Pirs* ' beg of thee!  
Was name spelt in hear among thee  
My n' know, or we not that be!"  
So 'n' is n' k' d' th' t'ong 25. for 10.  
We have a s' r' ther 't' or we a' or you."

But on Rānjha felt sorrow that he had no milk to offer them, which when the Pirs perceived, they said, "Why are you troubled?"

"Alas, sirs," answered he, "my buffaloes are far away in Takht-Hazara. Here I have no anima at all. Where then can I find milk for you?"

"O son," said they, "have you ever given anything away in the name of God?"

"No, never," replied the lad. "I am a mere boy, but of course my brothers have."

"Recollect well," said they again. "Perhaps you may have given something at least!

Then Rāṇha considered, and after a while he again spoke and said, 'Sirs, I remember that once, when I was ill and about to die, I gave it to a beggar.'

"How old was your calf then?" enquired the Pirs.

"She was but two months," answered he

"By this time she has grown up," said they, "and you can call her, and when you call her we hope that she will come to you. What was her name—do you remember?"

'Yes,' said he. 'I used to call her Brownie

"Then call her," said the Pres. "Call her by the same name."

So Ranjha called out 'Browne' Browne and in a little time his buffalo came running towards him with her

tail curled up over her back. Now as she approached he saw plainly enough that she had no milk at all in her. "Now what shall I do," thought he. "How am I going to milk a dry buffalo." The Five Pirs perceived the drift of his mind then said to him, "What is the matter now?"

"The buffalo has no milk," answered he.

"Never mind that my son," said they, "let her and sit down to milk."

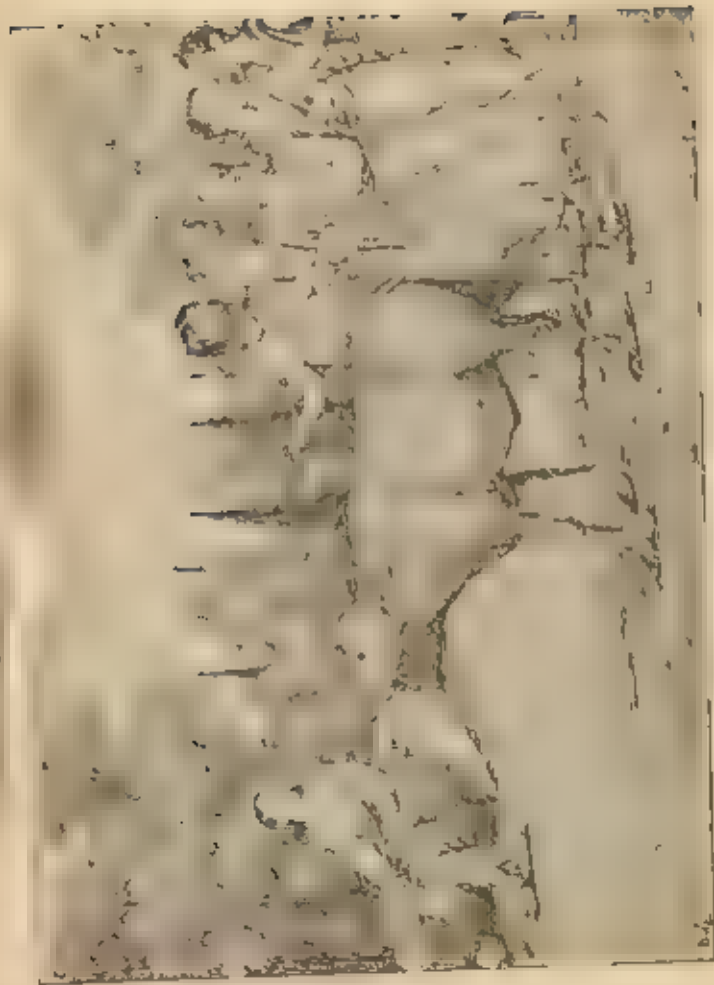
So he sat down as he was told and sat down, but as he considered that he had no vessel for the milk he looked towards the Pirs, who, understanding at once the whole matter, brought him the wooden bowl which they gave him for the milk, and he began to milk the creature, thinking of the time if he should wear any milk at all. How soon that small vessel was full. But, to his great surprise, when he began to draw, the milk did not stop. He ceased. At last he got very tired and looked once more towards the Five Pirs, who came near him and said, "Do not be distressed, my son. Get up now, you have milk enough."

Then Ranga rose and presented the bowl to the Pirs who drank of the milk. They turned and gave the remainder to Ranga himself. When it was done the Five Pirs ordered the boy to close his eyes and he did so. "Shut your eyes," said they —

Now the Pirs began to sing a song  
In the name of the Lord of the world

Mahr Chôlnk's daughter Hîr!  
O close thine eyes, she's free from fear,  
We feed her in the name divine  
The lovely and the dear!"

So Ranga closed his eyes and waited for a long long time for orders to open them again, but, as no one ordered him to do so, at last he opened them himself, when to his





great astonishment he no more saw Pirs or buffalo or green, all was vanished away but he found himself in a better garce far more beautiful than the other and he



THE GIRL HIR

saw a seat at hand and some couches decorated with all manner of handsome trappings, but no one to sit or to lie on them.

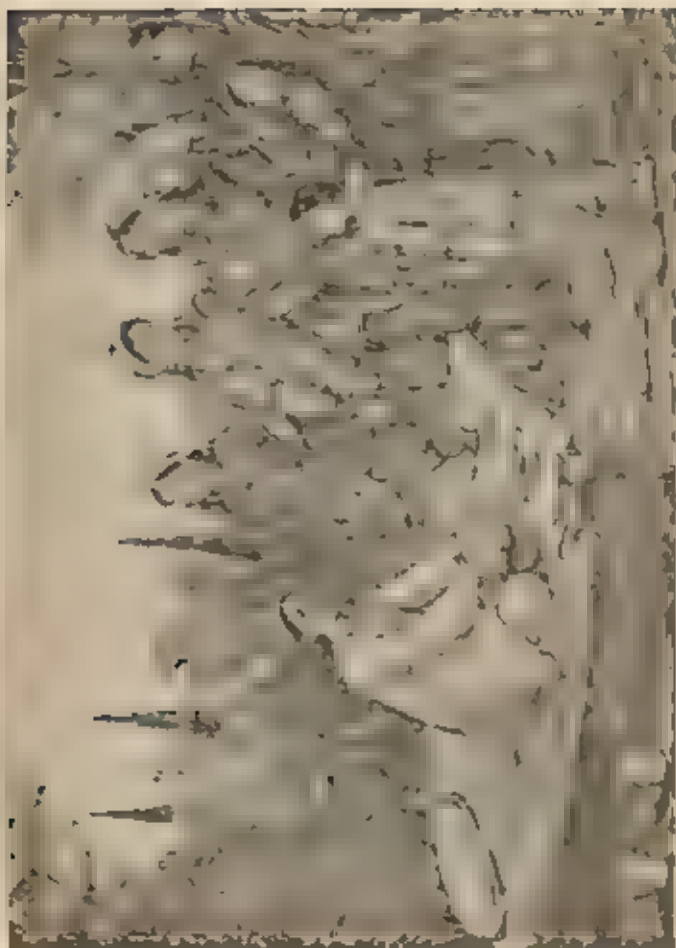
At the same time he remembered that he had some cakes with him, so he took them out of his turban and sat down

no longer to eat. As soon as he noticed some lovely  
 fishes in the river and some ducks and geese, coming  
 towards him, he went on swimming and catching  
 and others were busy with their fishing. He told his  
 and in the boat he took him of the river intending to  
 cross it to the other side. Now he was chief among  
 them and the other two sent her damself to  
 across the river and they followed,  
 but could not prevail. So in haste I went forward  
 then and gently reproved him saying

"O tall of form, and fair of face,  
 O youth whose turban's close embrace  
 Enfolds thy shapely brow—  
 Who but a fool, in haste to die,  
 A river's fathomless depths would try,  
 As thou art trying now!"

Then as he was struggling in the river plunged in after  
 him in seeing him by the river she said, "Brother, do  
 not kind counsel to rise here is too deep to be crossed.  
 Her words and her action gave him confidence and he  
 returned with her to the garden where she put some  
 questions to him as to why he was. Any he had left his  
 home and whether or not he could do anything. While  
 she was thus speaking to him it came into her heart that  
 this youth was the servant of God and endowed with grace.  
 When you answer her questions he told her that  
 he had come from Takht-e-Aziz that injustice had driven  
 him away and that as for employment all he could do was  
 to gaze at the moon. At this she said, "Well, and she, 'for  
 I can get you work to do. I will ask my father to-day'

So they wandered about the garden together spending  
 the whole of the day and he in her company of  
 gardens and in the evening she parted from him and  
 returned home. Then when her father came in from the







fields, she went to him, and sat down by his side, and spoke to him, thus

"O father, I have engaged a servant for you. He grazes buffaloes and understands them. Well content will he be with a *pukka* <sup>1</sup> of four yards and a *bhira* <sup>2</sup> of eight yards, nor during twelve years will he ever ask for more. No buffalo touched by his rod will ever bring you a bull-calf. He sits on a rock or he stands on a mound and when he plays on his flute all the herd will follow him home."

"Very well, daughter mine," said her father. "All this is very good. What more need we ask from God? He is a good man you say. No buffalo touched by him but brings a she-calf, and, besides all this, you say that when he likes he plays on a flute, and that when he plays all the whole herd comes trooping home to the sound of his music. This is very good my dear, and we will take him and keep him, so bring the son hither to me."

The next day, therefore, Hir brought Ranjha home to her father's house and he was at once engaged. At first he had charge of the horses, but the work was irksome to him, and after a time he complained to Hir and said, "You never promised to make me a horse-keeper, Hir, and the work does not suit me at all. Ask your father therefore to give me charge of his herds of buffaloes, for that was the bargain. And when she had spoken to her father, saying, "O Father, Ranjha is weary of keeping the horses, and he was promised only the buffaloes," her father at once answered, "Hir, my daughter, it was a mistake of the steward, and you can send him to our island of Bela <sup>3</sup> to take care of the buffaloes there."

So to Bela Ranjha went, and there he became the sole

<sup>1</sup> *Pukka* is a sheet of cotton cloth.

<sup>2</sup> *Bhira* is a coarse country blanket.

<sup>3</sup> *Bela* is the name for any hole formed by a river.

master of a herd of three hundred buffaloes. Before his arrival at the place it took eight or nine herdsmen to manage so many, but Rinja managed them all himself. The simple creatures loved him from the first. He would sit all day in the shade with his flute, and towards sunset he would mount a hillock or climb a tree and there he would play a certain lively tune, and gradually the whole herd would respond to the call and then follow him whithersoever he went. And so passed the good hours away.

One night Hir dreamed that a man clothed in white garments came to her bedside and spoke to her. "Listen, O daughter," said the voice, "The Five Pirs have met together and have married you with solemn rites to Rinja. Hearing these words, Hir trembled and awoke. As she was in the habit of honouring the prophet Christ every Sunday, and as it was then Sunday eve, she took the phantom which had appeared to her to be a vision of Christ himself, and she received his word with joy, believing that already she was the wife of Rinja. So the next morning she went up to her father and said, "Father, you know the buffaloes never come to the village. They are kept at Bea and our messengers being very dishonest do not bring us all the milk nor yet the butter which comes from them. Will you then permit me, Father to go for a few days and look after these things myself?" And her father was glad, and said, "Go, my child, you have my full consent to do so."

So away went Hir, and when she came to the place and she found Rinja there, but Rinja was displeased. "Dearest one," said he, "I never enslaved myself to your father for a morsel of bread and a cup of butter-milk. One motive I had and it was that I might see you day by day. Perhaps you are not aware that even now you are my wife, and that upon me the Five Pirs have bestowed your hand





But tell me, dear one, do you for your part accept me as your husband?"

Hearing these words she at once called to mind her dream, and she answered, and said, 'I have dreamed a dream—this night I dreamed it

"I slept, and, lo, a dream I had—  
Some heavenly One, in glory clad,  
Came nigh me in the night!  
'Ranjha,' cried he, 'hath wedded Hir.  
'They, the great Five, each one a Pir,  
Performed the sacred rite!'"

So then, joyfully and peacefully, they began to live together one with the other on that little island in the midst of the river Chenab. Ranjha had no work to do but to sit by the side of Hir all day long playing his flute, and in the evening he had only to strike up his sunset-tune for all the buffaloes to come running home to the fold. Soon, however, prying people began to whisper about them, and by-and-by some of them went to her father's house and told tales about them. Then there came a certain beggar-man who reported that whenever he went across to Be a to beg an alms he always found the herdsman sitting on a couch with a plate of *kuri* before him. Now when this was said, Mahr-shikar called his sons together, and finding them very angry at the misfortune which had befallen the family, he strove to appease them, saying, 'My sons, you know well that people are in the habit of spreading lies of this description. For my part I think the scandal is false, but let us sift the matter well and then take steps to stop people's tongues. And for this purpose I tell you there is a man—my brother—whose name is Kaddo, who is lame of a leg, and who lives in a hut outside the village like a beggar, and keeps dogs and fowls and a goat or two. Call that man to me. I think

he will be the proper person to ascertain if these things are true or false.

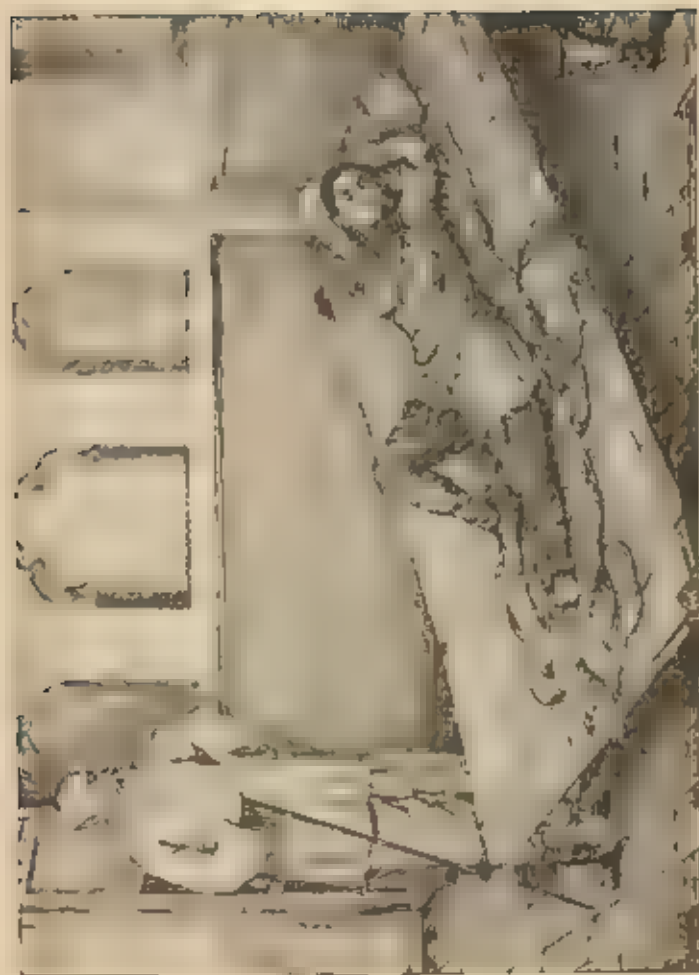
Kand the referee was summoned and Meer Chak asked him whether he would go over to Benia and bring back word what was right and what was wrong there. And Kand said, "Yes," and having so determined he prepared for his visit, for he got a bag made of a leopard's skin, and a staff and a wooden bowl, and a brass *lutah* for water, and he put in his bag a bundle of twisted ropes of goat's hair, and being so disguised as a poor wandering fakir he went across to the village. Now Hir was then absent, having gone to gather *bar* berries. But before going she had laid before Kand's some freshly made *churri*. And when Kand arrived at the door of the hut in which they lived he cried in a feigned voice, "Give me some *churri*. O you resident in this noble mansion give me some *churri* in the name of God." Kand then began to pour what there was which he could offer the man into the thinking bowl. He said, "O beggar, come in! Take this potter of fresh *churri* and begone for it is all I have." So Kand took the *churri* and regretted that he was not able to get it, because in the *churri* he had the proof of all the stories told by the town's folk. Therefore, putting the *churri* in his bag of leopard-skin he hurried away with it as fast as he could.

He had scarcely left the house when Hir, returning, missed the *churri* and addressed Kandha, she said, "What has become of all the *churri*?"

"I have eaten it all myself," answered he.

"No fear," said she, "I do not think you have. You always kept some of it till the evening, and you could not have eaten the whole of it. You say that to-day you have eaten it all? Tell me the truth, please."

\* A little wild plum.







Then said he "It is true that I have not eaten the *chirt*, for I gave it to a poor fakir."

Hir felt alarmed when she heard him speak thus, and said "What kind of man was he?"

"He was an old fellow," answered Ranjha "and lame of a leg."

Then she understood the whole matter, and became exceedingly sorrowful saying "You have done very wrong my dear. No beggar was that at all but my uncle Kardo. He will now take the *chirt* to my father, and you, as well as I will be brought into shame and disgrace. And then, without losing another moment she took up a heavy stick and ran after the pretended fakir. Going out of the door she esied him running away at a great distance and he also looking behind him, saw his niece in full pursuit, but as he was lame of a leg and she a fine active girl, he was soon overtaken. And when she reached him she gave him four or five good cracks over his head with her stick and knocked him down. Then she tore off his turban of goat's hair and snatched away his bag of arrows and seized his leopard skin bag which she at once opened and emptied of the *chirt*, where the old rascal lay flat on the ground crying and lamenting and saying, "O daughter would you lift your hand against your uncle."

"Yes, a thousand times yes," cried she "because like a villain you are going to put me to shame."

So with a parting thrust she left him and betook herself back to Ranjha.

But Kardo gathering himself up, collected all the crumbs of *chirt* he could find, and so went weeping and wailing to his brother, who was just then sitting in his courtyard in the midst of some of his neighbours. To him he presented himself and, throwing down the





HIS CHASTISES HER UNCLE KAPO



it, and, lo, the smell was as the smell of musk. But it availed not Rânjha, for their father's command was to kill and not to spare him. Going back to his hut, therefore they again raised their swords to smite him, but in the very act their arms stiffened and remained up, stiff, nor could any effort of theirs cause them to descend again. They tried to bring them down, working their bodies now this side now that but they tried in vain. Then they began to suspect that Rânjha was different from other men, and believing him to be a prophet of God, they all four fell down at his feet. 'Pardon us,' said they, "and we will return to our father, and commend you to him that he may give you our sister Hir to wife. But do you pray for us that our arms may be restored, and for this favour we promise never to move foot or hand against you again." So Rânjha prayed, and the use of their arms came back to them as before.

Now, as they were conferring together, Hir also came in, and began to taunt and upbraid her brothers for what they had done. 'Dear sister,' protested they, 'we were only acting a part, nor had we any idea of killing Rânjha at all. But we have come to summon you home, for your father wishes to see you for a couple of days, while your mother also is far from well. Get leave, therefore, from Rânjha and go with us back. So she turned to Rânjha and said, "My dear, give me leave now to return with my brothers, and in two days we shall meet again."

On the way to the village she thought much of the treachery of her uncle Kaide in coming to Bela disguised as a poor fakir, and she saw plainly that he alone could have betrayed her, and that all her troubles had their origin in him. So she said, 'Brothers, take me round by the way of our uncle's hut as I have business with him

of great importance. And they turned aside out of their way, and it was so that when they were passing the hut and when the two men had gone, it le before her. Her took some fire and put it to the thatch, and the fire at once burst into a blaze and consumed the whole place, while the lame beggar began to dance and yell with rage. 'Ah, Hr,' cried he, 'you have done me a wrong in burning my hut! I jumpert and lanced and O you have burnt up my heart.' You have burnt up Khar, my little Beauty, which had twelve chickens, you have burnt Lot, my little red bitch that barked at every door, my vessels are burnt, all my household stuffs are burnt, and the bag in which I stored my *phang*—caneless were the things I had in my house. You have burnt them all, yet in a word, I may say you have burnt up a very apothecary's shop. Thus he complained, and then he said, 'But I go to your father's house to denounce you.' 'Go,' said she. 'You have burnt fire on my head, and I have burnt fire on yours.'

With these words she hastened away and entered her mother's chamber leaving her wretched uncle without, wringing his hands and bemoaning his hard fate.

That night Mahr Chikak and his wife talked on of their daughter Hr, and the end of it was that her mother said, 'Husband, to kill a human being would be the greatest sin, and how much more so when the victim would be your own daughter! No, we must send for the Kazi and get him to persuade and correct her.'

Early in the morning, therefore a man was despatched to the mosque for the Kazi, and he was asked to take her in hand, to admonish her with wise counsel, and to bring her to reason. And the Kazi called her in and when she came to him he said to her, 'Hr, you are a good child, your mother is a good woman, and a good man is your father







Listen then to good advice for I have taught you from your childhood up, and I am your master. My dear daughter do you think it is right or proper to bring trouble and disgrace on your father and mother? You know that long ago they betrothed you to the chief of the Khera tribe and well you know that every child should obey its father."

"My Pir is a spirit," answered she, "and he has married me to Ranjha. I have accepted Rānjha and his shall I be as long as I live."

These words filled the Kazi's soul with rage, and he said "O Hir, artful girl that thou art, listen to me and attend to the words of God! You wilt be expelled from Paradise to find your portion in Hell."

"Kazi," said she, "from my earliest years you have been my instructor, but never from you, O Kazi should I have looked for language like this. Rānjha is mine and I am his."

Then the priest opened his book, and showed Hir some lines written therein, saying to her, "O child of disobedience, do you not see this? Do you dare to bandy words with your Kazi? I tell you that you are on the straight road to Hell."

"O you consumer of bribes!" cried Hir. "They have bribed you with five ruppes and a betel leaf. A precious *Mufasss*\* are you. What are you doing, you cunning Kazi, you deceiver of the people? Why make white the black letters of the Akoran? May your children perish at home and your oxen abroad! What connection, tell me, is there between love and the doctrines of the Mahomedan Law?"

Then thought the Kazi within himself "This girl is too infatuated to listen to a word spoken against Rānjha, since

\* A priest.

she puts even me to disgrace. As he was thus considering one of the people of the Kheras came to the door and made signs to, though I do not somewhat to tell him. But the priest dismissed him with a look, and turning again to Hir he said, 'I have no power to write, I have not even ink for my pen to describe the sin you are about to commit. A place will be found for you in the lowest pit of hell, if you do not submit yourself to the Law. O Hir you will render yourself infamous and an outcast from your parents, from me, and from all your kin, if you do not obey my order, and give *warha* up. O believe what I tell you. If you will not accept the Khera as your husband, your father has fairly determined to hand you over body and soul, to the lowest scavenger in all the village.'

But Hir, like the foundations of the earth remained unmoved. Hear me O kazi, said she. 'To me you are a father and you, too have daughters at home in your house. I have begged you I have prayed you, I have besought you with tears, and ever I call you *Miyān*.<sup>1</sup> For Rānjha I am going distracted,

"He is my soldier lad, yea more,  
My chosen knight is he!  
Him madly, madly I adore,  
His life is life of me!

If Rānjha seek the battle-field  
To fight against the foe,  
O I will be his sheltering shield,  
On me shall fall the blow."

Could I in Meera's sacred place  
E'er hope to bow my head,  
I from Rānjha turner my face,  
Or Khera loved instead?"

<sup>1</sup> *Miyān*. Master

"O blasphemy!" cried the priest. "Listen to me and attend, O Hir, thou crafty one! Fearlessly you utter words without sense but may speedy death put an end to him, may that Ranjha of whom you are so proud be numbered with the lost!"

"Can prayer be made in vain?" said she.

When the sun breaks the power of night  
I rub my nose-ring clean and bright,  
When the sun halts in mid career,  
A gem I choose to deck my ear,  
When he marks half the western sky,  
My burnished necklace then I try;  
Soon as he sinks adown the west,  
I don the robe that suits me best,  
When bedtime comes my sandals I take  
And at my father's confessor's make.

"O Kâzi," continued she, "neither you nor my father can be judge between Ranjha and me. Let us go to the King and let him be my judge."

The Kâzi then ordered one of his pupils to call in her mother, and when the mother entered the room she looked at her daughter and said, "Hear me, my daughter! Doubtless the Kâzi has explained to you everything. Know then that you have been given in marriage to Sattar, the chief of the Kheras. Why do you bring so much trouble upon us?"

"Mother," answered she, "if you have a single particle of the true Faith in you do not vex me. Otherwise I will thrust a dagger into my heart and die here at your feet!"

Her mother then made signs to her younger daughter who went out and brought in her father, and all four sat down together. "O my daughter," said her father, "you

\* In other words, "I have seen the signs of a true prophet in you among Mahomedans. See Appendix.







But here her mother interposed and said: "God forbid - to kill the child must in any case be a sin. The whole world would point the finger of scorn and say we had killed her because she was worthless and bad, and our good name would be for ever lost. No, no, let us rather marry her off to the Khetas at once."

Her advice was approved, and the father Mahir Chukak at once proceeded to act upon it. He summoned his family bard as well as a barber and a Brahmin, and despatched them all three to Sattar, the chief of the Khetas, to give him notice that his wedding ceremony would be celebrated in eight days. So the tribe of the Khetas assembled together and held a council, and it was announced to them that Mahir Chukak had sent his messengers, saying: "Make your preparations of marriage." And the news was very welcome to them, and they all began to get ready.

And now Hir, considering within herself that her fate was inevitable, unless God himself could help her, decided to see Ranjha once more. So, taking with her a bevy of maidens, she set off for the island, and when she arrived there she found Ranjha sitting under a tree eight days earlier. "Dear Ranjha," said she, "what about the buffaloes? Are they quite well?"

"What do I know about the buffaloes?"

answered he.

"Oh, suppose you to be angry, and down by his side, and said: "It is not on the buffaloes' account I have come. Let them go! I have come to tell you something." Then in a little while she spoke to him thus, -



My father's buffaloes are mine - whole herds  
He now has given me. Hairs are some,  
And some are lovelier than birds  
Of Paradise, that go and come.  
Or hours soft and fair



Look at their laughing teeth—No gleam of power  
 No lurking feud—no boast of power—no state  
 And O, what rare symmetry unite  
 Magnificently there!

When they come forth with their children  
 But puts on warmer smiles for them?  
 When they troop home, our tiny street  
 Wears beauty like a diadem,  
 Though mean enough before.

Perdition seize them! Yea, may they devour  
 Their owners, Rān, hū.—But, for me  
 And you, O snatch this fleeting hour,  
 And in my arms content yourself to be  
 Perchance you may embrace me nevermore!

Moreover, she told him of her approaching marriage with the Khera and said: "I will send for you the day before the wedding, and then shall I see whether or not the power of God is upon you."

"My dear heart," said Rājā, "I have no such power at all—I am a simple man and cannot pretend to favour or grieve more than another. It is as trust in God, who only can make darkness light."

When the appointed day came, she found that the *mahtā* had been deceived for he had said she entered her apartment a certain way, and so she went to that place and saw a crowd of people gathered about her. But instead of giving her hand she stopped the women's face, saying, "I rather go home and wash the hands, but alas! hands as they are rendered powerless—I am betrothed to Rān, hū, and will have to go to the Khera."

At last the marriage procession arrived and after the performance of all the preliminary rites the ceremony itself

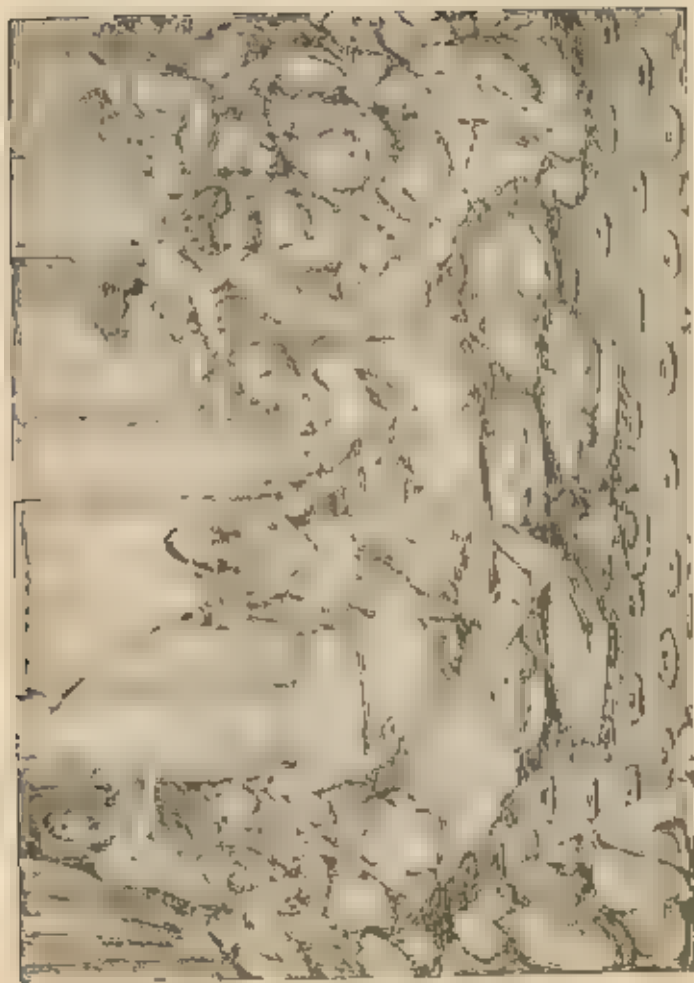
\* The *mahtā* is a person who is supposed to be able to do anything he pleases by the power of his magic. He is supposed to be able to do anything he pleases.

# PLANT LIFE AND FAUNA





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began to be solemnized. For the girl's mother had sent for the Kazi and her father and several other persons. First of all came her father and the Kazi who addressed her and said "Dear child, we hope you will consider us and not allow us to disgrace in the presence of so many people."

have already been mentioned.

[illegible][illegible]

"But if you do not rest, may  
 your father's name and disgrace  
 without rest be upon you and your daughters  
 as well!"

Then the king, of the same, her mind fixed wholly  
on her mother who was not willing that  
her daughter should be shown her, now ordered  
that she should be taken by force and made over at  
once to the Khera. So the servants seized her and with  
violence thrust her into the palanquin which was waiting ready  
to receive her.

That same morning Kanha was lying asleep among the trees of Beiz when the five Pirs appeared to him and said, 'Sir, are you asleep? Know you not that your wife is going away with the Khera? An five of them stood at

## ROMANTIC TALES FROM THE PUNJAB

as he was saying, "Rise up, O wretched one—the Kheras are bent to bear her away."

Then and at once, to his feet, and by the power of the *Shis*, he at once found himself standing close to the *Shis* in which *Shir* had been seated. Now no one was able to lift that *Shi*. The very strongest of the Kheras tried to raise it, but he tried in vain. In spite of all their struggles the *Shi* remained immovable. And at the time *Ranjna* stood by, and the *Five Shis* stood behind him. And when the *Shis* withstanding every endeavour failed to raise her and take her to the *palka*, then they called the King and the King, coming to *Shir*, spoke and said,

"O daughter, you shall have all the wealth you desire. We will give you apparel and ornaments, rubies and diamonds, but for God's sake, remove *Kanjha* from your mind, forget him for one moment, so that the *palka* may be raised and the honour of your family preserved." But *Shir* answered him, not only she looked towards the *Five Shis* and towards *Kanjha*, and she said, "Let the *Five Shis* speak. I trust another *palka* will descend from Heaven, and in one *palka* shall sit *Shir* and in the other *Ranjha*!"

So the *Five Shis* played before God and immediately, to the surprise of all men, another *palka* descended from Heaven. But the Kheras, bewildered and astonished, turned towards *Mähr Chókak* and his wife who, answering, said, "We were her parents, and truly we brought her into the world, but that *Shir* was married to *Kanjha* is news indeed—we never understood it before."

And now *Ranjna* stepped forth and took his place, and the *Five Shis* ordered angels of God to come down and bear the *palkas* away. And there appeared two angels, beautiful and strong, who, lifting the *palkas* in their hands, bore them upwards, and carried them swiftly to Mecca.



HEER AND RANJHA BORN AWAY BY // VN





## THE LOVE STORY OF BIR AND KANHA 7

And there having paid their debts the two lovers  
lived happily together for many years. As we  
believe, they never died they are living still in one of  
the islands of Arabia.

*Told by the bard Shri. M. Abbotford October 1889*





A STORY OF GUL BADSHAH



## A STORY OF GUL BĀDŠAH

He is the King as well as one of kings who vanish away



Q

UEN a story of Gūl Bādshāh, the name of whose queen was Manavūr.<sup>1</sup> He was just and good, very jealous of his name, and all the world

spoke well of him. One day his vizier came to him and said,—

O King, the Queen goes and comes just as she pleases. Let her go out not only at state times. It is not good for queens to go out so much.

But the Queen, answered the King, gets tired of the house and she goes out and comes back refreshed. So rest, let the Queen go, vizier!

Again, after some days, the vizier came to the King and mentioned the name of the Queen to him in such a way that he set the King thinking, and by and by the King began to suspect something.

Now Queen Manavūr had a sister whose name was Senāh, and the two lived in the palace together. One day when

<sup>1</sup> From *Manavūr*, "heart-ravishing".

the ... ..  
 ... ..  
 ... ..



... .. their stile up an  
 ... .. with two huge men called dholes  
 ... .. At that moment the

Queen glanced back and spied the King coming, and said to her dkeh, "The King, the King, he is coming and will strike." Then she shrank away as in fear of the dkeh, and so crouching, awaited events.

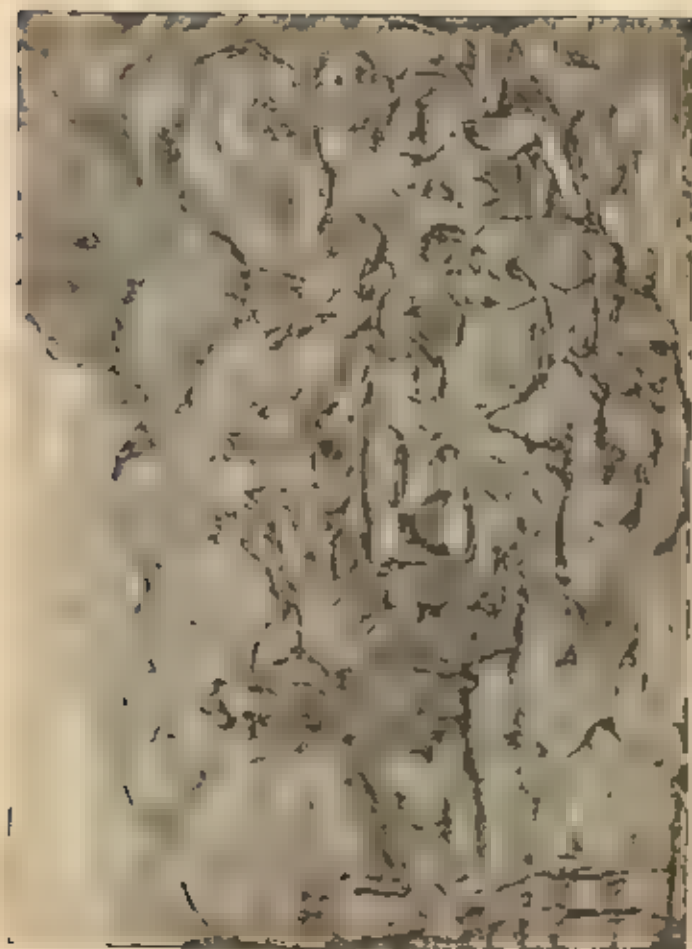
Now when the King came quite close up, the second dkeh rose, and snatching up the Princess Senah, flew off with her after the manner of dkehs, but the Queen's dkeh rushed at the King and would have slain him had not the King's dog seized him by the leg and held him fast until the King, fitting an arrow to his bow, took aim and laid the monster low. Thus, the dkeh being dead, the Queen Manavur ran away home for her life, and went trembling to her rooms. But the King entered moody and sullen and sat down in his hall of audience and awaited the coming of his vizier who, when he saw him, said, "O King, you are upset, your mind is disturbed."

At that time, however, the King did not answer, but remained silent, and soon he went in and as he sat by himself he began to consider and to meditate, saying, "Surely nothing in the world is so faithful as a dog. O excellent hound, O faithful friend, but for you your master would be lying cold and stiff in the garden of cypresses. So the King sent for his vizier and told him the whole story,—how the Queen was false, how the Princess had vanished, and how one of the dkehs lay dead in the garden. "But I do not wish to kill her," said he, "for if I killed my Queen, the people would not understand, they would believe even worse things of her, and on me and on my house would fall trouble and disgrace, and everywhere in my kingdom men would give me a bad name. To save my honour, therefore, contrive something, invent what scheme you please, but whatever you do, let it be settled that the Queen shall eat day by day of the leanings of my dog, since, when she was false, my dog was true."



So it came to pass that a house was built covered all over with bristling spearheads, so that the Queen could not possibly escape in any way be reached, and every day when the sun shined and the moon was out, the vizier came to the king and said, "The Queen is not yet taken to the city and her husband is not yet taken to the city." So passed many days. But the king was not satisfied, and sometimes he sent forth his vizier to the city to listen to the speech of the people and to return and say so. And ever the vizier returned and the king enquired, "What are the people saying?" "I have not discovered," would he say. "I do not know as yet," the Queen is not in the palace. These reports annoyed the king, and he grew and the greater severity he grew, and his servants to go without the walls. "I will go to the night with the palace guard," said he, "to see that precaution and that the vizier of the king who, growing more and more suspicious, at last retired to the top of a certain mountain where a fair strong castle in which he took his abode, and in which the Queen and shed miserably, feeling like a beast in the claws of the eagle. And no guard or servant or servant was near, and was never to have the vizier, and a sword on the wall. No one could approach the mountain without the on one side were steep places, and on the other at the foot of that mountain flowed a river twelve miles broad, on which no boat was suffered to ply.

Now it had so happened that it was in the very country which lay at the mouth of the river that the second chief had settled when he had flown away with the Princess Senâh. But he had died, leaving the Princess alone. And in the place where the chief had died and the Princess was living, there were heard every Thursday night the most dismal wailings and moanings, nor could anyone find



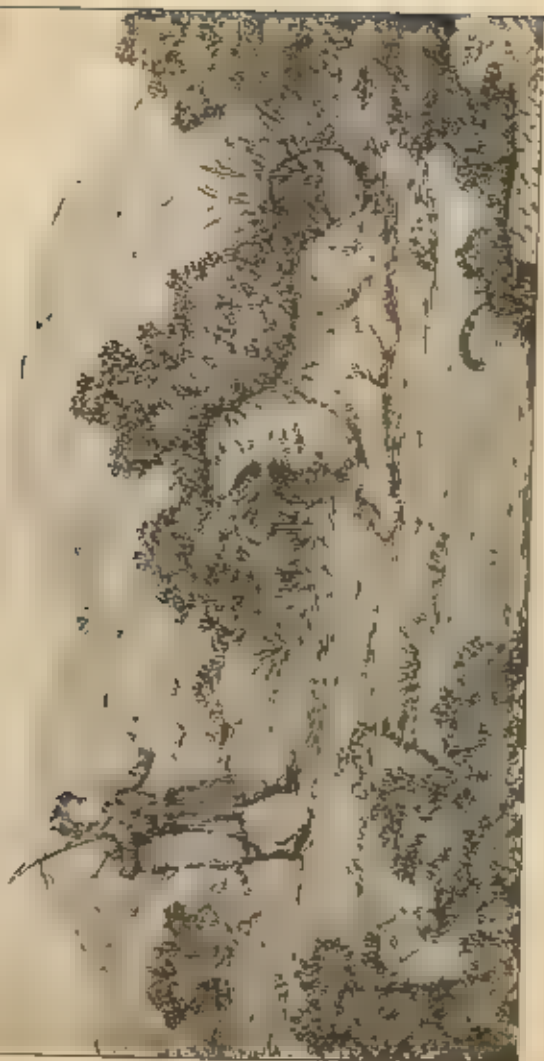


out what they were. And when the Kings of that part came to see the Princess Senah and to ask her to marry them she always imposed conditions, saying to them, "First I will only marry the man who will stop the wailing, and, secondly, I will only marry the man who will bring me tidings of Gul Badshah. Many were the Princes who essayed the tasks imposed on them, but none of them succeeded. No one was able to stop the wailings and no one could bring her news of Gul Badshah, for the Queen was too strictly confined, and as for the wailings, all the old men declared they had gone on for years time out of mind, so that the Kings had all to return to their homes as they came.

It chanced, however, that in those parts there was one King named Chand Badshah, who had seven sons by one Queen, and one son only by another Queen. All the seven elder brothers were married, but not so the half-brother. This young Prince, whose name was Ahmed, sometimes visited his brothers' wives, who never failed to taunt him, saying, "If you were worth anything at all, you would go and stop the wailing and marry the Princess." Stung by these reproaches, he at last answered them, "Now I go. If I stop the wailing, all's well; if not, I will return no more." So he left his home, and after wandering from place to place, he at last arrived at the palace of the Princess and asked her hand in marriage. But she answered him, "Stop the wailing noise and marry me, and bring me news of Gul Badshah and marry me, but never shall man marry me until both my behests are fulfilled." Having received his answer, he repaired to the place of the wailings to observe, climbing the hills and going down to the valleys, sometimes by night, sometimes by day, and all to no purpose. But, when he enquired of the neighbours, he heard that in such a place lived a very old man who by trade



SECTION THROUGH





the tenth said that he said, "As you have given of yours, I too must give of mine," and he gave the Prince a stone and having so done, he went away and sat down by himself. Then said the Prince, "Good you have brought me, but wherefore this stone?" All that mystery they explained to him fully, and they also said, "In a little while you will hear the sound of the wailing."

"But what is the meaning of it?" asked the Prince.

Then the nine answered, "Indeed he was worth lacs and lacs of rupees yet never gave a pie in charity. All his treasure he buried in the ground, while the poor starved, and that is why he is now so punished."

"But may I not speak to him?" said the Prince, "if only to say to him 'God bless you!'"

So the nine good martyrs took him to their fellow-martyr, and when the Prince saw him he had pity on him, and begged him to tell him the reason of his misery.

"When I was in life," said the usurer, "and when my debtors came to me with their supplications, I used to say to them, 'First pay your interest and then take your principal, first pay your interest and then take your principal.' But, O sir, if you could only find my money, which is a vast sum, and distribute it all in charity, then God perhaps would release me." It was buried in the village of the old goldsmith."

When morning came all the ghosts disappeared, and the Prince returned to the village. But he had forgotten to ask the bad man his name, so he went to the old goldsmith and said to him, "What were the names of the ten martyrs?" And the old man answered so and so. "But what was the name of the rich usurer?" asked Ahmed.

"That man," said he, "was named Din."

"Can you tell me anything about him?" said the Prince.

"I can tell you everything," said the goldsmith.



"There has been no relation left standing in this place."

"No," the woman answered, "neither of your relations, nor of mine, are here."

"But when the Prince went to enquire, he found only one—a grateful daughter—and she in the greatest poverty. At the very moment he was so poor that she was watching a star weaned and sold herself, which made him address her and said, 'Was not your great-grandfather named Din?'"

"Yes," answered she, "Din was my grandfather's name."

"Alas," said he, "that incest of years is now reversed, being for the sake of his name, then, gave something away in charity."

At this the woman got angry, and throwing some of her mud to one side, "Here—take this," cried she, "This I will give if you like,—it is all he ever left me."

"But had he never a house of his own, your great-grandfather Din?" asked the Prince.

"O yes, he had," said she, "but poverty compelled us to sell it to a grain-seller."

"Come, show me the place," said he.

So they both went together, and having reached the house, the Prince said to the haggard, "Did you buy Din's property from this woman?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"But," said the Prince, "did you buy the house only, or did you buy the land as well?"

"I bought the house only," said he.

On hearing this, the Prince began digging. After some time he came up with three large jars full of money, which he took out and then said to the woman, "All this money was your great-grandfather's."

"I have nothing to do with it," said she, "Give me but enough to live upon, and the rest take yourself."





Then said he to the hannah, "If for twenty rupees you brought this house, take now thirty and quit."

"You speak so hard-heartedly," said the hannah, "and have behaved so well, why should I ask more than I paid?"

The Prince then took the money and divided it into three parts. One part with the house he gave to the woman, but with the other two parts he bought horses and goods and raiment and food, and began to distribute them day by day in charity, but always in the name of Dhu-Riqa. Thursday the wailing sounded less and less ere long, and it ceased completely to be heard as soon as the whole of the money had been given to the poor. Then went the Prince back to the Princess and said, "One of my tasks is done."

"I know that," said she, "but the other still remains. Bring me now news of Gul-Badshah, for my hand shall be yours."

So the Prince set out again, and coming to the red goldsmith, he stated the case to him, who said, "What shall I do now?"

"Alas," said he, "this is a most difficult business, and you will be stripping a lot of — you must pass through jungles full of tigers and monkeys and huge lands of prey."

"If I be," said the Prince, "go I must."

"Come," said the goldsmith, "I will advise you, and if you will follow my counsel, you will succeed."

"What is your advice?" asked the Prince.

"First of all," said the old man, "when you come to the country of the tigers, be not afraid, but go forward, and say unto them 'In the name of God.' Then they will allow you to pass, and none will molest you. Again, when you get to the country of the great lands, say in like manner, 'For the sake of God,' and they too will let you pass. But the monkeys will not take that charm. Therefore be careful to take with you — the green, as it is called,

as you can carry and when they begin to swarm about you scatter it on the ground for monkeys are greedy folk, and they will stop it all the time, and meanwhile you can pass safely through."

So the Prince took with him a bag full of grain and started on the adventure. When he came to the tigers he cried, "In the name of God!" and so passed on. And when he came to the monkeys he threw at them handfuls of the grain which monkeys love. Grain by grain, the monkeys stooped to pick it up, while the Prince passed on in safety. Then he came to the huge birds, numbers of which came flying round him and spoke to him, and thanked God for his grace in sending them a human being for their dinner that day. And their words were so alarming that the Prince had need of all his courage.

"You speak of eating me," said he. "But see my bow and my arrows—I can shoot you even now at a distance."

Then said the king of the birds to him, "What then are you?"

"I am a king," answered he.

"You a king?" cried the bird. "And do you understand shooting?"

"Yes, I do," answered the Prince.

"Be it so," said the bird. "I will hold up my claw, and if you can hit my claw with one of your arrows, pass in peace in the name of God!"

So the bird held up his claw, but the Prince suspecting a trick, determined to aim at the leg. "For," said he, "I think that bird will lose his claw, and if he do, then I shall hit him fair."

And as he aimed his arrow at the bird's leg, and the bird saw that he was about to shoot at the leg, he cried, "I think that bird will lose his claw, and if he do, then I shall hit him fair."





his territory. Nevertheless the wounded bird remained behind, but it was not to waylay the Prince, though the Prince thought it might have been so and when they arrived at the boundary of the kingdom of the birds their leader begged a token from the Prince, who gave him a ring as a pledge that his engagement had been faithfully kept, and then the escort returned, while the Prince continued his journey alone.

At last he came to the banks of the river, but neither boat nor boatman, nor any person whatsoever, was to be seen anywhere, and how to cross no one could tell him. Now there grew there an enormous *sisam* tree, and as he was very tired he sought the shade of it and lying down commenced himself to God and went to sleep. In his sleep he dreamed that he heard the loud cries of birds and started up, but could see no one. But there the cries were just the same, and they seemed to come from a great nest high up in the tree. And as he looked he saw a huge snake crawling up from branch to branch, and the higher he went, the more loudly shrieked the young birds, and the more they flattered. When the Prince understood the affair, he drew his bow and the snake fell dead, pierced by a sharp arrow, while he himself, weary with travel, lay down and went to sleep once more.

After a time the two old birds returned, bringing food for their young ones, and seeing a strange man lying there, they began to say to each other, "For six years past this fellow has been coming here stealing our young ones. Now, before feeling them, let us kill him."

But the youngsters overhearing their speech, cried, "The man has saved our lives in such sort that to the end of our days we can never be thankful enough."

"Nay," said the old birds, "The rogue is an enemy and an enemy we have been for six years past."



One of the young ones, "not at all but that  
in this form speak to me where he is."

And when the old birds saw the smoke they were  
convinced and straightway setting their wings on the river,  
they spread them over the sleeping Prince to shade and  
refresh him. When however, he at last awoke he looked  
at them and began to think that they were so devoted, but the  
birds said, "Don't be afraid!"

"I am distressed," said the Prince, "because it would  
seem that I am only a victim to be troubled."

But the birds reassured him by telling him their story,  
and by thanking him for his kindness. Then which they said  
to him, "Can you help us to get out of our present work  
with their horses, because we work with our eyes for you."

"I wish to cross the river," said he, "to get news of our  
Badshah and his *begam*."

Then said the birds, "You must wait here until  
we cross and bring you all the news possible."

"O no," said the Prince, "my business was that I should  
go myself and see with my own eyes."

"In my case it is now too late," said the bird. "Remain  
in the cave until we are gone. We will give you food, we  
will catch you a deer, and we will bring you a good  
man to help you to cross the river."

"Bring it to me," said the Prince.

So he was safe, and so it was true. The deer was  
brought in by the birds, and the Prince killed it and, having  
made a fire, he roasted the venison and ate and slept.  
And when the morning came the birds brought him  
from the tree and set him on the ground. The Prince  
looked at his eyes. And so the birds were satisfied flying  
over the river and the Prince could cross to the castle.  
Now I am going to tell you the story of the Prince's  
service and of the great reward he received for his service from the  
this emperor, and of the great reward he received for his service from the





help, burn the end of it in a flame, and one or both of us will come to your aid.

Having so said, the bird took wing once more, and instantly disappeared. But the Prince entered first a neighbouring town, and the people took notice of him, and when they asked him why he was there, he answered, "I have come to enter the service of the King. And they said, 'Are you mad to think of such a thing? For neither will you have leave to go, nor will you even save your life if you attempt it.'"

"What does it matter," said the Prince, "since I have made up my mind to face the risk?"

At the castle gate, the sentry warned him too, and an old domestic said to him, "Ah fool, to come to a place like this, but still he persisted, until someone went and told the King, who came and said to him, "Whence come you?" And while the Prince answered something, the King said, "Why have you come?"

"I am merely one of the King's servants," said the Prince. "Let me be one of your bodyguard."

"My servants come, but they never go," said the King. "Neither absence nor leave is theirs, and death is the penalty of desertion. So come or else go at once."

"Try me," said the Prince. "these conditions I accept."

So Prince Ahmed entered the service of Gul Badshah, who furnished him with arms and sent him to guard the Queen. She was confined in a tower by herself, and her cell was dark and narrow. There she languished from day

upon the leavings of a dog, though still she was a human being. All these things the Prince

learned, and when he had seen and learnt everything, he determined to get away. So he went to the King

and said, "I have made a great mistake, and as this service is no longer to me I wish to go, or at least to take leave."

'One thing you may do—answer the King's answer only. You are not my friend.'

'Nay, my friend, he has said I am a traitor, and I am not.'

So the King asked for a sword, but Prince Ahmed said, 'I will not fight with my sword, for it is the sword of my father, and I will not use it against him.'

The King then said, 'Bring back with him a letter from me to the King, and I will give you a sword.' A letter he gave him, and he took it for a mark of the ruler, and when he landed it on both the sides appeared ready to do his service. Meanwhile the King had sent for his guards, saying, 'If a man is to desert, let him do so at once, for I will not suffer the ones who are left to say, "Make your sarrams and mount it once, if you are overtaken by an arrow." So the Prince then rode to the palace and with a respectful salute he thanked the King for his hospitality and exclaimed, 'Nay, I am not a traitor, I am a friend, and in a moment was carried far away to the other side of the river. Thus with the snakes reached the top of the tower they found no one there, and a man returned to report the circumstance to the King, who, falling into a rage, seized a sword in his hand, but when he saw the place deserted, he cried, 'Ah, the fellow was some traitor from another land. He has escaped me, and now my disgrace will be published to the world.'

But the Prince had landed in safety under the great tree on which sat the young ones, now well able to fly. And he said to the male bird, 'Carry me, I pray you, over the jungles.' And the male bird said, 'Take one of my young ones also to remain with you always and to be your attendant.' At first the Prince refused this gift, but afterwards he consented. Then he mounted once more, and











away they flew over hills and plains of forest and jungle, where lived the monkeys and the tigers and the birds that devoured travellers, and at last they alighted not many marches from the house of the Princess Senah. There the old bird made his salaams to him, and committed to him the young one, who promised to be faithful and bring news when trouble threatened, and after that he took his leave of the old bird and returned to his mate. So the Prince continued his journey on foot, and he reached the village of the old goldsmith's wife, when he had heard of all his adventures. "Now go boldly to the Princess and claim her," thus the Prince did not fail to do; and when he saw her he said, "I have obeyed your orders. I have fulfilled both the conditions, do you believe it or not?"

"Tell me," said she, "the whole story from first to last and then I will tell you whether I believe it or not."

So she sat and listened, while the Prince related his adventures in wild places, in the country of the tigers and the monkeys and the savage bees and told her of the prince's snake and how he had shown her kindness at the river, and brought him two great cows to carry him over and to carry him back. "And your sister the Queen?" asked she, "is still alive?" she lives in a palace and eats the leavings of the King's dogs and yet is spiteful if all, she has still something of the look of a woman.

"This is true," cried the Princess when he had finished.

"I know beforehand that this would happen, and so now I accept you."

But by this time she had become very poor, and for that reason she would have put him off, he being a Prince, and she a Princess. "But see," said she, "I have left a ruby chain of great price pledge it and procure me suitable conveyance, and I will go with you to your country."







son of my mother. By custom and law, therefore, half the kingdom should be yours, and the other half should be mine.

"No," said the brothers, "make eight parts of it and take one, and do not expect any more."

While these disputes were raging among his children, the old King Chah-Balshah died and was buried. And when he was dead the wife of the eldest brother spoke and said to her husband, "Give him half the kingdom, and then fight him and take all his land from him, since you are seven to one. But the seven brothers scorned this advice as being the advice of a woman, and with Ahmed they agreed to call in a neighboring king as umpire, who when he had come and feasted for seven days, said to the seven, "Give your youngest brother one half of the kingdom, since it is his by right." This then accordingly they did, but when the land was divided, they soon picked a quarrel against him and began to make war upon him, and to take from him his towns and his castles. In his extremity Prince Ahmed summoned his favourite heron, but it was not to be found in its house or elsewhere, and search was made for it in vain. But the people heard say that the brothers had poisoned it with oil, because a wise man had informed them that it could fly one hundred miles in a single breath to bring news to its master and to fetch him assistance. Then in his trouble Prince Ahmed turned to his friend the umpire king, who promised speedy relief, which when the seven heard, they sent ambassadors to their brother desiring peace. "Let us agree to lay down our arms," said they, "and let us quarrel no more."

"I am the youngest," answered Ahmed, "and you are my elders. For that reason, if for no other, I desire to be on neighbourly terms with you."

Now at that time there was living with the seven

There were in the camp a woman whose name was Ben-him. She coming to the wicked Prince, as they sat together, and gave him the coin and said, "I can give you each of these Arabian horses." So they gave her money.

There was then peace between the brothers, and they were all united in the court of the seven for Prince Ahmed and his wife did not exist to them. And Bahadur was to his friends. "O my lady your husband has ceased you to me only this very day freedom is in the air. His horses, but O my friend and I say yes, you are not able. There is now to the Prince and a spouse, a new joy, and a new promise of service. Ah! how men are always exposed. Only this very day your wife ceases you to me, it requires you in order for her to be."'

Thus this wicked woman sowed the seeds of jealousy between the husband and his wife, and one day when the Prince was away in the garden she ran to him and said:

"At this very moment one of your brothers is walking off with your wife."

Then she ran to the Prince's chamber. "O my lady, I have heard, your husband at this very moment is running off with your beautiful wife!" Hearing these words the young Queen rushed out into the garden, and Prince Ahmed seeing her, as he approached the house, and believing as he said that she was listening to meet her lover, shot her dead without any woman's feeling with the bow which he bore in his hand. But when he came to her and looked at her living body, there he lay to the heart that he had never trusted her. The seven brothers of course rejoiced, and as they sat together in the evening they said among themselves, "But the work is already done. Let us go to sleep." But as for Prince Ahmed he wandered forth, and sat down in a lonely spot by

PLANTATION HOUSE.







times. There his misadventure happened, and when he came to him he said, "What power will I give before God in the next world for the recovery of my poor Princess? And as he thought of all the perils he had gone through in order to win her, his heart broke in a long sigh, and he died."

Then was the whole realm seized by the seven brothers, and they enjoyed it, but their pride was not for long, for Prince Ahmed's mother went to the umpire king and to various other kings, and having organised an army, declared war against those misadventurers, two of whom were slain, and the rest banished, while the old Queen ascending the throne herself had the marriages of Prince Ahmed and Princess Sennah performed with suitable splendour, and their memories preserved in sumptuous tables set in the midst of gardens of fountains and flowers.

*Told at Hyt Shah, near Attak, by Lakham, a Muhammadan villager, 1880.*



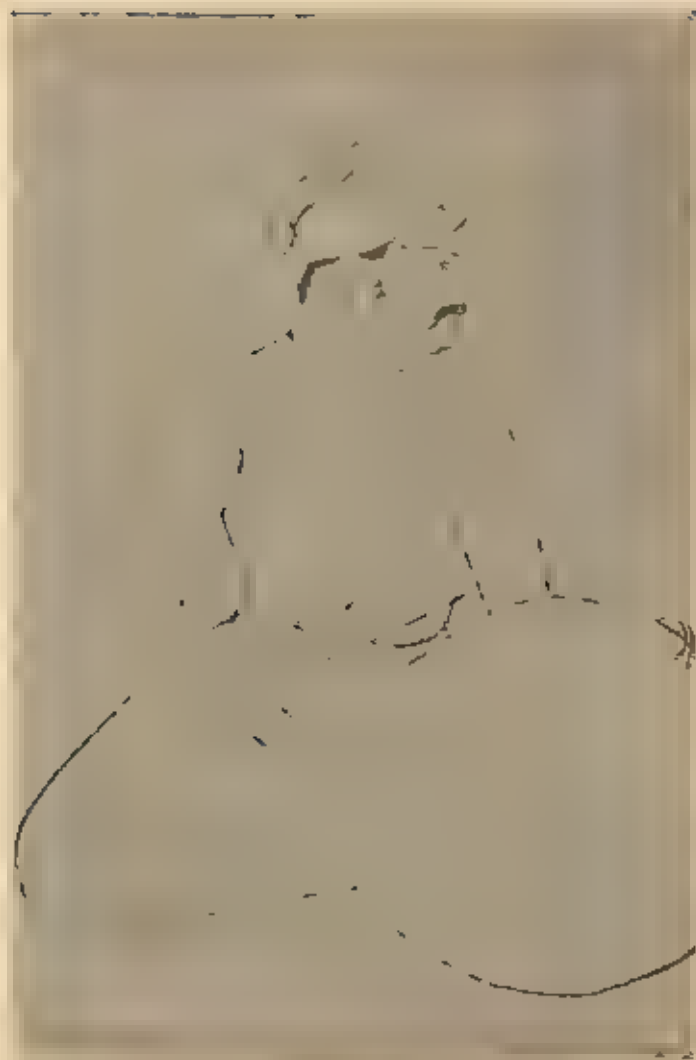


THE RASALU' LEGEND

STORY I

RASALU'S EARLY LIFE





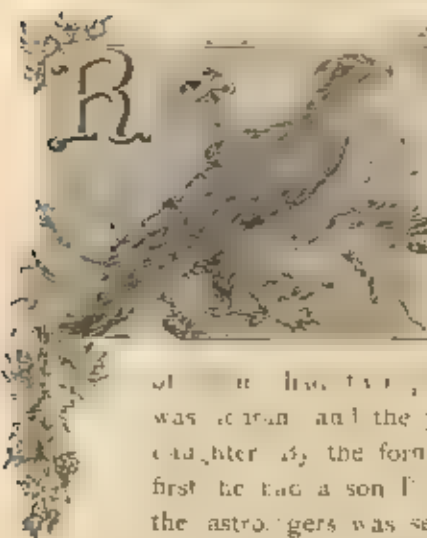
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# RAJA RASALU

## RASALU'S EARLY LIFE \*

On a fair day, when the sun was shining  
 A nobleman, who was a great warrior,  
 Obedient was to the fort, and the people  
 And the king, and the queen, and the queen



RAJAH RASALU (SALIA-  
 VAHAN) OF SIA KOT, a  
 descendant of the great  
 king famous in story,  
 whose name was Vi-  
 krāmājī, of the empire

of the land, the son of the elder of whom  
 was a man, and the younger Lala, a tanner's  
 daughter, by the former whom he had married  
 first he had a son Pura, who by the advice of  
 the astrologers was secluded from the sight of  
 his father in a lonely palace from the moment

of his birth until he was twelve years old. On his release  
 from seclusion, he was permitted to appear at court, and his  
 father on one occasion sent him to pay his respects to his  
 newly married wife Rati Lala, who was about the same  
 age as the young prince and exceedingly fair. Pura also

\* This story is taken from the 'Rajatarangini' of the Rajah of Siam, and is a very old one.



was remarkable for his great beauty and Rāmluna, when she saw him, fell deeply in love with him. But because he absolutely refused to listen to her, she procured his disgrace, and his jealous and offended father condemned him to exile and death. The executioners to whom he was committed carried him far away into the wilds where they cut off his hands and his feet and cast him into a ruined well, there to lingerish and die. In that dismal place he lingered for many a year until he was rescued by the great saint Gaurāṅakīśh, who restored him as to his mind and whole as before, and showed him kindness and protection.

Prince Pûran now determined to turn fakir and conceal his identity. He temporarily took up his abode, by the director's advice, in a certain abandoned garden close to the palace of his father in Benares. The fame of his sanctity spread far and wide, and it was reported to the king Sālvahan that the very trees of the garden which had withered up to the roots and died were miraculously beginning to bud and to put forth leaves. So the king and his younger queen, desiring the same favour, went to visit him. As they approached the spot, Pûran said to himself—'Here comes my father, and not only he, but my stepmother as well; if she should chance to recognise me, she will again plot to work me ill.

But being a good man he considered once more, — 'Never mind, I trust in God. Whatever she does she must account for hereafter, and so, whether she remember me or not, still out of respect I will rise and do obeisance to them.'

When the king and his consort arrived at the place Pûran stood up and bowed himself humbly, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

'Ah' cried the king, 'you have acted amiss, you

are a faker and it is I who should have humbled myself to you.

The King, answered he, 'I had a master once but he



is dead, and, as I do remember, his face and form were not unlike those of your Highness: that is the reason I rose and salaamed at your approach.

Then the queen addressed him and said: "I also have none to see you for I have no children."

"You shall certainly have a son," replied the fakir, "but your son's mother will always be crying even as the mother of your stepson was always crying. And that is by reason of the fate contrived by you and the son. I am a Brahmin (g) upon evil days, so though he is a mighty hero viewed in solitude, your son shall conquer his foes, yet he shall be just perished through the guile of a woman."

With these words the fakir bade adieu to his father's singer and came bearing him admonition to name to him a name in order that the promised son should come into the world.

In due time the event as he foretold came to pass and the king named the new-born son of Rasesa. Sorrow and heaviness attended his birth, for the announcement of his state resigned him to storm and strife and the astrologers prophesied evil to the king on account of him. Scarcely had he opened his eyes on the world, therefore, when he was banished to a solitary place and his half-brother Paur became him. He was not permitted to see his father till twelve weary years. As he advanced in growth he ever increased in beauty of his stature, glory in the stories of legends and heroes which were recited or sung to him day by day by his nurses and maids, into the very heart of war and the sound of arms tangled in his arms like music. All that was suitable to his position and agreeable to his destiny he practised and learnt, but most of all he excelled in magic, in archery, in riding and in the use of the sword and lance while the pleasures of chess-playing and deer-hunting filled up his lighter hours.

Thus passed the early boyhood of Prince Rasesa, until he was free to approach the capital and to set foot over his father's threshold. He was remarkably strong and

agile for his years, more like a man than a boy, and he was skilled in every generous accomplishment, and in every warlike exercise. Yet there was then one pastime which beyond all others, he was fond of indulging in, and that pastime was shooting marbles from the pellet bow. He used to watch for the women of the city as they returned from the river, bearing on their heads full chattries or pitchers of water, and shooting his hard pellets with an unerring aim from the walls of the palace he would break the pitchers into atoms, and laugh gaily when he saw the released water pouring down in floods over their shoulders.

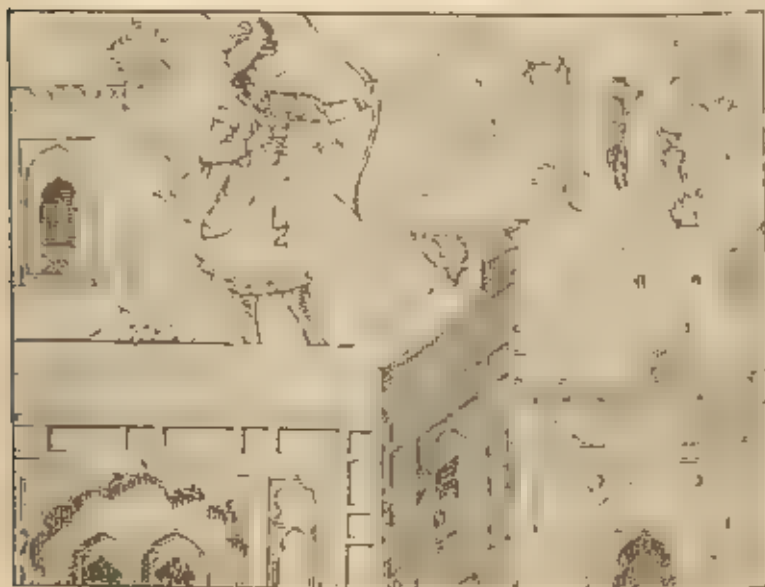
At last his victims made complaint to the wazir, and the wazir complained to the king, and to the prince, and been wronged again and again, he proposed his banishment for a season. But the king, answered, "One son I have, I dismissed to exile and death before, for which I shall ever mourn. See, here is my treasury, take money sufficient for the purpose, and let the women of the city be provided with vessels of brass. Moreover, he art his commands on his son that he should cease to molest them."

But if the women thought that their pitchers of brass would make the slightest difference, they were soon to be deceived. For Rasalu furnished a bow of steel, and cast iron pellets of iron, and so great was his strength of arm that with faithful aim, he drove his bullets right through the brazen pitchers even when full of water. In dismay the people turned their steps again to the wazir, and in answer to their prayers the wazir more proposed the banishment of the prince.

"Nay," answered the king, "this is my only son, he must not be sent away. I therefore order that in every enclosure in the city, walls shall be sunk so that the

women of each household may draw their abundance of water undisturbed."

So in accordance with the king's directions no more wells were built throughout the city, and the people fondly reckoned on supplying their needs in freedom and quiet. But again they were disappointed, for the irrepressible prince ascended to the top of a high tower which



commanded every acrostead and walked ensurcure within the gates, and from that vantage-ground he continued to discharge his artillery at the brazen pitchers to the despair of the unfortunate owners.

Then was the king petitioned for the last time either to banish or to put to death his rebellious son, and his patience being at length exhausted, answered: "Woe to God! Kassar had never been born, or that even now he

were taken away. Let him leave my country, let him go wheresoever he pleases, but let me not look upon his face again. And to his mother Lina he said: "Let that son of thine to quit my kingdom and never to trouble me more!"

Full of distress the queen sent for Rasalu and said to him, "Henceforth my son, we shall be strangers, for the king has pronounced your doom. You must leave your mother, your home, and your country, and go into exile."

"But why," asked the prince, "am I to leave you mother, and why must I quit the country? What crime have I committed? Speak to the king my father, and let him declare for what fault I am deserving of exile."

That night the queen entreated the king for her son with repeated supplications and tears, but he, when so ever, being a man of implacable temper, steadily refused to listen to her prayers, saying: "Rasalu's crime admits of no excuse, he has plunged the people into distress in the matter of water, and his exile is the only remedy."

When the prince heard that his fate was irrevocable he sought his father's presence and said to him: "I will obey you in all things if in your due you will accept my two conditions. The first is that you make me a Mussulman, and the next is that you become a Mussulman yourself."

Hearing these words, the king lost control of himself and in a fury he ordered his son to instantly quit the palace. At the same time he sent for his ministers and said to them, "Set up a figure fashioned like a man with his hand behind his back, and let the face of the figure be blackened. By this symbol, my son will understand that he is doomed to banishment."

One day, as Rasalu was returning from the chase he caught sight of the figure standing without his mother's palace, and, turning to his followers he said: "This figure

is a sign that I must quit the kingdom. To the goodness of the king my father. We are the descendants of the great King Vihamit who sold himself away for only three hundred times, and for a mere trifle my father decrees my banishment. Nevertheless I will obey.

So he gathered together a chosen band of valiant warriors



the flower of the youth of Sarket, and armed them with bows, lances, and swords. He also traveled himself with fleet horses and much treasure, so when it was ready, he mounted his famous mare *Falgun*, which was born on the same day as himself, and passing under the windows of his mother's palace he bade her a long farewell and

But the name of the famous mare, which sometimes was called *Falgun*, is named *Hauviki, the Grey Mare*.

set out from the city at the head of his followers, all eagerly bent on foray and spoil.

But the Rani Lûna, weeping and beating her breast, closed her ringlets and looked out from her lattice and watched the retreating figure of her son as he rode away into the winds. There she remained straining her eyes, until a distant cloud of dust alone showed her the route which he had taken, and as she watched and wept she stretched out her hands and cried through her falling tears

"O little, little can I see of you,

My son Rasâlu!

Your crest the rolling dust obscures from view

My own Rasâlu!

With knives of hardened steel my heart is never  
it burns like flames with the furnace driven

O hear, Rasâlu!

Whose son goes forth to exile, storm, and strife.

How doubt, treachery can that mother's life!"







THE RASALU LEGEND

STORY II

HE GOES TO GUJERAT





FIGURE 1. 1841



## RAJA RASĀLU

### HE GOES TO GUJERAT



R

iding turned his back upon his native land, Raja Rasālu rode towards the kingdom of Gujerat. Wherever he halted on his route the whole

country was so full of people that he was become an emperor. He was so loved by all that he would captivate all the men and trees, who would give him his soldiers. By the time he arrived at the capital of Gujerat he found himself in command of a strong force of ready warriors, all eager to do battle for their youthful leader.

The King of Gujerat was a Ghor, the head of a race of Rajputs, in a quarrel with the house of Saket, and friendly to Raja Sasubhat. Hearing that a foreign force had encamped within sight of his walls he went forth to hold a parley with them, and, when he met Rasālu, he addressed him courteously saying,—“Who are you?”

“What Rājā's son are you,  
And say what name you bear;  
Where lies your fatherland,  
What city owns you there?”

And to him Rasalu made answer

"Râja Sûlwâhan's son am I,  
Rasâlu is my name,  
Sâlkôt is my fatherland,  
My city is the same."<sup>1</sup>

Then was Rasa received and welcomed with befitting honour, and festivities were held to celebrate his arrival at Gûjerât.

"But," said the Gujar king, "you are heir to a kingdom—why then do I see you at the head of an army so far away from your own dominions?"

"Near Jhâm," answered Rasalu, "there is a territory containing numbers of giants who have been turned into stone—but it is held by usurpers. Of that country my father claims a fourth share, as being part of his; but the former rajâs—and as his rights are denied, I am now on my way to maintain them, and to recover my patrimony."

Then the Gujar king offered help to Rasalu, saying: "Take with you a contingent of my troops chosen marks-men with arms and munitions of war, and go and prosper against your enemies. And to his own men, he said: "Go, fight for Râja Rasalu, and do not return until you are dismissed."

When the prince arrived at the land of the Petrified Ones he at once began his warlike operations besieging forts, throwing up earthworks, and cutting off supplies.

<sup>1</sup> The reader will scarcely need to be reminded that the same old suggestion put into the mouth of Captain Cattle—

Captain Cattle is my name,  
England is my nation,  
London is my dwelling-place  
And blessed be creation!

<sup>2</sup> A variant of a rhyme as old as Rasalu!

<sup>3</sup> See Introduction.







Rasalu's strength was the strength of a giant: his bow, made out of steel, could be drawn by no one but himself, and he had three arrows, each of them weighing a hundred pounds, which never failed to hit, and which he never failed to recover.

After a short blockade the principal fortress was carried and the city fell into the hands of Rasalu. Much spoil was taken, gold and silver and precious stones, and splendid raiment, and many a fair damsel, a part of which was divided among his captains and men of war.

Then, while the petty princes fled away, or else submitted, and consented to acknowledge Rasalu as lord and master, the kingdom was reduced to order, laws were enforced, and under chosen governors prosperity once more smiled on the land.

It was during his halt at Jhulam that Raja Rasalu heard of a certain famous fakir or saint, whose abode was at the village of Tillah, and as this man's reputation for miracles and signs was in everybody's mouth he determined to pay him a visit. The hermit's power was so great that he knew of the king's approach long before he came to the foot of the hill on which he lived, and addressing his disciples he said, "Raja Rasalu is at hand with purpose to put my knowledge to the test. But as he is the son of a Hindu, he ought to have known his duty better. However, I will forestall him and test him first, and we shall see whether his own power is so great as rumour declares."

His pupils answered him, "Yea, O master, they say his arrow is so strong and swift that it will pierce a stone. Therefore devise something."

The hermit then turned himself into an immense hungry tiger, and when the king's followers saw the wild beast prowling round about the jungle, they were alarmed, and

said, "See, so great is the power of this hermit that even the tigers acknowledge his sway. Come, let us return!"

But Raja Rasalu answered, "He is a wise man who will finish an enterprise, foolish are they who falter."

Then the king challenged the tiger and said, "You are indeed a mighty full-grown tiger, but I am a Rājput. Come let us do battle together!"

In reply, the tiger uttered a terrific growl like the roar of a coming earthquake, and crouching down, he prepared to spring. But Rasalu fitted two of his tremendous arrows to his bow of steel, when immediately the tiger was confounded with fright and vanished away.

The king now went forward to the house of this famous hermit, whom he found sitting calmly in the midst of his disciples, and who at once arose and made a respectful salutation to the man who was more powerful than himself.

"Pretty hermit this," cried the king, "to stand up to me or to anyone else!"

The saint, seeing irritated and ashamed, said, "O king this hall is only the abode of mendicants. It is not Gandgarh, which is the home of giants. If single-handed you engaged the famous giants of Gandgarh, and if you slew them, you would win glory and renown, but there can be no renown and no glory in lording it over poor fakirs."

"O Sir," answered the king, "you taunt me. Now as I am descendant of the great king Vikramajit, I vow never to abide in my home in peace, until I have conquered the giants of Gandgarh."

"As for me," said the old prophet, "I can only pray for your success. Yet I know full well that you will prosper, and overcome them all—yea, every one—if you

we but remember and do what I bid you. First draw not your sword against the innocent, and next, lift not your hand to shed the blood of fakirs.

Then Raja Rasau dismissing his retinue, left that place and continued his journey alone.





THE RASAU LEGEND  
STORY III  
HIS REVOLT





RASA L AND HIS FOSTER MOTHER





## RAJA RASALU

### HIS REVOLT

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ND now, having ended his labours in the borders of Jhllum, Raja Rasalu whose term of exile was drawing to a close, set out for other

parts, regardless of home and kindred. And wherever he went he took with him Šhādī, his parrot, and Fōlādī, his grey mare. Thus he went on his way, and when his mother heard of it she sent forth a messenger, but the messenger returned, saying, "Rasalu has gone off, and will not return." And when his father

heard of it, he sent forth a messenger, but his messenger returned with the same story. And when his foster-mother heard of it, she also sent forth a messenger, and the messenger came and Rasalu inclined his ear, and went back to Malkot. And when his foster-mother saw him in the courtyard, the milk simmered in her breasts, and she cried to him:—

"Hast come, my son, from lands afar?  
 Hast come, my son, from wounds and war?  
 Hast played a manly part?  
 I am thy mother, who but I?  
 And thou art the babe I travailed by,  
 The offspring of my heart!"

But Kisan did not answer her. For by this passage he  
 understood that she answered for him.

"I am, and I am a beggar-man,  
 I am a beggar-man out and out,  
 I am a beggar-man out and out!"

Thus came Rasik back to Sakot. And his mother  
 was glad, and his father too.

Now Rasik had not been long at home before he  
 ventured to counsel and began to incline his mind to marriage.  
 So he sent his groom to his mother with this message:—  
 "If I do not tell you, so before it was only shame that  
 held me back. But now choose me a wife, for I am  
 willing to be guided."

Hearing these things, his mother became highly pleased  
 for she had often spoken to him on the same subject, but  
 every time Rasik had turned away and left her. Now  
 however he himself had made the first advances and so  
 told the king his father who, delighted equally with  
 herself, told the groom to hasten back to his son and say,  
 "I will summon the great ones, I will order our family  
 Brâhmin to open his tables, Moti Ram also shall be called,  
 and the wedding ceremonies shall be put in train without  
 delay."

Then the king Raja Suwahan called together his council  
 especially his wazîr, Moti Ram who was the father of the  
 chosen bride, and he fixed the wedding for the fifth day  
 of the month Assa.





The day after, early in the morning, at the time of the drawing of water, Rasālu went down to the river to bathe. On his way back he passed along the street in which stood the house of Moti Ram. There, loitering about the well, he saw a parcel of girls with their pitchers. They were laughing and talking together as women do. Farthest among them was the maiden who had been betrothed to him and whom he was shortly to marry. Being a girl of free spirit, always ready with a jibe or a jest, she called out in that public place to the man she was to wed:

"Ho, rider of the dark grey mare,  
Did you forget to brush your hair?  
Like some young girls, all loosely tied,  
It flies about from side to side.  
Take care O Rājā, I implore  
Lest, as you pass some lady's door,  
Her watchman flout you,  
Her watchman flout you,  
And jest about you!"

Rasālu was vexed to be put to shame, and he answered her —

"Hear me, my wife not now but soon to be! —  
For all your words of shame addressed to me  
I swear as I am Rājā Lūna's son,  
Your insults I'll repay you every one."

And, retorting, the girl cried —

"You son of Lūna, do not be so proud,  
Nor vent your anger thus before a crowd.  
For men as good as you,  
Not one, but quite a crew,  
Lead forth by many ways  
My father's calves to graze!"

Then said Rasālu to her:—

"Oh, bride betrothed, Oh, wife to be,  
 Mark thou the words I speak to thee  
 By the mother who bore me  
 By the panga she had o'er me,  
 My wife thou shalt be but I swear to thy face  
 I'll marry and leave thee to shame and disgrace

So he passed on his way And when the marriage preparations were sufficiently advanced his father and himself and all the guests, being a great company, went to the house of Matsi Kari, and there the wedding feast was spread and the people all sat down. But Matsi Kari the bride's father, sat not down with the rest, but, getting up his horse, he went in and out among the guests saying, "O friends, ye who have come in with the procession we come you are. And I pray you not to feel disappointed or offended, for I am one of your slaves." And when the meal was over and the men had retired to smoke and to recline troops of girls came in and played *heroghri*. With singing and dancing came they in, all the maidens of the place in full tale and they jested with the king and the prince, and made free with everything, and Kari gave them largess, throwing among them fifty pieces, and one gold piece thrown in too. Then they took his horse and brought him to the chamber in which he was to be married, all for and laughter, and he went with them in company with his father and a great following of friends. But as he passed through the court, he made secret signs to his groom not to fail to have Poladi, his grey mare, saddled and bridled and ready at hand.

Then entered the Brahmin priests, who called in also the parents, and the two, the man and the woman, were made to sit down in the middle of that room while the Brahmins read to them words out of a book. And to the

\* Scrambling for money or sweetmeats.

principal one said Rasalu "O Salar was I the Rāa, speak to you" To cut the matter short I pray you not to marry me at all!"

"O Rāa Kasa," answered he, "hear me. You come of noble stock. I pray you do not disgrace your name by conduct unworthy of your birth."

This counsel Rāa observed, keeping silence all the time. And when the wedding was over these men tied together the ends of the skirts of the bride and the bridegroom, and made them pass round an altar in the byring fire. And as Rāa passed round, he glanced up and looked at the knot without wishing, stood ready. So all at once he drew his sword and severed the skirts at the knot, tore them from the other, and he leapt forth while his wife approached him, saying,—"O Kasa! you have done me a wrong to cut off marriage-knot of mine, and in the day of judgment I will accuse you for it."

"Ah me! How foul a trick to play  
Your wedded wife'  
Before great God what will you say  
To save your life?"

But he tempted her, and said, "Remember your words, O Kasi, the words that you spoke that day to the well. Since you call me a beast, I will marry someone else."

In vain all the four parents, addressed by the great a disgrace, besought him to return, standing at the doors bare and mourning him. "I brought you up from a child," said the King, "only to be a grief to me, and now you have degraded your father before a thus assembly."

Rasala did not heed the words spoken by his father, and on his way forth he bethought him that he should have answered him thus, so he returned, and when his whole body trembled, he said thus, "Hear me, my father. Me have you ever embittered. But I go hence to Mecca, and



when I come again, I will be with a Muhammadan army at my back to pull down Sakot."

Then he went off, riding day and night, until he came to a noble city having walls and towers all round and going to the gates. He enquired, "Who is the chief of this place?"

"This is the city of Mecca," said a watchman, "and the lord of Mecca is the Hazrat Imam Ali Akbar."

So Rasalu entered, and he went to the Imam Ali and addressed him saying, "Receive me, I pray you."

The Imam, seeing that he was a Hindu, said to him, "Whence come you?"—

"What Rāja's son are you?  
What is the name you bear  
Where lies your fatherland  
What city owns you there?"

And Rasalu made answer "I am a Rājput"—

"Rāja Sūwāhān's son am I,  
Rasalu is my name,  
My city is Sākōt,  
My fatherland the same."

Then the Imam Ali ordered the two prophets, the pīr Panjab and Sarkar Subah to embrace him, and they all three took him and all embraced him and their embraces so purified his heart that the rocks of infidelity were broken asunder. And so they taught him the prayers and so Rasalu ceased to be a Hindu and became a Muhammadan.

One day he said to the chief priest, "My father is a great infidel and a follower after evil customs. Give me help to enable me to return and overcome him."

"What evil customs do you speak of?" asked the priest





'First,' answered Rasalu, 'he takes to himself a new guest every night, but early in the morning he takes his life, or sends him forth to perish in the jungles. Next the robe he wears by day he burns at night, and that which he wears at night he burns in the morning. And lastly, he will not drink two days together from the same well. Every morning therefore a new well must be dug for him and lives are sacrificed in vain.

When they heard these things, the priests became convinced that Raja Suwahan was a very great infidel indeed, but they answered saying, "It would not be right for you, his son, to lead an army against your own father. Such behaviour would ill become you, for a son should respect his father." Still, however, he continued to urge his petition, and so the Imam told the rest of the priests not to refuse his request absolutely, but to put him off with promises, which when Rasalu perceived he became more eager than ever to have his request complied with.

Meanwhile Raja Suwahan had set to work to repair the walls of Sakôt, for the armies of Muhammad were overrunning all the world. One of the great towers however, repeatedly fell down at the moment of completion. Three times the builders laid stone upon stone and three times the work crumbled to the dust. Then the king consulted his astrologers, who said, "Never will the wall stand, until the head of a young Muhammadan, who must be also an only son, has been buried under the foundations." So the king sent his officers, and they came to the house of the old woman Zabero and, seizing her son, they hauled him forth, saying, "Are you not a Muhammadan?" And boldly the lad answered, owing the truth, "I am a Muhammadan, I do not deny it, or in any case I must die at last and pass into the presence of God."

And the men who had him took him off to the king

before whom he came and on his arm he wore a wedding bracelet and on his neck a garland of flowers. And when the king saw him he said, "For whose feast are you thus decked out, O son?"

'For my own feast am I thus decked out,' answered he, 'for to-day is the day of my marriage.'

"It matters not," said the king, "Ho, fellows off with this youngster's head, and down with it into the earth!"

So the lad was at once beheaded, even there in the presence of his widowed mother, who wept at that sight and who, snatching a dagger from a soldier cried out, 'I, too, am ready to die. O wicked Rājā, may the lightnings of God fall upon you!'

Now as she spoke these words, meditating death, the head and the body of her lifeless son began moving towards her on the ground, which when she perceived, she dropped her weapon, and taking up those bloody tokens one by one she pressed them to her bosom. Then addressing the king she cried 'Now wilt thou go to Mecca and bring back with me those that will avenge my cause.'

Rising at once, the old woman started on her journey, but seeing that she was aged and feeble, she could not cover more than half a mile a day. With limbs fatigued and feet swollen, she prayed in her distress to God and said, 'I am an old woman and cannot walk. May the Panjab come to my succour!'" Then she lay down in the desert, and that same night, as she slept, she had a dream. In her dream she saw an old man with a white beard, who came to her and said to her "Shut your eyes!" and she shut them and at once found herself in Mecca. That was her dream. Early in the morning when she woke she looked about her, and her dream had come true, for she saw that she was standing on the steps of the Great

Mosque, and she saw also the priests of that mosque and she addressed them, saying "Behold in me a helpless old woman, having no protector. A Hindu Raja, the biggest infidel in Hindustan, has cruelly killed my son to build him a wall. If you are indeed followers of the Prophet, come and avenge me!"

"Mother, do not weep," answered they. "Our heads shall answer for your son's."

"I could wish not to weep," said she, "but my heart weeps, and I cannot restrain myself. I must weep and weep until you come and plough up the city."

"The son of our chief priest," answered they, "is to be married in three days. After that we shall set out for Sialkot."

"O Priest," replied she, "you are quite right! You are going to marry your son, and at home sits my daughter robbed of her husband, and in short I cannot wait any longer!"

Then they set out for the kingdom of Sialkot. But as they marched along she looked and saw that they were only five horsemen all told, so she said to Rasalu, "You are but a few. What will you do against all the hosts of Sialkot?" And the Hazrat took up the answer and said, "Mother, put your trust in us."

"Of course," said she, "I put my trust in you. But I see also that you are only five in number."

"Close your eyes," said the priest. So she closed her eyes forthwith, and when in a moment more she opened them again, she saw a large army, the numbers whereof were so vast, that the poins of one horseman jostled against the pommel of the next, and the sound of their running went up. So she was satisfied and she counselled them to bring their army on in the same invincible manner.

At last they arrived at the city of Sialkot and invested

it being unexpected news about the odds. One day in the morning when the people came out to see the place surrounded, and they went in and told Raja Sawahan. And when the king looked out, he said: 'It is only my son, Rasalu, no one else, who has brought this evil upon me. He went to Mecca and now he has come back with a Muhammadan army to destroy me.'

Then began the great fight between Sawahan on the one side and his son Rasalu on the other. Long held the Salkot, but it was taken at last, and when the enemy swarmed through the gates and over the walls, so great was the slaughter that the horses waded the streets and took deep in blood. But first, before that happened, the people of that city looked down and saw a man fighting sword in hand, but without his head, which he had thrown at the gates. That man was the Hazrat himself. And the people marvelled at it, expressing their astonishment each to the other. Then the body stopped beating, and hearing the remarks that were made, the falling down from his horse it was buried close to the gates of the city.

Meanwhile Sander Das, the Brahmin priest, never ceased praying to God for peace. But he prayed in vain for the Muhammadans fought on until they had gained the citadel and the palace of the king. And when they had entered therein they saw the Raja Sawahan sitting on his stool smoking his hookah. Then the priests said to Rasalu: 'Go forward to your father and bid him become a Muhammadan.' So Rasalu went in and bade his father either turn Muhammadan or die.

My son answered the king, "you whom I have brought to manhood spare your father's life."

But Raja seized him by his long hair, which he twisted and throwing him on the ground, he put his foot on his breast and would have cut off his head. Even so he







father unto him, "Neither your mother nor I have ever been unfaithful, the one to the other. You are therefore my own undoubted son, and at the bar of Heaven, I your father, will lay my hands upon you. And when Rasâlu would have smitten, the priests held back his hand, forbidding the deed. Then came he away, and going forth, he buried the bodies of the Muhammadans who had fallen in the assault.

After a time it came to pass that father and son became reconciled, and that Moti Ram offered his second daughter, in lieu of his first, as a wife for Rasâlu. But the priests returned to Mecca, and by and by Rasâlu also left the city, and once more, mounted on Folâdi, went roaming over the world.





THE RASALI LEGEND

STORY IV

THE HUNTER KING



## RAJA RASALU

### RAJA RASALU AND MIRSHIKARI



WHEN he had established a new government in Siälköt it was that Rāja Rasalu set out alone for the Deccan because he wished to meet and to see Mirshikari,

the renowned hunter

As he was riding along his horse suddenly heard the sweet strains of distant music proceeding from the depths of the forest. "Sir," said she to her master, "what is that sweet sound which I hear and whence is it coming?"

"I have been told," answered Rasalu "that there is a certain king of the greenwood named Mirshikari, who sits in the forest playing on a lute which was given to him by the Water-King, the immortal Khwājah Khizār.\* All the animals when they hear the melodious music come and

\* Khwājah Khizār see Appendix.



"It is my usual custom," answered Mirshukari. "Every day of my life I play on my lute in order to entice the animals, because, when my lute is playing, all the animals of the forest gather round me to listen to it and then, waiting my chance, I choose my sport and shoot at them and kill them, since I cannot live without flesh meat every day. But, O my Master, as you have come to the green-wood at last, I pray that you will make me your disciple."

"So let it be," said Rasalu, "but first if you will be a follower of mine, there are three conditions which you will have to observe."

"Whatever shall be told me," said Mirshukari, "that shall I observe to the uttermost."

Then said Rasalu, "The first condition is this: Let no one know of my coming here. I tell no one that you have seen me. The second is this:—You may go and shoot over three sides of the forest, the north, east and the west, but on the north side you shall not shoot. And the third condition is this: On the northern side of the forest there live two deer, a buck and a doe. On no account must you kill them."

"How shall I know," then asked Mirshukari, "which of all the deer of the forest the two reserved ones are?"

To him Rasalu returned answer: "On the southern side of the forest those two deer live, and to that side alone they resort. You will never meet them and you will never see them unless you go there. But if you do go there, and if you shoot them, oh, remember, you will lose your own life!"

All these terms were accepted by Mirshukari, and Rasalu having shown him his mode of using weapons of war and of the chase, went away from that place, and tarried in another part of the forest.

So Mirshukari, after playing on his lute and killing some



deer, returned to the city, and when he had eaten his food he went to his chamber, and there he began to address sweet words to his wife. In the midst of their colloquy he broke the first condition imposed upon him by Raja Rasala for he said to her: "To-day I have seen Rasala in the forest."

The woman turned round and said, "You are speaking a jest. What is Rasala a madman to be wandering about in the woods? What a wise man are you!"

Feeling ashamed and abashed on account of his wife's words, he took an oath to God before her, and said: "I have verily seen Rasakasa to-day with my own eyes."

But his wife believed not his words, and she said to him, "Hold your tongue and do not vex me so, seeing you cannot beguile me."

After a short time Mirshkar ordered his wife to prepare his breakfast over night; because, said he, "to-morrow I must be in the forest long before dawn."

Hearing this speech, his wife thought to herself: "It is useless to take so much trouble at so late an hour of the night. Everything can be got ready for him before he starts in the morning."

At the fixed time on the morrow, while it was yet dark, she awoke and having bathed, she went to the cook room to prepare some food for Mirshkar. But she was astonished at finding that there was no meat of any description in the house. Then said she: "Mirshkar will not eat anything but meat. I must go into the street, to the stalls of the butchers, and bring home two pounds of goat's flesh."

So she went to a butcher and said to him: "Give me two pounds of goat's flesh, and to-morrow I will give you four pounds of venison instead of it."

"At this time of night," answered the butcher, "I cannot possibly open my door. I hear your voice, but what

you are God knows, some witch perhaps, or a gantess, or it may be an evil spirit."

"I am the wife of Raja Mirshkar," replied the woman.

Then said the butcher, "If you are the wife of Mirshkar bring me the money, and I will give you the two pounds of meat."



In the meantime while his wife was arguing with the butcher, Mirshkar woke up and he called and looked but in the palace his wife was nowhere to be found. For some time he waited, but he waited in vain, for she did not return. Then as it was growing late and as he was tired of waiting, he took up his rifle, his quiver, and his bow, and without any breakfast he went out to his shooting

When he arrived at the ground he broke the second condition, for he chose for his sport the side of the forest which had been forbidden to him by his master Rāsān.

Having fixed on a place, he sat himself down, tuned the strings of his lute, and began to play. The beautiful strains floated on the morning air, and penetrated into the depths of the forest, so that, as Rājā Rāsān was wandering about his mare again heard the sweet woodland notes, and said to the King, "Sir, it is the sound of the lute we heard in the woods yesterday."

"You are right," answered Rāsān, "but my man has not fulfilled my behest, nor has he regarded my word, and now we shall witness the turning of his fate."

Meanwhile, as Mīrshikārī was playing his lute, the two deer, a buck and a doe, came out of the forest into the open glade, and there stood still to listen. As they felt themselves drawn towards the spot where the lute was playing, the doe said to the buck, "Let us wait here and see. Perhaps it is Rājā Mīrshikārī playing on his lute. I am afraid lest, seeing us, he will kill us dead, because by means of his treacherous lute he has already done much to empty the woods."

On hearing these unexpected words, Mīrshikārī stopped his music, and gazing all round him, he saw a *chachra* tree covered with large green leaves. Then moving softly to it, he plucked some of the foliage, and having fastened it all over his body, he made himself leafy and green like the tree, and taking up his lute, he began to play on it once more, and as he played he slowly advanced towards the buck and the doe.

When the two deer saw him approaching the buck said to the doe, "See, he is coming towards us for something, let us go and meet him."

But the doe said, "Do not move a step further, to which the buck made answer,—

"In the forest I was bred,  
In the forest I was fed,  
And the forest is my home,  
Some little leafy tree,  
To discover you and me,  
In perplexity doth roam."

Then said the doe to her simple husband

"In the forest I was bred,  
In the forest I was fed,  
And the forest is my home,  
Such a thing could never be  
For a little leafy tree  
On two little feet to roam."

But the buck, being resolved to go forward, said

"In the forest I was bred,  
In the forest I was fed,  
In the forest I abide  
And if hunger be his plea,  
Or if forced by fate he be,  
We may venture to his side."

"No, no," cried the doe, "be well advised

"In the forest I was bred,  
In the forest I was fed,  
In the forest I abide;  
By his acting I can see  
He would capture you and me,  
And our flesh he would divide."

"Oh, my husband" continued she, "you should not go nearer,

Saying this she stopped but the wily buck went nearer and nearer, listening to the sweet music and when Mr. Shukra saw him well within flight of his arrow he took his life between his teeth and, drawing his bow, he shot at him, and the foolish deer, being pierced by the sharp weapon in the shoulder, fell to the ground. Then ran

Mirshkar swiftly moved, and drawing his knife, he prepared to cut the deer's throat as quarry according to custom.

But all the time Mirshkar was watching his proceedings, saying to himself: "He has disregarded my counsel, look and you will see the trouble which shall shortly fall upon him."

Mirshkar now lifted his knife to dispatch his victim, when the deer addressed him in reproachful words, and said:

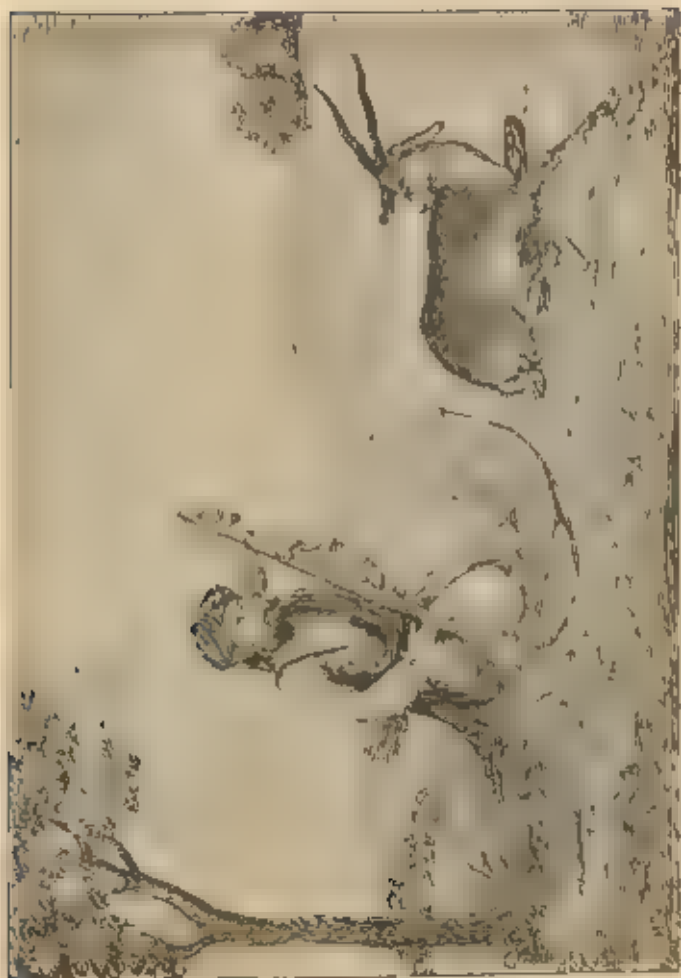
Thou art a coward, thou art a poor old man,  
Thine edgeless knife, O lay it by;  
Let me go, and I will go to the place of my birth,  
And strike some chords before I die;  
Grieve not, sweep the blood from my face,  
I will stand here, and thou shalt not stand."

Then said Mirshkar: "His death has been caused by my fate, and I must therefore play for him something more. Yet I am in fear lest as I play, he may suddenly turn his head and gore me with his horns."

So he sat upon the ground, pressing him down with the weight of his body, and thus seated he began to play upon his lute once more, while the young deer's life ebbed away, listened to the ray-fing strains.

When he had finished playing, Mirshkar laid aside his lute again, and lifting his knife he passed it over the throat of the deer, and let out his life blood.

After this he looked about him for some water, "For," said he, "if the knife be not washed, my game will not be fit for eating." But no water was to be seen, excepting the heavy dew which lay all round about upon the earth. So he wiped his bloodstained knife in the grass, and when it was cleansed he held it between his teeth in order that he might afterwards wipe the blood from his hands in the same manner. But it so happened that he sooner had he put his hands into the wet grass than he was stung by a viper.



MESHUKARI AND THE DYING DEER.



Uttering a loud cry, he snatched the knife from his mouth, which falling on the serpent, cut it into two pieces so that it died, and presently Marshkar himself, as one person pervaded his system gave to the ghost an excited aspect.

Seeing this, Râja Rasalu, who was watching all these fatal consequences, said to his mare: "Now see what will come to pass next."

After a little while the fox stole out from the jungle to look for her husband, and she found him dead. She also saw Mrs. Kar-yung still upon the ground. Then thought she of herself: "Fine hunting has been doing for a long time, and now, being tired, he is taking his rest." But venturing nearer she espied the dead snake cut into two pieces, and the knife resting cross by. Then understood she that her husband had been killed by Mrshkar, that Marshkar had been killed by the snake, and that the snake had been killed by the knife.

Having looked upon this dismal spectacle, she said to herself: "Now for me to live longer in the world is useless, for I know who may not kill me, or what suffering it may not be my lot to endure. And she began to wonder how she should destroy herself. After thinking and considering she said: "O my husband's horns, they are sharp as spears! I shall cut straight his head and jump upon them, and their points will pierce through my body and kill me."

So saying, she set the bucks head upright, and going to a little distance she leaped upon his sharp tapering horns which penetrating her body, ripped her open and killed her. In her dying struggles she gave birth to two little kids, a male and a female, but they after breathing the air for a few short moments, expired likewise by the side of their dam.

And at the time Râja Rasalu was gazing at the scene,



watching every hapless circumstance, and he now said to his mare "Let us see what will come to pass next."

In a few minutes a jackal came out of the forest, and finding so many dead bodies lying prone upon the ground, he began to trim his moustachios, and to leap and frisk for joy saying to himself "God has given me lots of good things to lay — I shall eat my fill, and sleep, and eat again. But Mirshikari is a strong man and a famous hunter, and if he wakes up he will certainly kill me. So my best plan will be to steal his bowstring and throw it away. Because taken if he awakes, he will never without it be able to harm me, and meanwhile I shall have time to escape."

Saying thus the jackal came silently towards Mirshikari, and taking away his bow and skipping into the jungle, he endeavoured to break it. But the string was made of twisted wire which proved too tough for his teeth. At last, putting the end of the bow on his hind legs and one end of it under his chin, he succeeded in snapping the wire, but the recoil of the weapon was so sharp and so sudden that it tore him in two, and the upper part of his body went flying towards the sky.

When Raja Rasalu saw the jackal's fate he laughed and said "Let us go and look at them now." Coming to the spot he saw to his mare, "What shall we do? What arrangements shall we make for conveying the body of Mirshikari?"

"Lay it on his own horse," answered she, "and she will carry it straight to his house."

Then Rasalu lifted the body and was going to lay it on Mirshikari's horse, but the animal refused saying "As he failed to obey your orders I will never carry him more."

"At least," said Rasalu, "guide me to your master's palace," and taking from the fatal spot Mirshikari's turban, his quiver, his bow, and his belt he followed the dead

hunter's horse, which led them on through the grassy meadows and the leafy alleys of the forest.

As they entered the city Rûn Rasalu caught sight of a woman standing at the stall of a butcher who was weighing out some meat, and he overheard her saying: "Do not longer delay. My husband Mirshakâr is waiting."

Then Rasalu stopped and said to her: "O woman, what are you doing there?"

"You weigh the flesh within the scale,  
But save for whom the flesh you weigh,  
The flesh you weigh will ne'er avail,  
The man who looked his last to-day."

Hearing these words, the woman hastily turned and said: "Who are you thus cursing my husband?"

"I am Rasalu," answered he. "But the woman did not believe him."

"A wise Rasalu too," replied she, "to curse another man needlessly. It is no good thing which you do."

"But," said Rasalu, "would you recognise your husband's things if they were shown to you?"

"Yes," answered she, "wherefore not?"

Then he laid down before her Mirshakâr's turban, his etc., and his weapons, and said: "Examine and see if these things are your husband's."

As soon as she looked upon them, the woman swooned and fell senseless to the ground.

When she came to herself she arose and ran to the palace of the king who was the lord of all that country weeping and beating her breast, and Rasalu followed her. There she cried aloud: "Sir, this man has killed my husband Mirshakâr!"

The king, hearing her distressful cries, ordered a trial, and at the hour appointed one hundred men were Je-

spatched to bring Raja Rasalu into the court. But Rasalu, collecting his army at one place, covered them under the broad expanse of his shield. He then sent a messenger to the king saying, "I will come and take you from under my shield."

When the king understood what a wonderful master of magic he was, and how great was his might to cover one hundred men with his shield, he sent other messengers, saying to them, "Do not use force with him, doing only polite salutations and prayers." And they, saying as they arrived, humbly requested Raja to come before the king, beseeching him with courteous words.

"I come," answered he, and so, once in hand, and with the king's messengers, he led him to the city and so to the palace. When he entered the king's presence, he said, "Where one have you sent for me?"

"Why have you slain Mirshikar?" enquired the king.

"I will ask you a question," replied Rasalu, "and if you can answer it, you will know of the death of Mirshikar."

One was killed and two died,  
Two were killed and four died,  
Four were killed and six died,  
Four were killed and two were killed.

But the king was unable to guess the answer. Therefore said he to his ministers, "Go with this stranger, whoever he is, and see if he tells the truth, and let us beware lest he be the real Rasalu."

So Raja ordered them to the forest, where they came and saw all the six bodies lying lifeless together on the ground. Taking up the corpse of Mirshikar, they took it into the presence of the king who, having heard their tale, looked upon it and said of Rasalu, "This man has indeed spoken the word of truth."

Then Raja Rasalu carried the body of his disciple Mirshikari back into the forest, and there he laid it down, and he dug a grave for it, both long and deep, with his own hands, and buried it under the shade of the trees. And over the spot he erected an alms-giving tomb, and proclaimed to the whole city and to all the country round it: "Whosoever would go alms-giving, let him first go visit the tomb, and do homage at his grave of Mirshikari."

Having performed this last act of piety to the remnant of the hunter-king, he engraven on his tomb the following epitaph, and then went his way:

"King I was, prince he became, so it was  
Abandoned all his pomp to die:  
And fast we were all left to mourn,  
As fades a star-be-spangled sky."



THE RASALU LEGEND

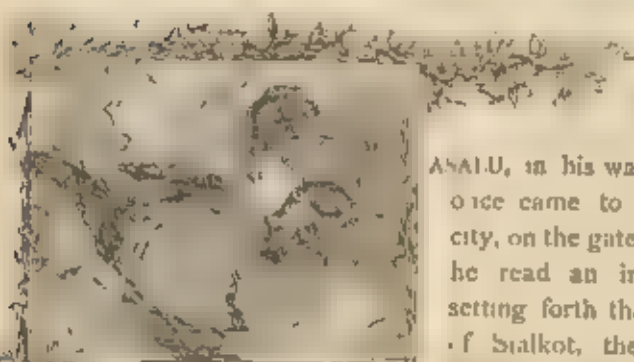
STORY V

RASALU AND THE SWANS



## RAJA RASALU

### RAJA RASALU AND THE SWANS



RASALU, in his wanderings, once came to a certain city, on the gate of which he read an inscription setting forth that Rasalu of Siolkot, the son of Sulwahan, would one day

appear that he would shoot an arrow of iron one hundred feet into the air, and that his reward should be a town one hundred feet in length.

Then Rasalu determined to try, and one day in the presence of the officials when feats of strength were being exhibited, he took one of his arrows and shot it towards the sky. All the people stood still gazing waiting for the return of the arrow, but as it never came back, they said, "This must be the real Rasalu."

Then they gave for him a town one hundred feet in length and proclaimed him as the real Rasalu throughout the city, and for his great strength he was held in honour of all men.

The next day he entered on his travels again, and as he was walking by a riverside he saw a crow and his



mate sitting fondly together and he heard the female bird saying—'Please take me up to the sky'

"No one can go up to the sky" answered the male bird

But she insisted and said—"Take me up as high into the air, then, as you can."

Saying this she mounted up and the male bird followed her, and both went flying skywards until they were out of sight and Rasalu wondering what would come of this adventure continued his wanderings.

Now the two birds flew up so high that at last they came to a region so high that they no longer knew when best falling would be, and the female bird, crouched and terrified cried—"For God's sake save my life and take me to some place of shelter."

"What can be done now?" said her companion. "It is your own fault why did you not listen to good advice?"

With these words they began to descend and worn out with fatigue they at last fell on to a certain sand in the middle of the sea. Then said the female crow—"Let us go and look for some place of shelter."

Searching here and there at last they saw a swan with his mate sitting in a nest in the midst of a tree. So the crow approached and uttered his screams—"What do you want O crow?" said the swan to his unwelcome guest.

"For the sake of God" answered the crow "be good enough to give us a corner to shelter in to save our lives."

"Although between you and me" said the swan, "there is no relationship come in and take your rest."

On hearing this the female swan protested vehemently. "I cannot allow the creature to come into any house of mine," cried she. "He is a mean fellow and our kinspeople will reproach us not to speak of our good name."

"He is asking for shelter in the name of God" said her

his band, "and I am therefore bound to allow him to enter and rest."

The crow and his mate then crawled into the nest, and the swan gave them pearls to eat and whatsoever else his house afforded. \*

The next morning the rain being over, the crows stepped forth and the male bird said to the swan, "Dear friend, against the wicked you should always be on your guard."

"He who will do evil shall suffer evil," answered the swan.

"True," said the crow. "But whether a man do evil or not, he should always keep the base and the unworthy at a distance."

"What do you mean by saying that?" enquired the swan.

"Do you not know," said the crow, "that in a single night you have robbed me of my swan wife whom I have tenderly reared for twelve years? You had better give her back to me."

"Is this your return for my kindness?" asked the swan.

"I do not know the meaning of kindness," replied the insolent crow. "Give me back my wife! Otherwise, you must either fight with me or go to the king's court for judgment."

"I have no desire to fight with you," answered the swan meekly. "Come, let us go to the court of the king."

As the birds at once set out and came to the palace of Raja Bhoj. When they entered the court the king enquired — "Why have those four birds come here to-day? Bring them before me first!"

Then were they marshalled by officers before the judgment seat, and they said, "Sire, we have come to you for a decision, condescend to listen."

"What is it that you want?" asked the king.

"Enquire from the crow," said the swan.

\* Swans are said to feed on pearls.

"Nay," replied the crow, "I do not wish to say anything whatever—please ask the swan."

Then the swan stated his case:—

STORM AND DRIVING SNOW  
 WHEN I WAS LOST AND ALONE  
 IN A HOLE, I FOUND A WIFE  
 WHO WAS MY ONLY FRIEND  
 BY HER NAME I WAS CALLED  
 BY THE NAME OF A WIFE  
 BY THE NAME OF A WIFE

Then the crow stood forward, and stated his own side of the question thus:—

"One day upon the river-side  
 I chanced to take a stroll,

Within a sandy hole

This egg I carried in my bill,  
 And cherished it with care,

Till all my breast was bare.

No useless cock was he,

And roamed the jungle free.

It was a female, and I said,

"I will preserve her life,

A most deserving wife."

By storm and driving snow,  
 And begged me for the love of God

I took him in without a word,  
 But lo! when morning came,  
 On score of caste he took my wife,  
 And valified my name."





Raja Bhoj, having heard both stories, said to the swan  
 "This crow appears to me to be in the right so hand him  
 over his wife!"

The poor swan made no reply, but gave up his wife at  
 once to the crow, and then he went crying and sobbing to  
 a distant place, where he lived in a certain solitary garden.

The triumphant crow, leading out his prize thought to  
 himself "As my new wife is so handsome, no doubt, if  
 I go to my own house, my kinsfolk will come and snatch  
 her away from me. It is better therefore to take her away  
 to some distance."

It chanced, however, that the spot which he chose was  
 the very garden in which the male swan was already  
 living and so it came to pass that all the four birds were  
 more found themselves together.

One day it happened to Raja Rasal that, in the course  
 of his travels, he rode by that way and that, as he went,  
 he was saying to his mare "I'll pass the time if I look  
 for some friend and get him to talk."

Just then he saw a jackal and making for him he ran  
 him down and caught him.

"Sir, why have you caught me?" said the jackal.

"Merely to make you talk," answered Rasal, "and to  
 pass the time."

Then the jackal seated on Rasal's saddle bow began to  
 tickle them both with numerous of funny stories which  
 amused them excessively. While thus employed they  
 approached the city of Raja Bhoj, when Rasal told the  
 jackal to be off.

"But," answered the jackal, "it would be cruel to leave  
 me here since all the dogs of the town would set on me  
 and kill me. You had better take me with you."

Rasal, consenting, entered the city and the people seeing  
 him paid him salutations and said, "Who are you?"

"I am Rasalu, the son of Subhakin," answered he.

Hearing his name, all the inhabitants came and surrounded him saying, "This day God has granted our desires."

Thence Rasalu went to the court of Raja Bhoj, for whom he conceived a strong & long friendship, and dismounting from his horse, he entered and sat down. Then Raja Bhoj called for chess and invited his visitor to play. Rasalu, who had taken a fancy for his amusing title found the jackal, caused him to sit close to him, and he began the game. First Raja Bhoj on his side laid a bet of one thousand rupees and threw the dice but, his last being spent by the check being violent against his arm Rasalu won. Raja Bhoj became angry with the jackal but the latter said, "Pray sir, pardon my offence. I have been awake the whole night and being sleepy I touched your side quite by an accident."

Once more Raja Bhoj laid and began to play but his cast of the dice was again spoiled by the jackal taking as before against his side. Then cried Raja Bhoj, "Is there anyone there? He comes on cut this jackal to pieces!"

"I have been awake the whole night," said the jackal excusing himself again, "excuse me as I have not committed this fault wilfully."

"What is this talk about your being awake the whole night?" enquired Rasalu. "What do you mean by that?"

"I will tell the secret," said the jackal, "to Raja Bhoj only."

"Tell me then, O jackal," said Raja Bhoj, "what it was you were doing all the night through."

"Sir," replied the jackal, "I went out with my lantern to the river side to look for fish, but finding none I gave







desperate, and taking up a stone I threw it against another stone, and from the two stones came out fire.

Having said so much, the jackal came to a stop, and Raja Bui said: "Well, what else do you do?"

"Sir," said the jackal, "I caught the fire in some dry fuel out of which a small ember flew and fell into the river, when at once the whole river was in a blaze. Then I, being afraid of my life on account of you, endeavored to quench the fire with dry grass, but though I tried my best I am sorry to say two thirds of the river were burnt up and one third only remained."

Listening to this tale everyone began to laugh, and to say: "What a fib! Can water catch fire, and, even if it could, can dry grass quench it?"

"Sir," said the jackal, "if water cannot catch fire, how can a crow possibly claim a swan as his wife?"

Hearing this mysterious answer Raja Kasai said: "Jackal, what in the world are you talking about?"

"Sir," answered the jackal, "Raja Bui pronounced a judgment in this court yesterday between a crow and a swan, and without due consideration he snatched away the swan's wife, and made her over to the crow. This judgment I listened to myself. And now the wretched swan is crying all round the jungle while the crow is enjoying his triumph without let or fear."

"Can this be true?" asked Rasalu, to which Bui replied: "Yes, this fellow tells the truth. I was undoubtedly wrong."

Then Raja Kasai sent for those four crows, and when they came he ordered them to sit in a row on the branch of a tree and to close their eyes. The crows did so, and Rasalu taking a bow and pellets shot at the crow and killed him dead on the spot saying: "This is your reward for fraud and treachery."

At the same time he restored the female swan to her proper mate, who, delighted with the judgment, extolled his wisdom thus:—

"All other kings are geese, but you  
The falcon wise and strong,  
A judgment ~~at once~~ and true  
O may your life be long!"



THE RASALI LEGEND

STORY VI

RAJA RASALU AND RAJA BHOJ

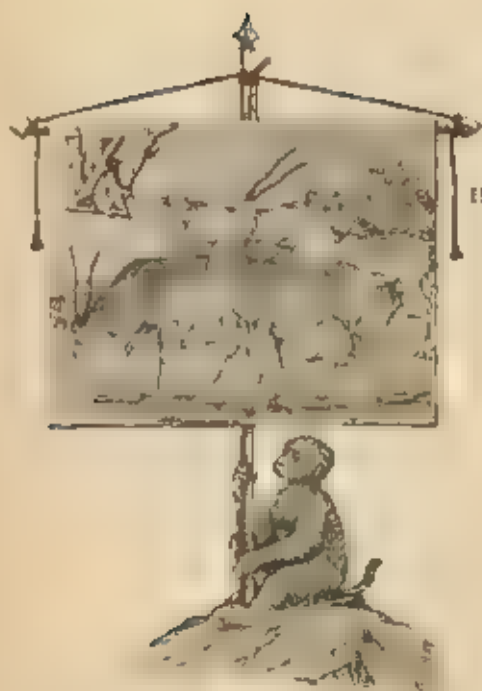


## RAJA RASALU

RAJA RASALU

AND

RAJA BHOJ



WHEN Rasālu had spent a brief season of rest at the court of Rāja Bhōj, he requested that king's permission to take his leave. But his host, unwilling to part with him, said—"As you have blest my palace with your presence, so you will confer on me a still greater favour, if you will abide here a little longer, and make me your disciple."

"In this same suit," answered Rasalu, "my destiny forbids me to tarry long. Nevertheless I will accept your invitation and impart to you whatever I know myself."

So he remained in that city some time longer, dwelling in the house of his friend, and teaching him the art of fighting and wrestling.

At last Rasalu set out once more on his travels, and many of the inhabitants, out of love and admiration for him, saw him out of their borders, but Raja Bhōj and his

walk together with some few attendants accompanied by several days' marches.

As they moved slowly along Rana Bhai said to Rasalu, "I have heard that your people are the five most cursed tribes in the world."



BE TWO

Then Rasalu answered him:—

A crooked axe to the garden-well,  
A crooked axe to the garden-well,  
A crooked axe to the garden-well,  
A crooked axe to the garden-well.

\* A string of favourite Panjabi proverbs

Hearing this answer, Rina Bhoj was pleased exceedingly, and praised Rasalu's wisdom. And so the two kings engaged in pleasant converse continued their way.

At last they arrived one morning at a delightful garden which belonged to the King's Sultan, and entering therein the whole company dismounted, and laying aside their arms, they recined along the margin of a fountain, took of cool water.

Scarcely had they taken their place, when they saw approaching them from the midst of the shrubs and trees one hundred beautiful warriors, armed with drawn swords. Rasal, with a smile, then said to him: "These are our enemies appear to be very formidable. Let us amuse ourselves a little at their expense."

Hearing this, the king he turned at the girls and said, "O ladies, why have you come out against us with drawn swords in your hands."

"Whoever," answered they, "trespasses within the bounds of this garden or comes hither to take water out of the fountain, forfeits his ears and his hands, and is then expelled with ignominy."

"Yes," said Rasal, "what are ye then has brought us here!"

Putting on sterner looks, the girls then said, "Have any of you touched the water of the fountain? If you have, confess it, in order that we may cut off your hands and your ears, for such is the order we have received from the queen, our mistress, who has bidden us cut off the hands and ears of all who dare to drink from her fountain."

"O Fair Ones," replied Rasal, "we have not yet presumed to drink. But, as we are merely poor wayfarers, do not anger us. Suffer us to drink, and then let us depart in peace."

"What are ye?" enquired the damsels.

"As for me," said the king, "men call me Rasal."

\* *Sekid*—Beauty, charm



Hearing his name all the girls flattered together, and began to whisper among themselves. "If he be the real Rasālu," said they, "he will catch us and kill us. We had better let him go, and seize only the others."

But Rasālu divined their thoughts, and so he said —

"If you let me go, O beauties, ones with you not also release the others, seeing we are wayfarers together."

Tāra said one of the maidens —

Wayfarers ~~and~~ three they say  
 The ~~rock~~ the moon the setting day,  
 Of all these three,  
 Pray tell to me,

Who is your lover, he who is your mother? \*

"It is true we are wayfarers," replied Rasālu, "but we are not so much wayfarers as world-travelers."

"Indeed," said the same lady — "but

Travelers of the world are a so three,  
 A sheep, a woman, and a lock they be  
 With ~~rising~~ words no longer true,  
 But tell me ~~our~~ ~~truth~~ without delay."

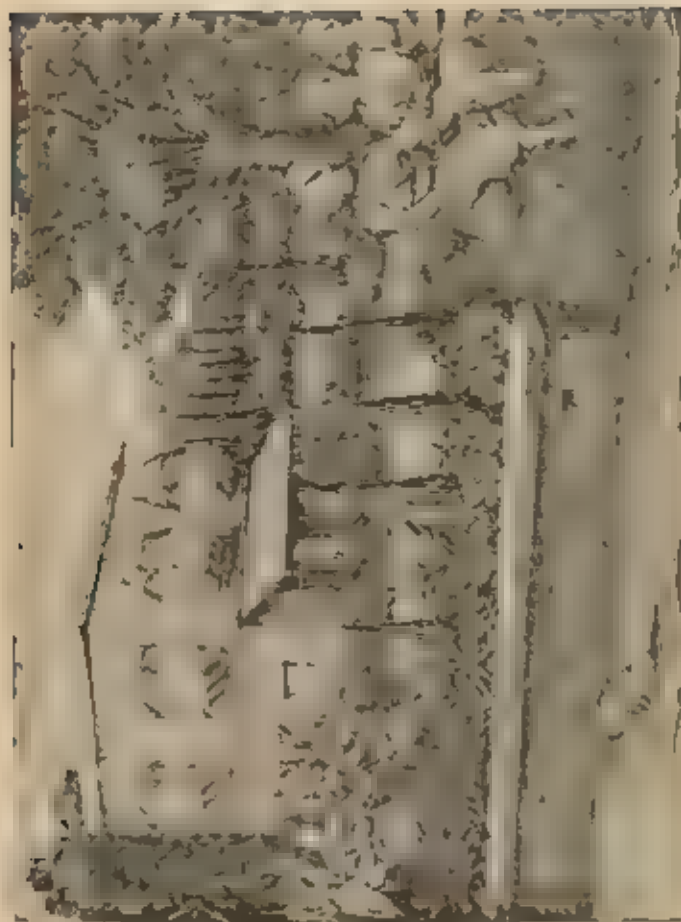
"It is evident," said Rasālu, "that we poor fellows, whether wayfarers or world-travelers, shall have fain to implore your clemency."

"We have power, of course," observed the ladies, relenting, "to let you off. But what answer shall we make to our mistress?"

"Go to your hard-hearted mistress," answered Rasālu, "and tell her this —

Tell to your sister, three ever true,  
 A ~~lover~~ ~~and~~ ~~mother~~ ~~and~~ ~~lock~~ they be  
 They are our ~~lovers~~, but ~~lovers~~ in ~~truth~~  
 They rose at once and walked away,  
~~And~~ ~~know~~ ~~their~~ ~~route~~ we greatly fear  
 They've gone to Kābul or Kasim'r."

\* Common children's rhymes.





Accordingly these simple camsees left Rasalu and his friends, and going to the palace, they reported to the Ransobhan that had been told them. "Alas," said the queen, beginning to grieve, "it is twelve long years since our family priests were here before! And now, when they had journeyed so great a distance to visit me, my foolishness has driven them away. Who knows whether they will ever return again to me or not?"

So speaking the queen began to sob, and rising from her seat, she prepared to descend into the garden with her train of belted maidens.

Meanwhile, however, Rasalu and his companions, having rested sufficiently, had left the fountain and gone on their way. Towards evening they halted at a pleasant spot in the open wilderness, where there were some beautiful well-laden mango-trees, and a fair babbling brook. Here they determined to tarry for the night and having dismounted, they sat down under the cool, shady boughs.

Just then a deer appeared in the distance, and Rasalu drawing his bow, brought it down, after which, a fire having been kindled, the game was dressed and served, and every one with glad contented mind partook of the feast.

Now it happened that about the same time Raja Hom of Delhi had been routed in a great battle by another Raja. Great was the slaughter, and Raja Hom, abandoning his capital, fled away with only a few of his attendants. Coming to the mango-trees under which Rasalu and his friends were sleeping, the fugitives there pitched their camp and having eaten a frugal supper, they all retired to rest. The night was very lovely, and Raja Hom's queen was lying asleep in her litter next to her husband's tent, while the Raja sat by her side. As he was unwilling or unable to sleep himself, he began to gaze with a certain tender melancholy, now at the slumbering lady, and now at the

shining moon. When some time had thus elapsed, he called up his wazir and said to him: "I have just made some verses."

"Pray, Sir, tell them to me," said the wazir.  
Then Rāja Hom repeated the following lines:

No waters like the Ganges, river near  
No light is like the moon, serenely clear  
No sleep is like the sleep that fondly lies,  
So calm and still upon a woman's eyes  
O every fruit that hangs upon the tree,  
The succors mango is the fruit for me."

"Bravo!" cried the wazir, applauding vehemently. "Excellent! good, Sir, and right nobly expressed!"

Suddenly the silence was broken by the voice of Rāja Rasālu, who, with his friend Bhaj, had not been as soundly asleep but that he had heard every word of this pretty interlude, and who now interrupted the conversation with these words:

"In lonely woods I walk, Rāja,  
I walk, a poor recluse,  
However wise your talk, Rāja,  
Your friend's a learned goose."

"Who is that?" cried Rāja Hom with sudden anger. "What means this intrusion on our privacy? Ho! catch the fellow, and bring him here!"

One of the attendants approached Rasālu, and said with some insolence: "Get up, Sir, how dare you interfere with our Rāja's talk?"

"If you value your life," answered Rasālu, "return to your master at once."

"Why?" said the man. "Who are you and whence come you?"

"I am Rasālu the son of Sulwahan," replied he, "and

\* These lines consist of common sayings of the people.

my home is the blessed Siâket. If you are not a stranger to courtesy and to the customs of kings, and if you will request me civilly to visit your Râja, I may go to him. But I never yield to force."

The servant was astonished, and returning to his master he reported to him all his adventure.

"Go to him again," said Râja Hâm, "and entreat him courteously to come to me. I wish to speak with him."

Then went the attendant back to Rasâlu, and delivered his message, saying, "Sir, Râja Hâm of Delhi sends you his compliments and would speak to you."

So Rasâlu arose and approaching the tent he saluted the king of Delhi with grave politeness.

"Are you really Rasâlu?" enquired the latter. "Why did not my verses commend themselves to you?"

"However well expressed," answered Rasâlu, "the sentiment was scarcely true. So I ventured to interrupt you."

"I may of course be wrong," said Râja Hâm, "but if so, you will doubtless correct me."

"Willingly," replied Rasâlu, "the idea in my judgment, should be this:—

"No water like the limpid stream  
That ripples idly by;"  
No light so glorious as the beam  
That sparkles from the eye,  
Of all the sleep that mortals know,  
The sleep of health's the best,  
Of all the fruit the gods bestow,  
A son exceeds the rest."

"How is that?" said Râja Hâm. "Let me hear your explanation."

"When you were born into the world," answered

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "No water like the water at your arm-girdle" a proverb referring to the flask always borne under the arm by travellers and shepherds in the East.

Rasala, 'who gave you Ganges water then? And when a thirsty fugitive you fled away before your foes, what good was Ganges water to you then? If you had not eyes you might look for the moonlight in vain, if health forsook you, sleep would forsake you too, and if you were to die fruitless, you would die a barren stock, with never a son to succeed or to perpetuate you.

Having heard this answer, Raja Hôr, admiring Rasala's wisdom, praised him greatly and said to him, 'But you are undoubtedly right, and I was wrong.'

The next morning Raja Kasab embraced his friend Raja Barj and bade him adieu, after which he continued his journey alone, ever seeking for fresh adventures.



THE KASALU LEGEND

STORY VII

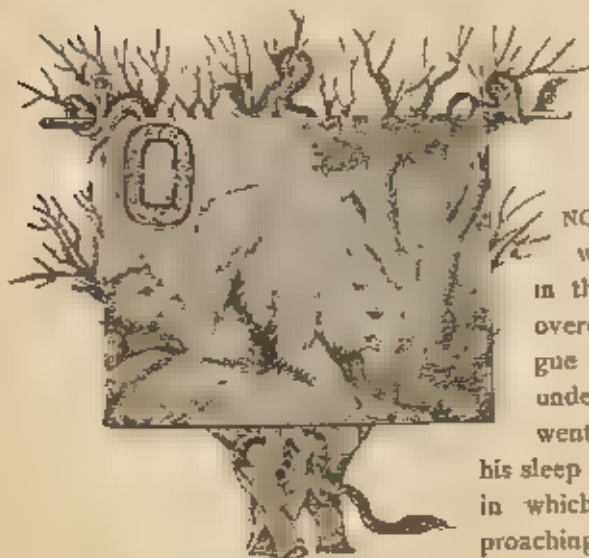
KASALU AND THE GIANTS





## THE RASALU LEGEND

RAJA RASALU AND THE GIANTS OF GANDLARRH



ONCE Rāja Rasālu was out hunting in the forest when overcome with fatigue he lay down under a tree and went to sleep. In his sleep he had a vision in which he saw approaching him the Five

Holy Men who addressed him, saying, "Get up, Rāja, and root out the race of the giants!" Disturbed in mind, he arose and instantly set off on the expedition, having determined without delay to achieve the exploit. Many a league rode the hardy king on his renowned war horse Holadi, now over hills, now over moors, and now through gloomy forests, intent on his arduous quest. One day in the depths of a lonely wood he reached a large city which was as silent as the grave. He entered the streets but they were deserted; he gazed in at the open shops, but they were all tenantless. Amazed at the solitude he stood in an open space and

\* "Five Holy Men"—See Appendix.

surveyed the scene. Just then he caught sight of some smoke issuing from a distant corner, and making his way to it he saw there a miserable old woman kneading and baking quantities of bread and preparing abundance of sweetmeats, but at the time she was either weeping or laughing. Surprised at a spectacle so extraordinary, Rasedu asked and said, "Mother, in this solitary place who is to eat all that food, and why are you both weeping and laughing?"

"My son, where have you come from?" answered the woman, "from the skies or out of the earth? Do you know this country belongs to giants and man eaters. You are a stranger. It is better for you to pursue your way and not to question me."

"Nay," said Rasedu, "I cannot bear to see you in such trouble, and I would fain know the cause of it."

"The king of this place," said the woman, "is Kashud'oo,\* and he has ordered that a human being, a buffalo and four hundred pounds of bread, shall be sent daily to a certain place for the giants. Once I had seven sons of whom six have been devoured, and to-day it is the turn of the seventh, and to-morrow it will be the turn of myself. This is my trouble and it makes me cry. But I am laughing because also to-day my seventh son was to have been married, and because his bride—ha' ha!—will have now to do without him."

With these words the woman fell to laughing and crying more bitterly than ever.

"Weep not," said Raja Rasedu—

"Good wife, your tears no longer shed  
If you will keep the younger's head,  
I swear my own shall fall instead."

But the old woman had not so learnt her lessons of life, and replying through her tears, "Alas! what man was ever

\* Kashud'oo a Hindu deity held in high honour in Kashmir.

known to give his head for another? she went on with her dismal task. But Rasālu said, 'I have come here for no other reason than to extirpate the kingdom of the giants.'

"Who are you then?" enquired the woman. "What is your father's name and where is your birthplace?"

"The blessed Salkot is my birth place," replied he. "I am the son of S Iwahin, and my name is Rasālu."

Then the woman began considering, and she thought to herself, 'Whether he be the real Rasālu, I know not, yet he may be, because it is written, One Rasālu shall be born, and he will destroy the kingdom of the giants.'

Then Rasālu, gazing round, enquired, 'Why is there no one in the city?—

Here temple domes and minarets towers,

Bazaars and lowly shops abound,

But silent as the passing hours,

Idly they lift themselves around,

What sickness hath laid waste the world that is

Deserted are the doors of house and mart and bazaar."

"Let not this surprise you," answered the old woman, "the people have all been eaten up by the giants."

Rasālu now dismounted from his horse, and having tied him under shelter, he stretched himself on a small low bedstead and at once fell into a deep slumber. Meanwhile the young lad arrived with the buffalo which was laden with the bread and the sweetmeats, and when all was ready he drove it before him through the empty streets and went out into the forest. After a time the old woman came close to the sleeping king and began to cry piteously, so that the king started up from his sleep and enquired the reason of her distress. She answered him:—

"Thou rider of the dark-grey mare,  
 Rasālu bearing, coursed stranger  
 O for some saviour to repair,  
 A champion to the host of warper  
 I weep because these tyrants come to-day  
 To lead my one surviving son away."

Then Rasālu arose, and with a word of comfort to the mother, he mounted and rode off in pursuit of her son. Having overtaken him he said "How shall we know, boy, when the giants are coming?"

"First," answered the boy "there will be a strong wind with rain, and when that is over the giants will come."

Continuing their journey, they arrived at the banks of a river where the boy halted, while Rasālu rambled about, hunting. In his absence one of the giants named Thrya<sup>\*</sup> came down to fetch some water. So huge of body and mighty of limb was he, that his water-skin was composed of the hides of twenty-seven buffaloes all sewn together so as to form one vast receptacle, and he carried a bucket made up of the hides of seven buffaloes. When he filled his waterskin the river absolutely groaned so that Rasālu, hearing, gazed at it in wonder.

Thrya, seeing the lad and the buffalo, and the full load of bread, grinned with greedy delect, saying, "Glad am I to see all these good things."

Then seizing some of the loaves, he shuffled away into a thicket and began to munch. But by-and-by Rasālu returned, and then the boy said to him—"One of the giants has already come and has taken away his toll of the loaves, and others will soon come and eat me together with the buffalo. What is the use of your advancing further?"

"Who is he that has taken away the loaves?" asked Rasālu.

"He is the water-carrier," answered the lad. "His name

<sup>\*</sup> Thrya—Unprincipled one.



FOOD FOR THE GIANTS.



is Thrya, and he generally comes first and takes his bread beforehand as a tax which is allowed him.

"Where is he?" asked Rasālu.

"There he is," said the boy, "in the thicket, eating the loaves."

Rasālu, sword in hand, rode into the thicket, and going up to the giant he smote him with his iron whip and cut off his right hand, and recovered the loaves.

Then, with a howl which was so loud and dreadful that it roused his companions the other giants from their sleep or from their labours and brought them out from their dens in the mountain, the giant cried, as he gazed at the hero's enormous quiver, and his threatening aspect, "What man, what demon, are you?"

"I am Rasālu," answered the king.

And when he heard the name, the disabled monster, crying and weeping, ran back to his brothers, traversing the distance in two or three strides. His brothers were surprised, and said, "What has come over you? You look quite perplexed. Where is the skin and where the pitcher?" And Thrya answered, "The leather pitcher I left with the buffa on the skin I hung on the pommel of the horse. Run, Brothers, run!"

"Here comes Rasālu, the champion."

Let us haste and hide him."

Whether prophet of

Upon his shou

Saying these words he turned out and ran in terror.

But the elders, whose name was Kabir, and who was bold to go and see what was the matter and who was who had cut off Thrya's arm. Now this Kabir was very bold. He advanced confidently, running along the side by which Rasālu was coming

certain Hindu philosopher.



Scarcely had he gone far, when he saw a buffalo, a boy, and a horseman moving up towards him. So at once he understood the whole matter, and he said to himself, 'Here will I stay, for the things to be divided are the buffalo, the boy, and the loaves. But the horse and his rider are things over and above all that and these shall be mine. I will have them at once, and tell my brothers I have devoured them in vengeance for my brother's arm. So they won't be angry with me!'

While he was planning all this out Rāja Rasālu saw him, but he was so tall in stature and so awful in aspect that the Rāja could not take him for a man at all, but, as the head was moving, he asked the boy "O Boy, Boy, said he, 'let me know what that mountain is in front of me with the moving top! Are the hills of this country moving?'"

'No, sir,' answered the boy. 'That is not a hill. It is a sturdy giant. His name is Kabir. He is waiting for us. He will undoubtedly devour us all.'

'All right,' said Rasālu. 'Let us go forward.'

Meanwhile the Rāja took his bow, and placing an arrow he drew and shot it with such force, that it went upper part of Kabir's skull. So the giant

cried and went running in terror to more astonished than ever. And they "What is the matter with you? Why are you running? Perhaps you have eaten something! He will devour them, when his brains came oozing out. He fell prone upon the earth right in front of them, saying, as he fell,

"Hear me, Brothers, long enough, still we must die! But be advised, and beware of the horseman coming up the hill. Then fell rage on them, and of their two

brothers, and they all began to boast, and to utter foul words. "Who is the man, said they, who has treated our brothers thus? Tândia and Mândia declared they would go at once and devour him there where he stood. But Akâldêo<sup>1</sup> told them to calm themselves, and not be too hasty. "Let him come, Brothers, said he, and we will see how we can avenge ourselves for our loss." So they began to make preparations.

Meanwhile Rasalu, the boy, and the buffalo, came within sight of them, and the Râa sa c, "Ha, Grants, Ha! And Akâldêo returned answer, saying —

"Ha to you, and ha to your father and mother. But stop there, whoever you are and let me first know your name. Are you Râa Rasalu? Our fathers told us we should be killed by one Râja Rasalu, but it does not matter whether you are he or not, as we are quite prepared to have a fight with you. So what is your name anyhow?"

At first Rasalu hesitated to say, but the grant insisted, and when he saw that he was growing angry he spoke and said,—"Siâlkot is my country and Siâlkot is my town. My father's name is Sârîbân Sûwahan and my mother was Râm Lûna. Now his mother's name he gave them because she was of the race of the fairies. And when the younger brothers heard it they would have fled at once. But Tândia and Mândia said,—'Flee who will, we will stand by Akâldêo!'"

And Akâldêo counselled them, saying. Brothers, do not run. My parents taught me a charm, and we shall soon see if this horseman stands or runs. If he stands, then no doubt he is Râja Rasalu. Then turning to the Raja, he said, "One snort of mine will sweep you away."

At once the monster laid his forefinger on his right nostril and blew with his left. Instantly there passed over

<sup>1</sup> Akâldêo—Immortal God.

the land a sudden and thick darkness the atmosphere was filled with land dust, and by means of magic and enchantment the winds and the clouds rushed up from afar. Then beat the rain for forty days and forty nights, and the hail stones smote, the thunders roared, and the lightnings flashed, and the very earth was shaken.

Now keep your feet, good steed, cried Raja Rasalu and to the lad he said, "Here, boy grip well my stirrup and fear them not!"

And while the wind swept by with the force of a hurricane so that the trees were uprooted, the king sat firm and undaunted in the midst of the tempest and never flinched or covered a jot. Nay, so firm was his seat, that his horse sank up to his knees in the earth.

When the storm had driven by and the darkness had sped, Akaldeo boastful y cried "Now see if Rasalu is there."

And as the light dawned they saw him in the same spot. Then Akaldeo bursting with rage, snorted with both his nostrils, and it continued raining and hailing with two-fold violence, and the storm raged furiously for eighty days and eighty nights, so that no stone, or tree or animal, or bird, was left within a radius of a hundred miles. And when this was over, Akaldeo cried once more, "Now see if Rasalu is there." And they looked and still they saw him standing in the same position, calm and unmoved as the Angel of Death. Then fear and consternation filled their hearts and they were in a mind to flee, when one of them said, "But if you are indeed Rasalu, you will pierce with your arrow seven iron griddles, for so it is written in our sacred books."

"Bring them forth" said Rasalu.

And the giants brought out the seven griddles, each of which weighed thirty-five tons, and setting them up in a row one behind another, they challenged Rasalu to pierce

them. Drawing his bow, Rasalu launched one of his shafts of iron, weighing a hundred pounds, and drove it at the seven griddles, so that it pierced them through and through and fixed itself immovably in the earth beyond.

"You have missed," cried all the griddles in a breath.

"I never missed in my life," returned Rasalu. "Go, look at the griddles and see!"



They went to the spot, and saw the griddles really pierced, and the arrow stuck in the ground beyond.

Then said Rasalu, "Pull out the arrow!"

They all pulled and tugged, but not one of them could stir it, so that that Rasalu drew it forth himself.

"Of a truth this man is a giant," said one. "Let us try him with some iron grail. If he will eat it, we shall know that he comes of the blood of the demons."

Then the giants brought ten pounds of iron gram and gave it into his hands. But Rasalu, deftly changing it for the gram which he had in his horse's nose bag, began to eat before them, and when he had so done, he cried, "Now look out for yourselves!"

Then they all got ready to attack. "No doubt," thought they, "it is the real Raja Rasalu, no doubt our destruction is certain." But Akadco chanted a charm and turned him into stone. Two others, Thura and Wardeo, for their lives left Tandia and Minora, feeling ill, stayed where they were. Then said Rasalu to Padoo, his horse, "Now what shall we do?"

"Their chief has turned himself into a stone," answered the horse, "by virtue of his magic. You can not therefore do anything with him. Much better that you should fight the two who are remaining behind."

So Rasalu advanced to them and bade them strike the first blow.

"No strength is left to us at all," answered they.

"Raja," said the parrot, "kill them at once."

"O, Raja!" said they, "evil is the deed you have done this day! O tyrant, two of our brothers you have killed! What person have you served out to us? In the name of God, take our lives soon."

Then Rasalu, drawing his bow, struck first at Tandia, and the arrow sent him flying to Marsa-abagh. Then with another arrow he smote Minora who, with the arrow, went flying away to Akadco. Down they fell, both of them, Tandia and Minora. They fell like mountains, and their blood gushed out like rivers of water in the hills.

After that he returned to Akadco, and smote him two or three times. But finding his efforts useless, he asked his parrot and his horse to advise him. "Raja," said the parrot, "it is useless to break your arm over this stone.

Three of them have been killed, and of the two who have fled one has lost his arm. You can't do any harm to this figure of stone. Let us then go to the place where the smoke is rising, perhaps some of their women are there. Make them tell you what to do with this figure, and then despatch them as well.

Then went Rasalu forward to that place from which the smoke was issuing, and there he found a large building with a willow garden round it. At the same time he spied a woman coming out whose features were most repulsive, who was covered with hair to her ankles, and whose teeth were just like the iron points of ploughshares. She was coming forward as if to meet her husband, and she bore in her hand an iron bar, from one end of which was hanging a whole roasted camel. The sight of her scared even Rasalu, for he had never seen anything so hideous in his life, and he cried out to his parrot: "O Saadi, woe to you, and woe to me, and woe to us all! Our lives were preserved from those monsters, but now you have led your master to a most awful thing. No doubt we shall here be eaten alive!"

"Be careful, Raja," answered the parrot: "Don't lose your presence of mind. It is a woman, and it cannot be so courageous as the men. Frighten her, and you will see that she will give way."

Then Rasalu, drawing his sword, spoke: "O filthy devil, in a towering rage I draw my sword. Tell the secret at once, and show me your husband's magic art!"

At the same time he flashed his sword in front of her as if to cut her in pieces. The woman stood against him, folding her hands, she said: "I will obey all your orders."

"Tell me the secret, then at once!" said Rasalu. "Your husband is a stone. Can you make him alive again?"

"Yes, I can," answered she, "and I will go with you to the place."

And so she did. But no sooner had she approached the figure of her husband than she ran back again, and would have escaped, if Rasala had not caught her, refusing to let her go. Then said she, "I will not bring my ~~husband~~ back to life unless you promise to marry me after you have put him to death. Oh I do not want to become a widow. If you kill me it does not matter, because in that case my husband will save himself and remain alive. But give me your promise, and I will call him back to life and then you can kill him, and marry me."

At this speech Rasala laughed. But Shadi said, "Raja, why hesitates? Give her your promise. You will never have such a chance again! You will certainly have to buy up all the cotton in the country to dress her, but then see what a beauty she is. She is indeed most lovely and well worthy of your highness."

Rasala, however, was much perplexed, not wishing to make a false promise, and besides he did not want her as a wife. Yet after all, he promised, and when he had done so, the giantess said,—

"O Raja, make haste make no delay! The whole body of the giant has become rigid as stone but not so his heart. Up, Raja, and strike him through the heart!"

Then Rasala went up at a bound his horse leaping a cap of one hundred yards, and passing round the figure, he saw that the heart was indeed lying very heavy. So he stroked him there right through the heart and his sword came out on the other side of the body. And as the sword drove in, that ore yed monster began to tremble like a quaking mountain and in a short time he grew cold.

Then said his horse to Rasala, "Raja now is the time

for you to marry this woman, that is, to strike her dead, lest she play us a trick!"

"No, Horse," answered Rasalu, "she can't do harm, and besides she is only a woman, so let her live till we come back. First and foremost we must think of the giants who have run away, and who are far more dangerous than she. One of them is without an arm, so I don't care for him, but the other is sound and stout, and we must settle him at once!"

So Rasalu set off in pursuit of Thirya and Wazir. These both ran together for a little while, but afterwards Thirya, who was wounded and bleeding, said to Wazir, "Brother, my blood is flowing apace, and well, I think, get us into trouble, because Rasalu can follow us upon the track of the blood. But you, being in sound health, had better get away to some safe place and leave me alone." Wazir, thinking Thirya meant him to return to Akaldio, went back, because he hoped to escape to Mount Sarban, but on the way he saw Rasalu galloping his horse. Puzzled and perplexed what to do, he tore up thick bushes and large trees and made a pile of them and hid himself under them. Thirya, happening to look back, was quite astonished at his sudden disappearance, and he said,

"He left me only just now, and what's become of him I do not know." And, being quite confounded by grief and sorrow, he spoke and said, "The fire of pain burns in my breast, on our family has fallen calamity. O Brother, escape while yet you can, run anywhere, to this side or to that side, if only you are still alive."

Then Rasalu, on, conferred with his horse and his parrot, and ordered them to advise him whether first to go in pursuit of Thirya, or to kill the giant concealed under the trees. Both of them advised him to kill Wazir first. So the King came to the pile of trees and brushwood, and



they saw that underneath lay a large flat slab of heavy stone, which was moving up and down as the giant breathed beneath. Now the Raja hit, learnt some magic from his mother Luna, so he chanted some words, by virtue of which the stone rolled away, and the giant beneath became visible. Then the Raja began to pull away the trees and the bushes, but the horse and the parrot stopped him, saying, "O Raja, what a foolish thing to do. If you are going to tear away those trees one by one, it will take ages, and, besides, the giant will suddenly jump up all at once and catch you in his arms, and you will not be able to kill him, but let him kill you himself instead. You have killed four of them, and now we think the fifth will kill you. You had better cut him through with your sword, together with the trees. And right then was Kasan that he did so. He drew his sword making a flash like lightning, and, taking Goli's name on his lips, he struck with his sword, which was so sharp that it passed through the trees and the bushes, and cut the giant in two. Then setting light to it, he made a bonfire of the whole mass.

When all this was being done, Duryodhan looked back, and saw that his brother Duryodhan was dead. He also saw Rasal preparing to pursue him with all his strength, and he cried, "You have cut off my arm and killed my brothers. Why still pursue me? I feel an arrow piercing my heart." Then he hurried on up the mountain, meaning, "O God, you alone are my saviour. He won't let me alone! And when he got to the cliff, at once the rock before him began to split open, and taking advantage of it, he climbed up and ran into the cleft. So Rasal lost him, to his great surprise, and he spoke to his parrot and his horse, saying,

"I am astonished! You see the state of affairs. No sooner had I begun to overtake him, than he disappeared. What's to be done now?"

"Sahib," answered Shadi, "you did not see what I did. I was higher than you, and I think that the rock must have opened for the giant to go in. Let me go and see where he is. So the parrot flew to the hill and found him hidden in the Cave of Gandghar. Then, flying back to his master, he said, 'The giant is hidden in the cave of the mountain'."

Going to the place, Rasalu saw Thirya crouching in the gloom of Gandghar-nigbar, and he cried, "Are you inside, Thirya?"

"Yes," answered he.

"Why are you here?" asked Rasalu.

"Because, Sir," said Thirya, "you cut off my hand, and I was afraid of you, and I have come in hither to hide."

Then, as he heard the approaching tramp of Lado, he ran farther in, and lifting up his voice in a lament, cried aloud and said:—

Strange is His nature, who has made the nest of man  
In the cave, the poor and needy, for a road  
Thou givest to the wheel, and I am not aware  
Of those who pass by, though I am in the way.  
My dark as clouds, over my shrouded face,  
Where my features are wrapt in deadly sleep,  
Dark, and grey, and the good and bad  
All the same, and waves the same, and the same,  
His shoulder is wrought he carries to the shore  
Of how many a rock, and what was the deed  
Against the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the sea.

As he spoke thus, Rasalu alighted, and tying his horse to a stone, he took his shield and his sword and went into the cave. Then said the parrot, "Raja, Raja, what are you doing? We advise you not to go alone into that cave, lest in the darkness the giant catch you in his arms."

\* That is, *The Cave of Gandghar*.

and eat you up! ' But the Raja insisted, and went in, but as he found no limit to the length of that cave, and as Thirya continued to evade him, and as it was getting darker and darker at every step he cried out, ' Thirya, it is infinitely to flee away to such a place! Come out if you are brave, and you shall have the first blow ' "

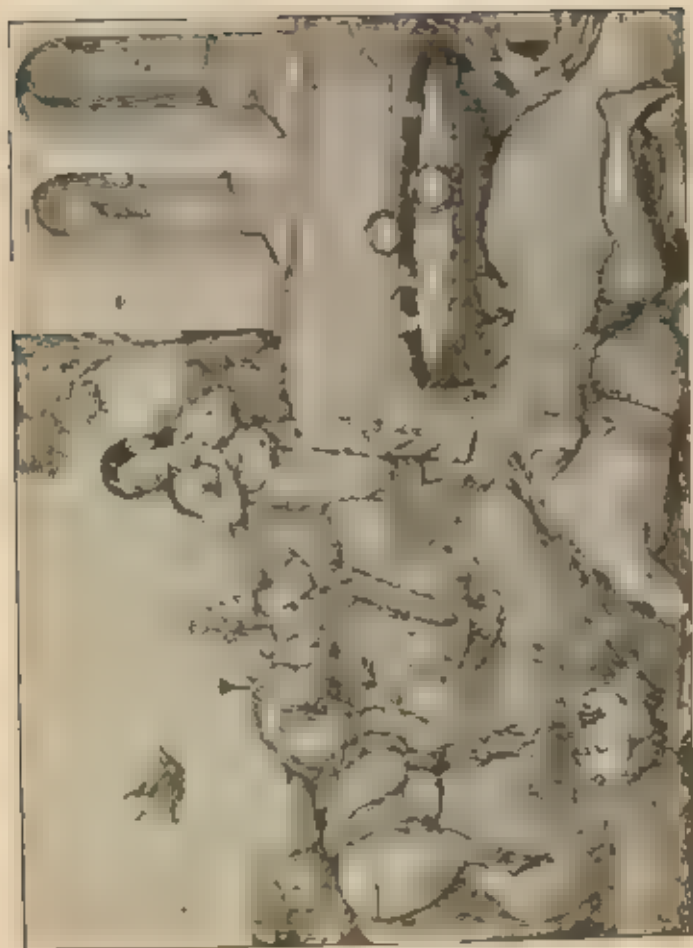
' No, no, no, ' roared the giant, ' I won't come out, and I will never come out till the Day of Judgment. ' And as he rushed farther and farther to the echoes of his voice reverberating through the vast chambers resounded far and wide, but the darkness then became so black and so confusing, that Rasalu searched for him in vain. Therefore at last he gave up the hopeless task and came out. But having engraved the fierceness of his stern face on the surface of the rock just within the cave, he took a great stone to the mouth of it, and fixed thereto as bow and arrow. At full stretch with the arrow tied to the string, he banded the bow, and from the arrow hangs a tuft of Rasal's hair. Then having closed up the entrance he cried out to the poisoned giant, - " Thirya, remember if you dare to stir forth you will be killed on the spot! "

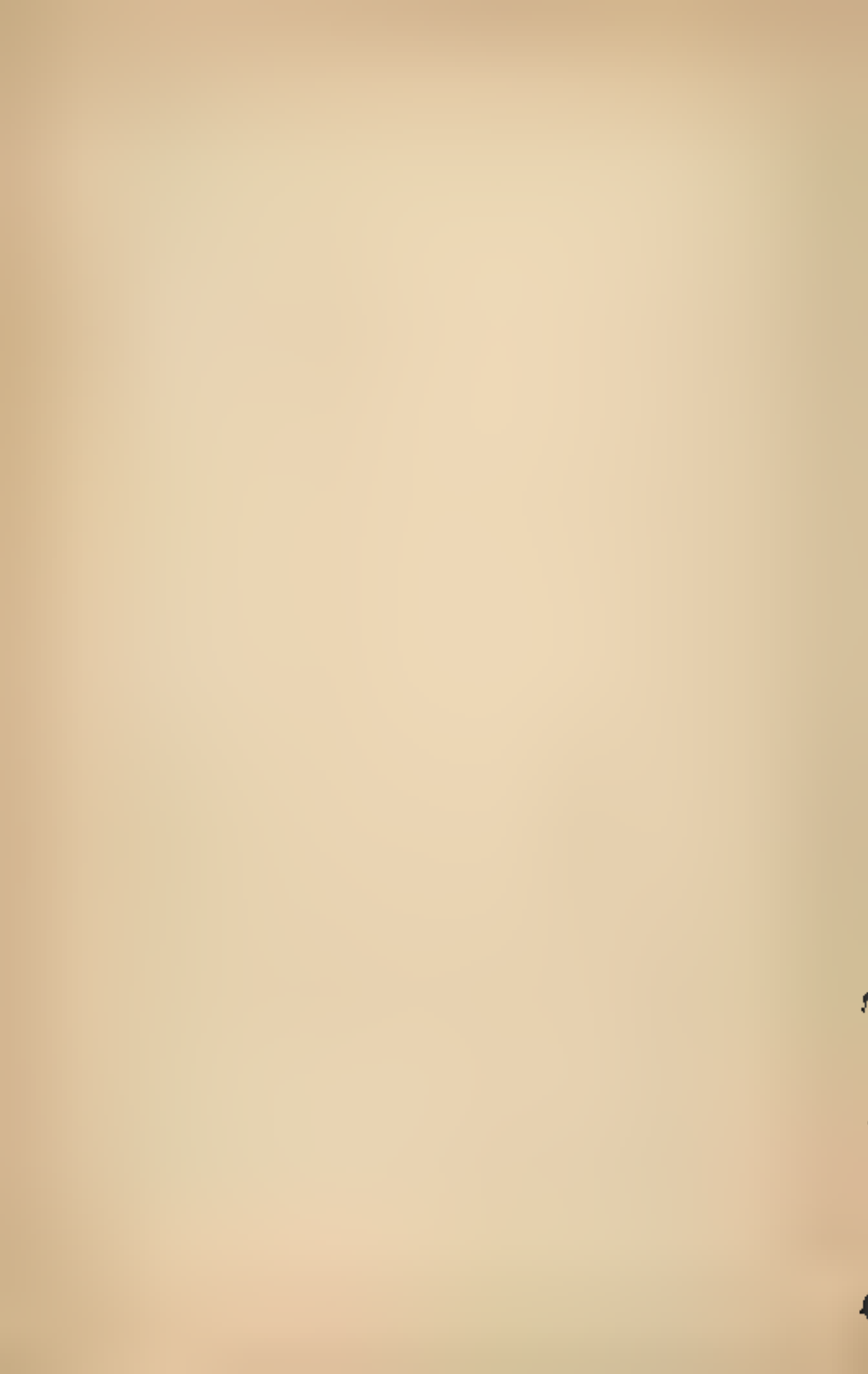
Thus he shut the monster in, and there he remains to this day. Sometimes, even now, he endeavours to escape, but when in the sombre twilight he catches sight of the awful look of King Rasal's pictured face, and sees the threatening arrow, and the nodding tuft of hair, he rushes back cowed and bowed, and his bellowing fills the villages round with dread. "

Then said the son of the old woman to Rasalu, " Raja, let us now go back! " And the Raja, listening to the words of the boy, turned to go home again. When they got near the castle of the giants, the boy again spoke

\* See Appendix—"Gamighar."

PLATE I AND THE GARDEN, LIA APART





"Rāja, said he, "let the giantess remain where she is. Go not nigh her gate, but let us go straight home."

'No, child,' said Rasalu, "this plan will not work at all. The giantess will prove as great a plague to the world as the giants were. So we must kill her too."

They went to the castle, and there saw the giantess sitting and waiting. She had dressed herself up in most splendid clothing, in the hope of becoming the wife of Rasalu. She now stood up and began to catch the Rāja by his skirt, but he ordered her to keep off and not to touch him.

"Rāja, said she, 'I am to be your wife, and do you order me not to touch you? What is the meaning of that?'

"When you are my wife, you can touch me," said the Rāja, "of course!"

"Then make haste, Rāja," cried she, "Be quick and marry me!"

"We must do the thing properly," said Rasalu. 'Hear me, you Bhṛgubatt! Let us put the cauldron on the fire, and fill it full, and let us march round it seven times. Thus shall the wedding rite be accomplished!'

Then brought she out a huge iron cauldron, and the Rāja bade her to fill it with oil, and set it in the midst, and light a large fire under it. All this she did, as she was told, saying to Rasalu, "Is it a way of marrying, Rāja?"

"Yes, my wife," answered he.

Now Rasalu had determined to throw her into the burning oil, but she suspected him, and she had also made up her mind to throw him in, if she got the chance. Meanwhile he told her to compass the fire with him seven times, according to the custom of Hindus at their marriages, and she began to trip round and round. And as Rasalu eyed her, he was thinking how best he could lift her

up, and he decided that the best plan would be to catch her by the neck with one hand, and by the lower part of her body with the other. So, in accordance with this plan, and of a sudden he thus caught her as she was prancing round the fire, and, using the utmost force, he heaved her up, and cast her into the boiling cauldron, where she was burnt up. And when her skull split with the heat of the fire so great was the shock thereof, that it brought on an earthquake which lasted for three hours. And Rasālu said

"Forever cursèd be the wife,  
The wretch, whose life is her husband's life,  
Burn, burn, O leaping flame!  
I've killed her, leud, the famous sat,  
The rainbow reeks of L'agadatt,  
All open lies her shame!"

Then Rasālu took the boy back to Udr-nagiri, where the house of the old woman was, and there they saw her waiting for them outside the door. And when they drew near, alive and safe, joyfully she spoke and said

"I saw you coming on your way,  
As I stood beside the door,  
To sit and rest while now you may  
And let me be I humbly pray,  
Your slave for evermore!"

Thus the old woman entreated him to stop with her, but he was not willing to do so for in three days he mounted his mare and rode away to other parts.

\* Weep the *gānā* and according to the pronunciation *ka a n fā gā sh and*.  
The *gānā* is a name for the *gānā* on which *gānā* is sung.

# THE RASALU LEGEND

## STORY VIII

TILYAR NAG AND SUNDAR KAG<sup>1</sup>

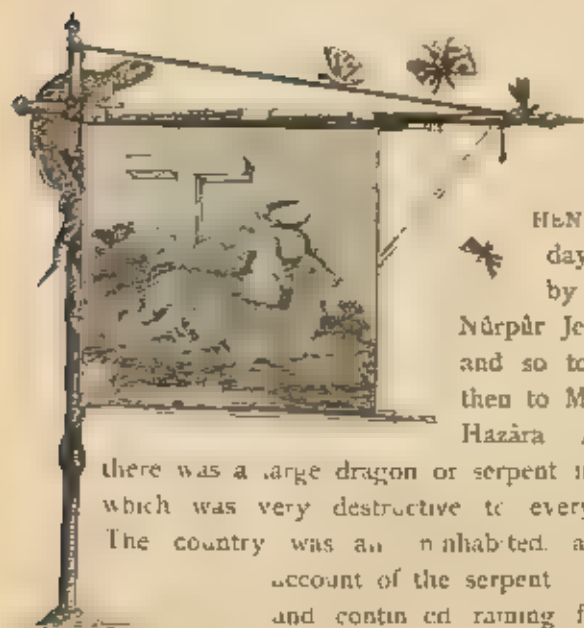
(The Starving Snake and the Handsome Crow)

<sup>1</sup> Tilyar Nāg = Tilyar the Snake. Cebraa Sundar Kāg = Sundar the Raven or Crow.





## THE RASÂLU LEGEND



HILYAR NAG  
AND  
SUNDAR KAG

WHEN after many days, Rasâlu came by the way of Nûrpûr Jehân to Mejât, and so to Avellia, and then to Maksûdabâgh in Hazâra. At that time

there was a large dragon or serpent in that country which was very destructive to every living thing. The country was an uninhabited and waste, on account of the serpent. And it rained and continued raining for seven days and nights. And when the rain was over, and the weather clear, Rasâlu happened to see a hedgehog.

The hedgehog, trying to leap a stream fell into it and became entangled in weeds, and got into trouble, and he addressed Rasâlu, saying thus:

"O rider of the dark-gray mare,  
Rasâlu, bearded, turbaned stranger,  
A drowning hedgehog craves your care  
For I thus speak save me from danger.

When Rasâlu heard these words he was surprised, and began to look about him. And he said to his parrot

' You are flying above me. Did you hear a voice? Who calls to me. Instantly the parrot looked about, and seeing the black hedgehog, he said to Rasalu, ' It is the hedgehog. He begs you in the name of God, to rescue him. So pray help him! "

Then Rasalu looked at the hedgehog, and said " You are a hedgehog, and I am a man. What connection there is between you and me I know not. But as you have challenged me with the name of God I will help you. He then dismounted and stretched out his hand to help the hedgehog out. But the hedgehog struggled, and some of his spines ran into the Raja's hand. To get rid of the little beast the Raja threw him back into the water and he fell into the very same place whence he had been taken. And Rasalu said to him, ' Your body is very small, and very insignificant, but you seem to have many arms. I do not touch you again, seeing that your sharp quills have pierced my hand! "

So the Raja left him where he found him, and went on his way. And when the hedgehog saw that, he put his hands together, and besought him saying, " Neither touch me with your hand, nor keep me in your lap. Take me out of the stream and put me in your horse's feeding bag. But Rasalu was in a dilemma. So he said to the parrot, " Shall the hedgehog wants me to put him in the nose bag. What is your opinion about that? " And the parrot as well as the horse begged him to rescue the hedgehog from his miserable plight. So the Raja lowered the end of his bow, and so took him out of the water and he set him on the ground and left him there a little while to dry. And when he was dry he put him in Folas's nose bag, which hung from the saddle bow.

It was then mid-day, and Rasalu made up his mind to go to Maksudabagh, and there take rest from the heat of

the sun. So he set out. And as they journeyed the hedgehog began to think to himself "I have been exposed to storm and rain for seven days, and to-day there is a good sun shining. I wonder if I am any the worse. Better see." So he swelled himself out, and stretched his spines. And the spines on the horse-side pierced through the nose-bag, and pricked Roladi most terribly so that she shuddered again. And Rasalu was astonished, and said to his horse, "O you Horse! you have been to many a battle, you have fought with giants and savages without number, and you never trembled. I think it must be either your last day or mine. Let me know the cause of this trembling!"

"My trembling," answered the horse, "has been all caused by that wretched animal you took out of the water!"

Then Rasalu dismounted to see, and found his horse's body pierced by the spines. So he said to the hedgehog - "I took you out of that horrible mess, and I carried you with me. Why, pray, did you pierce my horse with your thorns?"

"It was a joke," answered the hedgehog, "my first joke! It was not malice, it was not a bad heart. Indeed I may have to play some other jokes with Mr. Horse!"

So they all laughed and joked together, one with the other.

By-and-bye they began to draw nigh to Makadabagh.

Now as they were riding along Rasalu observed a spacious estate, beautifully built and surrounded on all sides with gardens, but it was entirely deserted. There Rasalu dismounted and sat down under a *baher-i*<sup>1</sup> tree, close to a running fountain of pellucid water. At that moment the parrot began to say something, when the hedgehog exclaimed from the nose-bag "Take me out, take me out!"

<sup>1</sup> A tree yielding a medicinal fruit.

The king lifted him out and then addressing his parrot he said, "Tell me O Shadr what you were going to say."

Sir answered the parrot, "It seems to me that this house is enchanted. It must belong to some demons or goblins, because I can see the carcasses of dead men lying all about close to the walls. It is better that we should leave this place and go pass the night elsewhere."

"I have no wish to do that," answered Rasalu, "and in brief I intend to remain. But tell me, what monster is that which has killed all these men?"

Sir replied the parrot, "What do I know about them? Ask the heugchog, for he has the look of one who belongs to these parts."

Then said the king to the heugchog, "O Friend, what monster is it which has destroyed these animals and all these men?"

Sir answered the heugchog, raising his hands, "In this place we dwell the great living serpent, and his friend Sauru King the scorpion. They are demons in green and having come here this trouble and molest wretched wayward men, whosoever ventures his life, whether he be hunter or game or king, they never permit him to quit the place alive."

"What do they do?" enquired Rasalu.

Kneeling down before the King as it at his orders, the heugchog meekly replied, "Sir, travelers who come to this forest being overcome with fatigue, lie down here and rest. Then this Lilvat the serpent in the middle of the night steals out upon them and sucks away their breath as they sleep, after which he goes away and informs the scorpion who comes in his turn and pecks out their eyes from their sockets."

"Is it true?" said Rasalu.

"Yes it is quite true," answered the heugchog.

Then said the king, "I cannot now mount again because I have already said that here I will certainly remain. But you shall act as I bid you."

"We await your orders," said the hedgehog.

"God is master over all," said Rasalu. "He has power to kill, and He has power to save. But one thing, in good sooth, you people should not omit to do. Altogether we number four persons. Let us therefore wake and sleep by turns, and thus let us pass the four watches of the night in safety."

Having so ordained, Rasalu again spoke and said, "The first watch of the night shall be taken by me, the second by Fohu, my horse, the third by Shadi, my parrot, and the fourth by the hedgehog."

But alas! all Rasalu's plans availed him not, for before nightfall that very serpent came. And thus it befell.

As it was still early in the day, he ordered the horse to go and graze in the meadows, and the parrot to go and pick fruits in the woods, and the hedgehog to have a tumble, and so they were scattered.

Now Tiyar, the serpent, had made a vow twelve years before that he would suck away Rasalu's breath. And Tiyar's friend, the raven whose name was Sundar Kag, knew it. It so happened that Rasalu, feeling weary with the heat, had fallen asleep, and Sundar Kag, hopping round, saw him, and at once went to Tiyar's hole, and woke him up with a loud croak. The serpent, feeling angry at being disturbed, said, "What business have you coming here at this hour?"

"Come out," said the raven. "The man you have vowed to kill is to-day in this very garden, and I have come to tell you so."

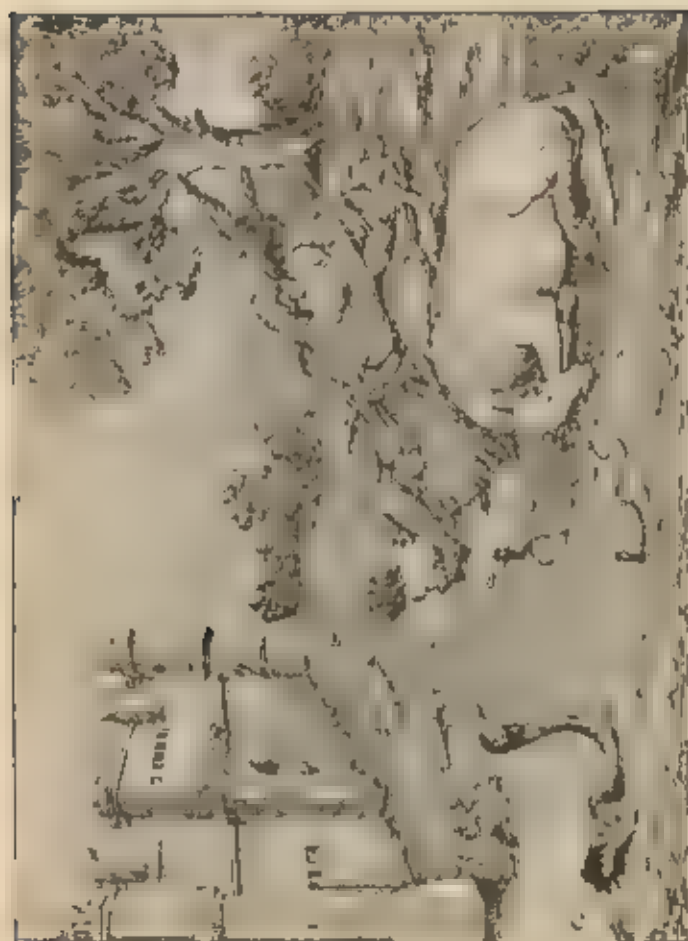
The serpent at once came out of his den, and crawled softly to the spot where Raja Rasalu was sleeping. Taking the Raja at advantage he mounted on his breast, and putting

his mouth to Kasalu's mouth, drew up all his breath, so that the Raja became lifeless. Just after this, Shadi returned from the jungle and, seeing the Raja lying asleep, he sat on the tree, waiting for him to wake and have a talk.

Meanwhile the serpent went back, and reported the whole adventure to his friend the raven, and ordered him to go and make a feast on the Raja's body. But the raven had a wife whose name was Sharak\*, and she said to her husband—'O Sharak! bring me the Raja's eyes and tongue and eat the rest yourself.' So the raven set off, and the first thing he did was to sit on the Raja's instep, which he began to peck in order to find out if he was really dead. Finding that he did not stir, he hopped on to one of his knees and the parrot, who was watching the whole thing, was quite surprised the Raja did not move because he knew well that his master's aim never failed of its mark. After this the raven hopped up and sat on the Raja's breast. Then the parrot concluded that Kasalu was dead, so he pounced down on to the raven and broke his back, and when the raven saw that his back was broken, it flew away. But he was so amazed and bewildered, that he could not find his own house, but went wandering along elsewhere through streams and bushes.

The parrot now began to weep for his master. And he thought of the hedgehog, and longed for his friend the horse, but neither of them came. Indeed the poor hedgehog had himself got into trouble. For, when rambling in the jungle, he began to pursue a little grasshopper, and he was so eager in the pursuit that he never saw a pool of water right in his way, and fell flop into it. And very sorry he was when he found, as he quickly did, that he could not get out again. But what was his horror when

\* The *Graculus religiosa*.







he overheard Inyar the serpent saying to his friend Sankar Kag, 'I have taken his breath, go along and feast away.'

'O God,' said he, 'what has happened?' At this trouble has been caused by me. He was just thinking about all this, when a rat having got scent of him began to throw mud at him because rats and serpents naturally are the enemies of hedgehogs. The poor hedgehog begged him to leave off and help him out. But the rat refused, saying, 'Shall I help one that is my enemy? No never!' and to show his malice he got on the hedgehog's back, and kept pushing him down into the water. Then the hedgehog prayed him again, 'In the name of God,' said he, 'take me out and I promise never to do anything to injure you.' 'O Rat, it is a time of trial if you will do me this little kindness, you shall be repaid.'

At last the rat consented. But he said, 'O Hedgehog, please hide your snout I am afraid of your snout. And oh please hide your teeth, as I am also afraid of your teeth.' Consent to this, and I will help you! So the hedgehog did so, and the rat laid hold of one of his spines and snatching him out of the water, landed him safely on dry ground. Then ran the hedgehog back with all speed, and was surprised to find he was asleep, and the parrot weeping copiously. 'O Parrot,' said he, 'what is the cause of your trouble?' Then answered the parrot as he sobbed,—

O Raja is sleeping, and is sleeping,  
But, ah, for the weeping.

Our Râjâ is sleeping.

For Raja is sleeping, and is sleeping,  
But, ah, for the weeping.

'O Shadi, parrot Shadi answered the hedgehog, 'the Raja is not dead, though his breath has been drawn up

by the snake. Within twenty-one days he can be restored to life. Please get some milk and two *chûpatties* and some rice cooked in the milk. Get them soon. And the hedgehog continued, 'I am a very weak little body, and cannot speak to any one. I cannot persuade anyone to bring them. The horse also is a thing to be coveted, and, if he goes, people will catch him and tie him up. Neither he nor I can help. Only you, who are a bird and who can fly far away in a little time, can bring those things.'

So Shadi went and going he said, 'I, Shadi, leave this place trusting in God, and saying that I will come back in eight days. O Hedgehog, carefully watch the Râja's eyes, that they be not destroyed.'

Then flew the parrot away to the village of Kabbal and perched on the roof of the house of a widow, who was a Hindu. And the parrot cried, 'O God most merciful, O most bounteous God.' The woman was going down to the Indus with a little vessel in her hand, but hearing the voice of the bird she stopped, and said, -

"O Parrot, where is your home,  
And where is the place of your dwelling?  
What Râja sent you to roam?  
O speak to me, truthfully, telling."

And the parrot made answer, -

"Siddikôt is my Râja's court,  
His mother comes from Indra Fort  
In deed to theme of endless praise,  
He shames the moon of a teen days  
But I wîr Nig has sucked his breath,  
And now my Râja lies in death  
For love of God, who + this tear,  
And make for me a little *kâfir*."

Now the woman made up her mind to catch the parrot, because, as it was a Râja's, his master would come and

pay high ransom for it. So she prepared the *khir* the milk, the rice, and the sugar—and invited the parrot to come and eat. But the parrot was too clever to be taken in, and refused. "I belong to a great Raja," said he, "I am not accustomed to eat of one dish, but of two. Make me also some *chupâtties*." And thus he said then because he wanted to engage both her hands, so that he might not be caught. So she baked the cakes which she held in one hand, while she held the *khir* on the other, and she invited Shadî to the feast. So the parrot flew down straight on to her head with his face over her face, and glad beyond measure she was when she noticed that every feather in his body was set in gold. "No doubt," thought she, "he belongs to some great Raja!" And now the parrot, in order to engage her attention, began to peck up *khir*, grain by grain, but afterwards, getting a chance, he flew away with two *chupâtties*, and, wrapped in the *chupâtties*, a little *khir*. Seeing this, the woman stood surprised, and cried,—

"Around my lattice, gaily nested,  
 Bulbuls trill by night and day,  
 Upon my house-top, gold-crested,  
 Peacocks sing melodious lay,  
 O Parrot, you alone have rested,  
 Only rested to betray!"

By-and-bye the parrot came to the hedgehog and saluted him, and he took note that the hedgehog was sitting close by the ear of the Raja. And the hedgehog said, "I have been watching the Raja all this time so much I have done. Have you also done something?" And the hedgehog taking from the parrot one of the *chupâtties* wrapped it well round his own body, and keeping a little *khir* in front of his mouth, he again sat close to the ear of the Raja.

But how about the raven? When the raven flew away



cunning, spoke not a word. Then began the raven to cry out with a great outcry and his friend the serpent hearing his voice, was surprised, wondering what had happened to his old chum the raven. Finding out, he thrust his head out of his hole, and said, "Who is there? Let my friend go."

Then said the hedgehog, "First go and restore my friend, and then I will leave yours."

"I leave my friend," said the serpent. "I have done yours no harm, only drawn up his breath. And promise me peace as well. I will then go in, pour his breath back into him, and take out the poison."

So the hedgehog vowed him peace, and the snake went to his den and took out the poison, and poured it into his body again. But Shadi, who was watching, said, "Take care, Bashu. 'Ng'! My Kaga was as powerful as twenty two warriors. Don't keep back even a little of it, or it willower." Then the snake moved aside, and Shadi said, "What is the reason my Kaga does not rise? He is, 'ng' is senseless as before."

Shadi, answered the serpent, "Take water to the eyes of the *shere*\* tree and put them into Kaga's mouth with a few drops of water, and you will see his tower will come back, and he will rise!"

This therefore the parrot proceeded to do.

Now when the snake was thus engaged, the hedgehog, getting a chance, took the useless raven in his mouth to the snake's den where, teasing him, he laid his head under one of his wings, and set him, at the entrance. When the snake returned, he found the small hedgehog coming from the hole of his den, and he said, "You hedgehog, you! Why have you gone into my den?"

"I have set your friend sitting at the entrance," said the hedgehog, "and that is the only reason I entered your den."

\* Arbutus tree.

A small tree bearing hard berries, like a cherry.

"Make haste then, kill the serpent. Get it that I may go at it. It is not weather and so it will be coming and creeping on my body."

"I have made your friend sit here," said the hedgehog. "Look at him, where he is, right before your eyes. He does not speak because he is so hungry with you for a living."

But the hedgehog was watching his chance, being afraid of being devoured by the serpent, and all of a sudden he made a leap and sprang on to the serpent's back, began to thrust all his thorns into the serpent's back, and there was a great fight between them.

"O unworthy one," then cried his victim, "do not break your vow!"

"I am a hedgehog," answered he. "What have I to do with vows? My business is to kill my enemy!"

Then said the serpent:—

"In former ages, write the sages,  
Snakes and hedgehogs were akin  
Then cease your strife and spare my life,  
And you shall God's approval win."

But the hedgehog answered him

"In former ages, write still our sages,  
We tore each other more than tongue can tell,  
O fool and dolt, when was your wickedness  
On your own tort the axe applied, hey!"

Meanwhile Rājā Rasalu rose up, and found the parrot sitting close by, but he was very angry to have been awakened from such a sweet sleep, and had a mind to take hold of the parrot and punish him for it. But the parrot said, "My liege, let us go to the serpent's den that I

\* Kōdāl kōdāl tūl tūl pōn pōn pā. The axe you have stuck on your own nose. A proverb very common in a country where everyone cuts his own firewood. See the English. "The axe is laid to the tree on his own petard," etc.

may show you the wonderful kindness done you by the hedgehog. You indeed had done a little service to that creature, but now I will inform you of the great service he has done to you!"

So the raja went, and there he saw the hedgehog fastened to the head of the serpent and the serpent struggling, and trying to get rid of him. So the raja drew his sword and cut the snake to pieces, and from his fragments he made great heaps. Then understood he all the greatness of the service which had been done for him, and he was glad, and said to the hedgehog, "O Hedgehog, this favour which you have done me is past recompense since you have saved my life, but you will be rewarded of God." At the same time the raja placed his hands on the raja's feet and spoke thus—

"A great blessing be upon you, O my father, and may you live long and prosper, and may you be my father."

Then he took his turban, and threw it at the hedgehog, and the hedgehog said—"The dish is filled with pearls and black ones upon them. If you take any of them, it is the dust of your feet." Then the hedgehog bowed down, and begged the raja to take up the turban and place it on his head, saying, "I am as one who is your son, and you are my father. As a son should serve his father, I serve you!"

"I will go with you," said the raja, "yea, I will go with you, and I will make a locket of you."

"Let me go," answered the hedgehog. "I do not wish to be in the great trouble I should be to you if I were in the hole of the snake so that no other creature could come and trouble this place."

The raja also commended him highly,





III. RASAU LEGEND

STORY IX

RAJA RASAU AND RAJA SIRIKAT



## THE RASALU LEGEND

RAJA RASALU  
AND  
RAJA SIRIKAP



That very day, having departed from thence, Raja Rasalu journeyed on towards Siriket, the "Fort of Skulls."

At the close of the day he halted, and having pitched his tent and eaten his supper, he

walked forth to look for the body of Sirisuk, the brother of Raja Sirikap, who, as his name implies, was surnamed 'The Belheader.' He found the corpse lying stiff and cold on the ground, and turning to his parrot, he said, "This man is dead. Who now will rescue us about Raja Sirikap?"

"Offer up your prayers to God," answered the parrot, "and I think the body will sit up, because it is not really dead, but it lies here under the spell of Sirikap's magic."

Then Rasalu, when he had first washed his face, his hands and his feet, stood and prayed in these words:

"God, within the forest lonely  
Night hath fallen o'er the dead,  
Grant him life a moment only,  
Light within his eyelids shed  
Then this corpse that lieth prone,  
Four words to speak will lift his head."

\* The popular notion. Really *The Head Fort*.

The king's prayer was heard and God granted Sersak his life, for at once the dead man trembled, and, raising himself he began to speak—Who has disturbed me? said he.

‘Here you have been lying asleep for twelve years,’ answered Rasal. ‘What kind of sleep is this?’

‘Who are you?’ asked Sersak.

‘I am Rasal,’ answered the king.

‘Are you the real Rasal or another?’ said Sersak. ‘Where are you going?’

‘I journey towards the castle of your ever brother Sersak in order to wage battle with him,’ said Rasal.

Then began Sersak to laugh at the man’s tale.

‘What are you doing at?’ cried Rasal.

‘I was his own brother,’ replied Sersak, ‘and yet he killed me without pity. We often lived *haupat* together and I was always to be met existing once. One day my brother was out when he claimed my hand and when my joy in thinking that I was with my brother, he met what he said. But my hand he took it off at a single blow and then fastening a rope to my feet threw me out of the city. Do you think then as well as your Hesters, you have not even an army when his army is numerous. How do you intend to cope with him?’

‘Assisted by your advice,’ answered Rasal. ‘I trust I shall be fortunate to fight and to slay him.’

Then said Sersak. ‘When you find that you are near the city he will raise his army, storm and drive you away to some other country. And if you evade that, he will bury you under a storm of martial snow. And if you escape that, then when you strike the *dog* which hangs before the castle-gate and when the noise of the gong-hall sound in your ears you will lose your senses, and becoming crazed you will be driven out of the place. And if per-

adventure you avoid that peril, then when you pass under the swing of his laughter Chunder who swings in the porch of the palace, which is fifty yards high, you will begin to rage with frenzy and you will become the sport of the inmates. Lest so the effect of that swing is that whoever passes beneath it goes raving mad. And if by good fortune and the favour of God you overcome that danger as a Saka and then play *hanpat*<sup>1</sup> with you, and his wife and daughters will sit before you to divert your eyes, and in the meantime you will lose the game and Saka will win it, after which he will cut off your head. But if he cannot prevail over you in that way, he will send forth his rats. Harbans and Harbansi, who are kept for that very purpose, and who will come and take away the necks of the ladies, and there will be confusion and Saka will make you the loser and himself the winner, after which he will take your head from off your shoulders. It is better for you to turn back and not to go to Raja Saka.

I will certainly go to him, answered Rasalu.

If you must go, said Saka, you must encounter to-day the peril of which I have warned you. Therefore if you will take out of me two of my cats. On your way you will meet a cat which you must carry with you, and which you must feed from time to time with ribs. Then when you are playing *hanpat* and when the Saka cries out 'Harbans' let loose your cat so that it will kill the rat, and the game will be yours.

Saying these words, Saka drew out of his side two of his cats and gave them to Raja Rasil, who took them and kept them carefully by him as he journeyed along.

His dog started afresh, he came to a village where a cat was busy assisting a poor weaver in his work. "O weaver,"

<sup>1</sup> *Chaupat*. See Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> *Jakku*. A person of many resources; a jack of all trades.

said Kasa to, 'have you no son, nor any servant, that this wretched cat is he feeding you?

"I am a poor man," answered the weaver "and no other creature in the house have I excepting my cat."

Rasala, giving the man twenty rúpees, bought the cat and took her with him, and as they went along she sucked at the ribs of Sürsük.

Ravi came next to a certain place where he saw two boys playing together. One of them made a small pool of water and called it the river "Ravi", and the other made a similar pool and called it the river "Chennai". Just then up came a third boy who stopped for a moment and drank of the water out of both the pools.

Resuming his journey, Kisa next saw an old seller wearing clothes in the bank of a river. He was a distinguished personer who had done good service, and who had received as his reward the grant of a horse and sixty villages. His vouchers or pension papers were tied in his turban which was lying at some distance from him upon the ground. When his horse was turned a stray goat came by and ate up both his turban and his vouchers, and on discovering his loss the old man who was on his way to claim his recompense began to lament bitterly.

Having observed these things, Kasi continued his journey, and at last approaching the city of Sirsat, the capital of Kera Sindh, he proceeded with a mass of the people, and there he tarried.

When the king of that place heard of the arrival of this redoubtable champion, he raised his magic storms in which many trees and houses were swept away. The next morning he enquired of his wife Ichardei, <sup>2</sup> saying, "See if that man is still there."

The queen looked out of the window and said, "He and his horse are there still."

Then Sirkap proclaimed in the city—"To-night there will be a heavy fall of snow. Take care of yourselves."

As the evening approached the snow began to come down, and it continued falling all night until every place in the city was buried many a yard deep. When morning broke the king again addressed his wife, saying—"See if the man is still there!"

"Sir," answered she, looking out, "he is standing there still and the snow has not touched him."

When the storm was over, Raja Rasalu entered the city, and going to the castle gate, he took up the mallet and smote the gong such a terrific blow that mallet and gong were both smashed into pieces. Then said he to his horse, "If I venture to pass beneath the lady's swing my senses will leave me."

"Sit firmly on your seat," answered the horse, "I will rear her at a single bound, and the moment I reach her do you sever the swing with your sword."

With these words the horse leaped into the air and alighted near to the lofty archway under which the Princess Chandel with her two sisters was then swinging in their frail swing when Rasalu with one stroke cut through the shaken cords and down fell the three to the ground. Mournful and indignant, they went running to their father, and Chandel spoke, crying out and saying:

"Someone has come to-day, O King,

Who has a trick is there set for thee:  
He smote my ropes, and smote the swing.

And I Chandel, come tumbling down

The mallet flew in fragments eight,

In fragments nine down lay the gong

O flee, my sire, and baffle fate,

Your final hour cannot be long!"



'Daughter' said Riva Sirkka: 'Don't distress yourself and do not fear. Soon I shall return, and you shall see his head upon the bloody ways which I have but of the heels of others despatched before me.'

Then inflamed with anger, he placed guards in the different corridors of the palace with orders not to allow Kasanu to pass them out to leave him in by the gateway which was but of wicker screens. Thus then the guards did. Rashid was led in by the state of skulls, where he saw piles of bones, some are gnawed, which first laygged and then went at him as he passed them by, and Kasanu dressed him and said: "O Heels, pray that I may have luck."

"Since I must try my fortunes too,  
O Heads dissevered, pray  
That God will grant me victory,  
When I sit down to play,  
For then one yard of cloth I'll bring  
For every head in turn,  
And on a pyre of sandal-wood  
Each one of you shall burn!"

So Rasou entered the palace, and Sukup rose, and saluted him. Then he said to him, O stripping, wherefore have you come? You have come to the city of Gangu to let us see your art and your hand. But now can Rasou tell me if you can show many glories there are in the world.

Now desire was always known a secret by the house and they now came to know and he at once answered, "I now understand you to know yourself the glory of the house and the house-wife, the glory of the house success, the glory of the house is the filling rich, and the glory of the battle field is verily a goodly son!"

Taca Sinkap offered him a couch covered with a green



SUCH AN ONE WAS SIKH KA.



embroidered cloth, on which were cabalistic symbols, the work of women versed in magic and spells, and upon that he invited his visitor to sit and rest.

But Rasālu waved him aside, rejecting his advances. "Give me not coloured couches," said he, "give me a carpet all woven in white?"

"White shall it be," answered Sirkap, "but first you must answer another question and read me the riddle I shall set you, for that is the custom, and if you guess it aright, the white-woven couch shall be yours."

"Say on!" said Rasālu.

Then spoke Sirkap to him thus:

"Who of four-fold beard is he,  
Of azure foot and neck so ruddy?  
I've told the chief as you may see,  
My riddle was the wise was steady."

Rasālu disclaimed to answer. "Let it go," said he. "I do not care for riddles." But Sirkap insisted on the answer. Then Rasālu said: "What is that lying by your side?"

"It is my bow," answered Sirkap.

"And what do you do with your bow?" asked Rasālu.

"I shoot arrows with it," said Sirkap.

Then said Rasālu: "Is not the thing you spoke of an arrow? See, here is one from my quiver, regard its four-feathered head, its blue steel foot, its ruddy shaft. And now, as you are answered, let me have the white-woven couch."

But Sirkap was very wicked, and he continued to ask riddles, putting another, and saying: "There is a certain water in which trees are drowned to their summits, and in which the rhinoceros may bathe perfectly well. But in the same tank neither can we fill a pitcher nor can sparrows quench their thirst. What is it?"

And Kasaṇ answered, 'O Uncle no longer put me off, but let us play *lur*. Your riddle's answer is the dew which is seen on the grass when the sun rises.'

But Śukap was so wicked, so not to be satisfied, yet yet, and he asked Kasaṇ still another riddle, saying 'There are four husbands and sent on a year four wives to each husband, and all living under the same roof. I ask you, O Kasaṇ, guess what it signifies?'

Then Kasaṇ began to think Śukap was not so clever as he was reported to be, and he answered, 'I see the minds for triflers. And you great ones have each four little toes, and that is your *swe*. And I might guess it, that I might win on this riddle. I should chop off your head. But I fear not. And now as you are answered give me the couch and let us get to business.'

"I cannot dispute your answers," said Śukap. "Yet stay it is now your turn, so put a riddle to me, and I will try to give you the true answer, the white-woven couch shall be given you."

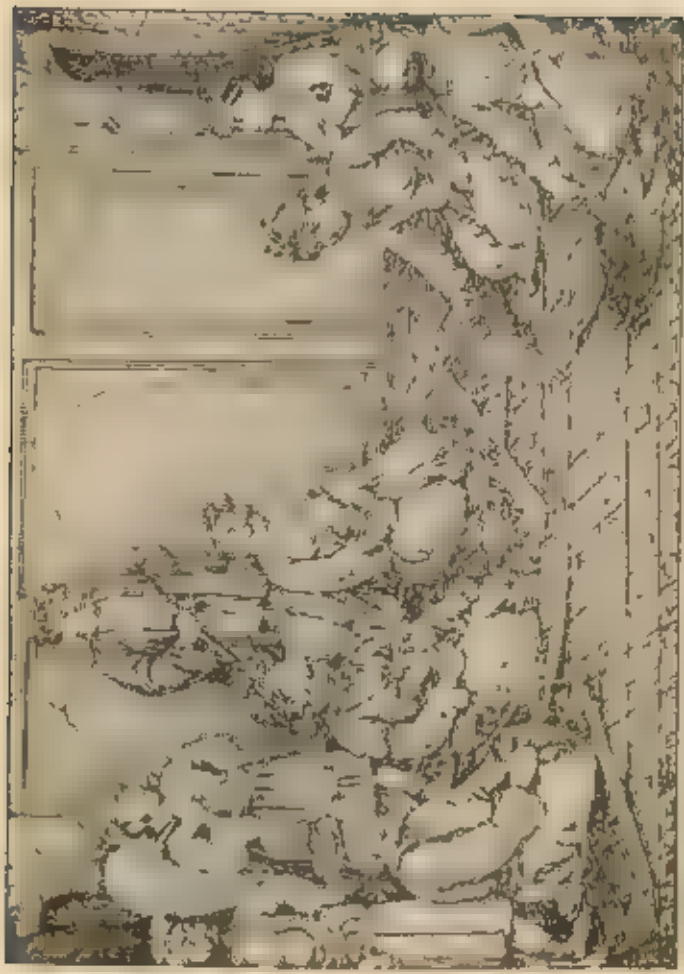
Then said Kasaṇ, "Be it so, answer me this

"Within your city-boundary,  
A wonder I did note:  
A horse and sixty villages  
Were swallowed by a goat,  
Then came a bald-head urchin,  
Of most capacious maw,  
Who stooped him down and guzzled up  
The Rāvi and Chenā?"

"O," cried Śukap, "that is quite impossible. It is even more absurd. Do not offer such impety! Are you not afraid? Let us get out of the house, lest the roof fall on our heads!"

Then said Kasaṇ, "Your riddles are all right, it seems, and mine are wrong? And he told him the answer which

THE TWO KING OF JAY HALL





compelled him to give in and Kasala said to him, "See, you have not discovered the answer grant me therefore the white-covered couch, and without another word Sinkap gave it to him.

But the queen who had been watching and listening, began to tremble with fear, but her husband went up to her and cheered her, saying, "Do not grieve I shall cut off this fellow's head in a minute and send it over to you because many others have come in like manner but none have escaped my hands at last."

Then said Sinkap to Rasala "Wherefore have you come to me?"

"It is reported," answered he "that you are a tyrant, a man of blood, delighting in the slaughter of thousands of innocent men therefore have I come to your castle to challenge you to combat."

"Be it so," replied Sinkap "Everything shall of course be ordered as you desire. Then said he again, "For you and me to fight together in public would be anything but creditable far better is it that you should come and play *chaupat* with me and that the conqueror should cut off the loser's head."

To this proposal Râa Kasala willingly agreed so the chess-board was brought, the lamp was lighted, and the two kings sat down to play.

As the game began Sinkap chanted for luck, saying

"Beneath this lamp's uncertain ray  
Two kings contend in rival play."  
O chinket game change thou for me  
What Sinkap wins the same shall be."

Hearing this charm, Rasala said, "That which you have now repeated is essentially wrong since in your

"I really do not know what I am saying."



verse you have not mentioned the sacred name of God. What you should have said was this:

"Beneath this lamp's uncertain ray  
Two kings contend in rival play:  
O changeful Game, change thou for me  
What God decrees the same shall be."

With these verses the amulet-giver, Raja Sirkap, spent his meditations over his neck. Durew-hen, and Rasu lost Sirkap's ear-rings, waxed wrath, and in his anger he wagered all his servants, his goods and a sword which had all of which were a warrior's Sirkap. The third time he staked his mare, Lolao, and his parrot Shadi, which were also won by Sirkap; the fourth time he lost his arms; and the fifth and last time he lost his own life.

Then Sirkap sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword he prepared to cut off his rival's head. But Rasu said, "It is true I have lost my head, and you have a right to act as you please. Nevertheless I would look towards my own kingdom *once* more. Suffer me therefore to ascend for that purpose to the roof of your palace."

Sirkap, consenting, Rasu went up to the palace roof and began to gaze towards Sirkap, and as he gazed in sorrow he smote his knees upon his thighs and threw a sigh.

Now the cat, with the two ribs, was concealed in his clothing, and when Rasu smote himself she cried out, "O wretch when the king *will* murder her and reject her! O you luckless little beast, why be! you have not yet done me a service at all but now let me try my fortune once more."

Coming down into the palace he said to Sirkap, "By whom were you created?"

"By Him who created you," answered he.

"If you really believe this," said Rasal, "permit me to try one more game in His name."

"Certainly," answered Sirkap, and the two kings again sat down to play.

Then Rasal, exclaiming, "In the name of God," threw the dice, and won back Sirkap. In the second game he won back his kingdom and all his subjects. In the third he recovered his horse and his parrot, in the fourth his arms, and in the fifth game he regained his own head.

The two kings were now quits. But Sirkap pressed for another trial and the play proceeded. Fortunate however, had deserted him, and in the first game he lost his capital Sirkap, in the second all his kingdom, his furniture and army, and in the third his wife and children. Fiercely and wroth he now contended for the fourth game upon which he had wagered his head, and finding that he made no way, he cried out, "Harbansa, Harbansa!" when at once his male rat appeared on the scene. He stole in, and ran towards his master in response to the summons, but meanwhile Raja Rasal had brought his cat from his sleeve and set her down in the shadow of the lamp. Then as the rat approached to meddle with the lamp the cat pounced upon him and swallowed him up. Sirkap in his despair now cried out, "Harbansi, Harbansi, look sharp Harbansi!"

But the female rat which had witnessed the fate of her mate, repulsed from a safe distance

"A curse to your service, O king,  
A curse to your handful of grain  
I am off to the hills, and my teeth  
Shall nibble the herbage again."

The next moment the fourth game came to an end and Rasal was again the victor. Drawing his sword he approached Sirkap to smite off his head, but his opponent

besought him saying "You begged my permission to look towards your country and I gave it. You will allow me then for the sake of God, to go and see my family, but first I would venture a game in the name of God as you did."

Rasalu accepted his offer and the game was once more resumed, but again Shrikap lost. Then said he, "I would now, if you will permit me, go and bid adieu to my family after which I will shortly return."

Rasalu agreed and the devoted king going to his three daughters said to them, "I desire your jewels, attire yourselves in royal array and, presenting yourselves before Rasalu try to converse with him with your beauty."

Now the names of his daughters were Chance-Memorable, Blessed-Fortunate and Sughray-Wisdom, all three set to work upon. Hastening to obey, they appeared to themselves gloriously in their best, adorning themselves with rich garments and bright jewels, and going to Rasalu they began to gaze on him, and to parade their charms. But he heeded them not, neither did he gaze at them back but he asked of them, "Where is Shrikap?"

"In fear of his life," answered they, "he has fled from the city."

"It does not matter," said Rasalu. "Wherever he goes, I will search for him and find him out."

Going to the council of ministers he enquired where their master generally sat. Some said "He may be in his chamber of mirrors." Others said "He may be in his subterranean dwelling." But the rest said "He is a king, and he must have gone whithersoever it pleased him."

Then Rasalu began to search the court and the palace, from chamber to chamber he passed, in some places he found miserable captives, in others the bones of dead men and women, and in others precious stones and valuable ornaments, but nowhere could he discover Shrikap. Leaving

the place he went to the stables and as he looked and looked in every corner, his eye rested on a manger filled with litter which seemed to be alive.

"What is the matter," said he, "with this horse litter that it swells and sinks and swells again?"

Going up to the manger he tossed out the litter, and there, crouching miserably beneath it, was found Raja Sirikap.

"Ah," said Rasalu, "doubtless you are some mean fellow, since you have hidden yourself in this filthy place."

And he caught him by the neck and dragged him along to the chamber in which they had played, exclaiming as he went, "O villain, hundreds of heads you have smitten off in your time with your own hand and all for justice, yet you never grieved or shed a tear. And now when the same fate is to be your own you sneak away and bury yourself in horse-dung!"

Now an event had occurred in the palace of which Rasalu was not aware. Sirikap's wife, Icharker, had given birth to a daughter and the magicians and wizards had met Sirikap and told him, saying: "Sir, we have sought for the interpretation of this mystery why men should have fallen on your house, and we find that in this calamity has been brought about by your infant daughter whose destiny has crossed your own. She came in an evil hour. Let her now be sacrificed, and let her head be thrown into the river, and your crown and head will be secure."

And Sirikap had answered: "If my life depends on her, go, cut off her head, and mine may happily yet be saved." So a slave girl was despatched to bring the infant to the magicians. And, as she carried it along from the apartments of its mother, she cried, while she caressed it, "O what a pretty child, I should so like to save it!"

It was just at this moment, as she crossed the court,

that Raja Rasalu appeared from the stable, dragging Sinkap, and he thus overheard her remark "Where are you taking that child to?" said he.

"This is the king's child born twenty-one days ago," answered the slave-girl. "The Brahmin soothsayers have declared that she is the cause of all her father's troubles, and now her head is to be taken off and thrown into the Indus to save further mischief."

When Rasalu looked at the child he loved it, for it was very beautiful, so beautiful that the sun and moon felt ashamed in comparison, and he said to the girl, "Follow me!"

Having entered the chamber, he released his victim, who said, "Rasalu, say now what is your purpose?"

"I am going," answered he "to cut off your head."

"For the sake of God," said Sinkap, "spare me and grant me my life, and in lieu of your wager take one of my daughters in marriage!"

"I want none of your daughters," replied Rasalu. "I want only your head."

Sinkap then humbled himself more and more pleading for his life and saying, "Sir have mercy!" As so Ichardet came running from her chamber and threw herself at the feet of Raja Rasalu in misery and distress, and begged him not to kill her husband.

"In the name of God, spare him!" cried she. At the same time the nurse came out, and taking the child, she laid her down also at Rasalu's feet, and the child was shining in beauty like the moon. And Ichardet, prostrate with head bared, prayed him to accept the child, saying

"Oh, Rasalu, take my daughter,  
Take my loved one for your own,  
Why ah why commit this slaughter  
Leave the baby's mine alone!





If you, pitying my complaining,  
 Look upon her mother's tears,  
 I will gold advance, maintaining  
 Nurse and babe for fifteen years!"

At last Rasalu, relenting, said to her husband, "You shall be spared on certain conditions. In the first place you will take an oath never to play vnan's tricks at *hauput* with anyone again. In the next you will free all your captives. And in the third place, you will draw five lines with your nose on a hot griddle."

All these terms were accepted by Srikap, who took the oath and released his prisoners, but when the red-hot griddle was produced he began to excuse himself, not to make the lines. But Kasidu caught him by the back of the neck and holding his nose to the griddle, he marked it with five dots. His nose was singed to the bone, after which he loosed him and let him go. Then Srikap, seeing himself in such a state of shame and disgrace, ran away into the wild woodlands, but by and by he returned once more, and lived for many years.

Meanwhile Keta Rasi mounted on his grey mare and, ever followed by Sheta, rode ~~away~~ away. With him a palatine escorted some way by a guard of honour, and accompanied by her nurse, travelled the little girl the infant daughter of Srikap, whose name was Kaka, or Kaku, that is the Sweet-eating Dove. She it was who, after years, when she grew to woman's estate, became his hapless little queen.

Another version of the story is that Srikap drew the five lines with his nose on the *ground*.





THE RASALU LEGEND

STORY X

THE TREASON OF KOKLA



## THE RASALU LEGEND



### THE TREASON OF QUEEN KOKLA

AFTER leaving Sirikap, Rasalu, having dismissed his escort, and having travelled thence for twelve days, at last arrived at the hills of Khêrimûrti near Burhân, where he saw upon the height a beautiful castle sur-

rounded by a fair garden which looked like the dwelling place of a king.

"This," said Rasalu "is an abode worthy of living in, and here I resolve to remain."

"Sir," said his mare to him, "this a palace which looks to me like the house of a giant. It is not wise to take up your quarters here."

"Let us abide," answered Rasalu, "at least for a night. If we are molested we can then abandon it, but if not, I mean to occupy it, because it is a place after my own heart and I have no desire to leave it."

So there they slept in security, and no man or demon or any other creature intruded upon them for twelve years, and Rasalu said, "Here there is no one to cause us alarm."

And in that lofty stronghold he dwelt, having strengthened it with walls and bastions all round and having cut out a

flight of steps, eighty-six in number, from the garden beneath to the palace above.

When the child Kokla was growing up, he ordered that the old custom of his people should be disregarded, and that the little princess should be, not reared on vegetable food but nourished also with flesh meat every day. Her education was entrusted to the ancient nurse who had accompanied her from Sarkot, and who was quite devoted to her. No other woman but herself was allowed to attend her, and no other woman but herself was permitted to enter the walls of the fortress. When with increasing years she became ill and was likely to die, the king said to her, 'I have as much respect and love for you as for my own mother, and wherever it is your wish that your body should be buried there it shall be done.'

'Do not burn my body,' said she, 'lay me in the Abbâ-Sindh.'<sup>1</sup>

And when the day of her death came, her wishes were fully observed, and reverently her body was committed to the river.

Kakka Rastan was passionately fond of hunting. Leaving the child in the charge of the nurse to play with *monna* and parrot, he was in the habit of visiting the woodlands every day with bows and arrows to chase the wild deer. Rejoicing in his strength and in his skill as a marksman, he indulged in the sport either wholly alone, or attended only by Soudi his parrot. In the evening he returned with his spoil to the castle, when the feast was spread, and his minstrel birds sang of his exploits and of the exploits of Vikramaditya, as he sat with his little princess on his divan and fed her with venison. Her life was lonely with only a nurse to attend to her, but she had constant companions

<sup>1</sup> Abbâ-Sindh—Father of Rivers, the Indus.



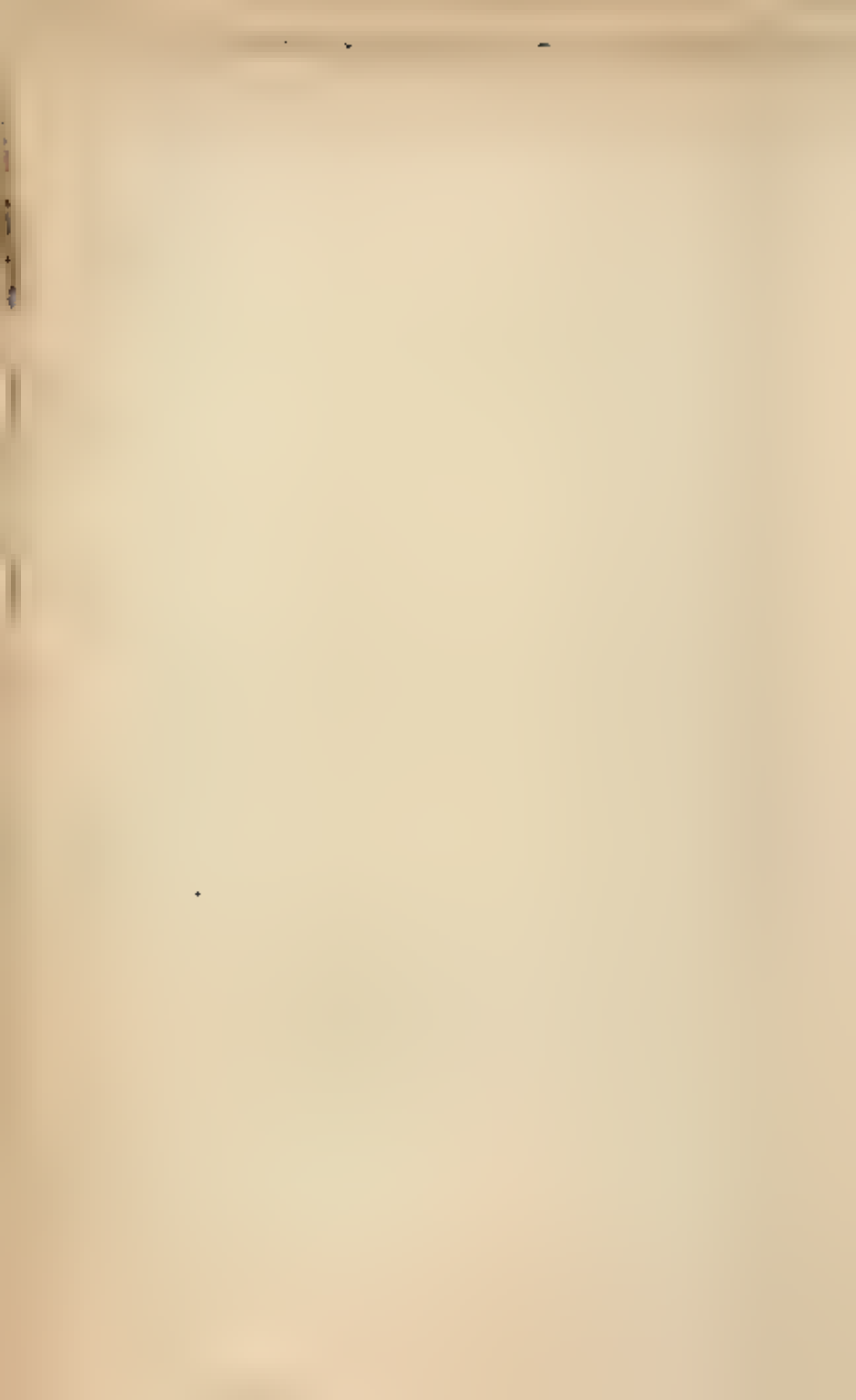
RENTS THE WINDY





THE KING LIVES AS LITTLE DAUGHTER





in eighty parrots, eighty *ex mainas* and eighty peacocks, who guarded her both night and day, and who like all living things in those days, had the gift of speech. With them she used to converse and to them she told all her little joys and sorrows. \*

So passed the lives of king and princess until the old nurse died and the little girl had grown into a woman and had become Raza's queen. They were very happy together, for the king was always a good man (which means in the Punjab that he was faithful to the duty of his charge, and that he never desired the companionship of another).

One evening when he was in a merry mood, an old fancy came into the king's mind, which was, that his young wife should accompany him to the chase. 'I have eaten so much venison in my life,' said she, 'that, if I did go with you the deer of the forest would follow me.'

But the proposal delighted her, and her happy youthful spirits rose at the prospect of liberty and of leaving the castle, if only for a day to visit the wild trackless woodland.

'But,' said she 'how do you kill the deer?'

'When I shoot my arrow at the deer,' answered the king, 'and, when the deer feels himself wounded, he runs back and falls dead before my horse's feet.'

The queen was surprised to hear ten of this, and she said 'How can it be? I should like so much to see it.'

'And so you shall,' answered he, 'for to-morrow, Sweetheart, you and I will go hunting together.'

So in the morning they set out unattended, the queen riding on a pillion behind her husband, and they came

\* Eighty *ex mainas*—a clever little bird of the *corvus* type with yellow feet and bill. It is larger than a starling, and can be made to utter words and phrases in the deepest of notes.

to the wooded hedges and grassy ravines where the deer love to wander. Soon the king loosed an arrow from the string, which wounded a doe, but the animal, instead of approaching them, ran forward half a mile when she was overtaken and slain.

The cause of this disappointment for she had come to see a wanderer, and she began to scold. "You have not spoken the truth, Sir," cried she.

"Why so?" asked Rasalu.

"If no horse had been with you," replied the queen, "you could not have caught this deer at all."

"The reason is this," said Rasalu, "you have been sitting behind me the whole day, close to my body, and from touch of your mouth all my power is left me."

Then the queen flattered him again and with a mocking laugh she said, "I know not whether I am wife or daughter, but if touch has cost you so much of your strength, now will it be worth you for sons and daughters. Make way for me, and I will enter all these animals I see with my hands. Yes, O Raja, have killed a deer with all a few strokes of your bow, but, if you will, now see I will bring a deer to your feet alive!"

"How can you do that?" said Rasalu. "The thing is impossible. The deer will not come to you."

"No," replied she. "But I can. You think yourself hero and I am a woman. Yet I am surer than you."

So the Raja dismounted and set herself down among the rocks among the bushes, and, fastening to her veil, she shook her *dauhi*, the pendant jewels of her forehead, and let them tinkle in the sun. Her eyes were filled with antimony, and her hands and feet were rosy with henna. So, when the deer saw her lovely face which was shining like gold, they all came shyly up to her. Then said she to Rasalu, "Come now, Raja, and catch as many of them as you please!"

"I will catch none of them," answered he, "nor are they worth the catching. Are they lovers of yours?"

Then came to her a great buck, Laddin by name, who was the king of the forest. Brought he came forward, for he had become mad without sense, beholding her beauty, and, disregarding the words of his dam who entreated him not to venture, he ran and fell at her feet.

But Rasalu waxed wroth, and catching the deer in both his arms, he raised him aloft and made him to the caith, and made haste to kill him with his knife, laying the blade on his neck. But the kingly compassion and begged Rasalu to let him go, and not to kill him, and she said—

"A king art thou of kingly race,  
Strong is thine arm and keen thy knife;  
By the Korlin, O grant me grace  
And give this trembling deer his life!"

The Raja, listening to her words, stared indeed at the deer's fate, but he cut off his ears and his tail, and so let him go. And the deer, seeing himself thus disfigured and dripping with blood, reproached him with hateful words.

"O Raja Rasalu," said he, "you are a monarch among men, and I am only a poor creature of the jungle. With your sword you have left off my ears and my tail, but know this that one day you yourself will be so gashed and slashed that until the day of judgment you never will hear you of your wounds again!"—

"O king, my ears are cut off and my tail  
You have marred and insulted me sore,  
But never for ever shall I was drop  
The spoiler shall visit your door!"

The king-deer then departed leaving the pair to themselves, but the queen felt so vexed to think that her

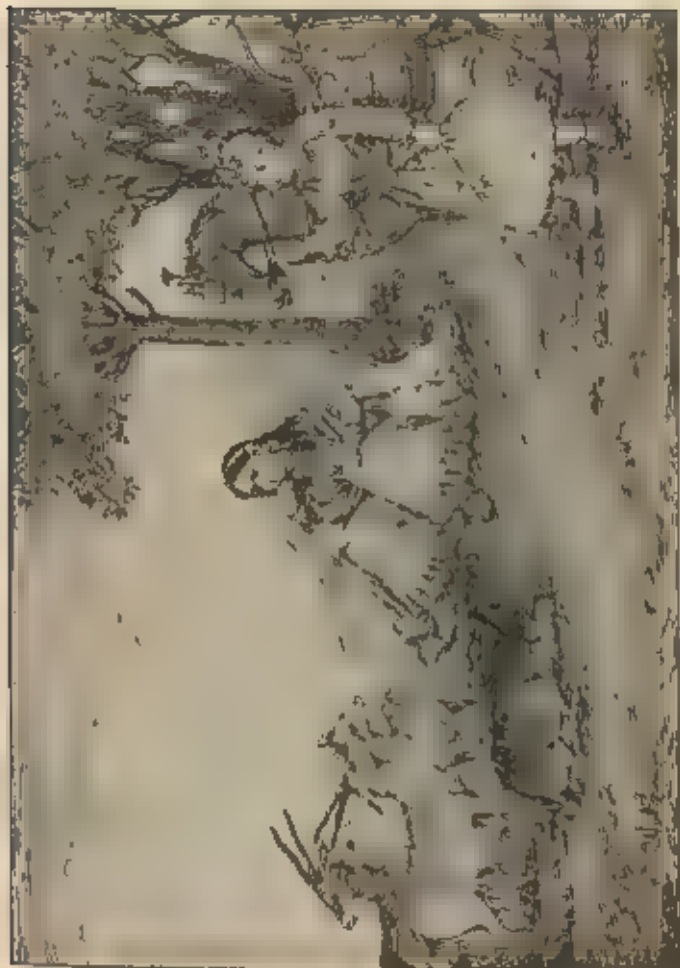
Rasbahu's power in spells and magic was less than his own. Nor was he less angry at the circumstance which had marred the glory of his life, one moment reproaching his wife and another moment reviling the blue buck but failing to see that the blame was his and his alone. And so the two returned to Khet-Morti.

Meanwhile the blue buck was planning a bitter revenge. At the town of Atak (Attock) on the banks of the Indus a certain king named Hira had built a barrier-fortress on the top of a cliff which rises from the very margin of the river. This fortress was noted for its love of pleasure as well as for its passion for the pasture of the chase. Calling these things to mind, the blue buck said to himself, "Now I will betake me to the palace of Raja Hira and I will gaze in his garden and, when the birds and cranes set up and he begins to follow me, I will run to the castle of Raja Rasahu."

So he made his way to Raja Hira's, followed by all his friends, and entering the king's garden, he utterly destroyed it. These things the gardeners reported to their master, who when he heard of the havoc which had been made, issued a notice, saying, "Whoever shall kill *hira haran* the blue buck whose name is Laddan, I will give him rich presents, a horse to ride on, and jewels to wear, and I will make him the commander of my army."

This notice was published all over that country, and it so happened that the news of it reached the ears of two shepherd boys named Bald-head and One-eye, who said to each other, "Let us go and find this *hira haran* the blue buck."

So they searched and searched everywhere until they found him. Then Bald-head went privately to Raja Hira and made his report. "If you will come with me O king," said he, "I will show you the blue buck." And the king





loaded him with presents and accompanied him to the place.

Meanwhile, however, One-eye, who harboured a grudge against Bald head, had hunted away the buck from that ravine into another. And when Raa Hodi came and could not find anything, he became angry. 'Where is the blue buck?' cried he.

Then spoke One-eye and said to the king, 'This boy is known to be an idiot, he knows nothing whatever about the matter. He has been deceiving you O king but if you will take away his presents and give them to me I will show you Laddan the blue buck and no mistake.'

So the king transferred the presents from Bald head to One-eye who took him to a distant ravine, and pointed out to him the game he was in search of.

As soon as Laddan perceived Raa Hodi, he ran deliberately in front of him and led his pursuer in the direction of Khert Murt, all the time feigning a lameness in order to entice him more and more with the hope of eventual capture.

'Sir' said the *wasir*, 'do not pursue this deer, for I perceive there is some magic about him.'

King Hodi, however, refused to hear the voice of his *wasir*, and galloping his horse he went straight for his quarry, leaving his attendants to shift for themselves. After a long run the blue buck sprang the river close to the palace of Ram Koka, and the horse of Raa Hodi, roused by the chase, essayed and performed the same leap.

But the deer then disappeared into a cave and hid himself, and when the king came to the spot he was nowhere to be seen.

So Hodi drew rein, and, finding himself in the midst of a garden of mangoes, he stretched forth his hand to pluck some of the fruit. But as he did so one of the sentinel



*manas* exclaimed, "Do not break the branches and do not eat the mangoes. This garden belongs to one who will punish intruders."

Raja Hodi then observed that the trees grew beneath a fortress, but he could not see any means of approach. Looking up, he saw the plumage of the parrots gleaming from the eaves, and Kani Kokiā pacing the roof in her royal array. Then said he to the *manas* —

The parrots perch themselves aloft,  
They dwell within the eaves,  
But O that splendid lustre, soft  
And bright as golden leaves,  
Say *Manas* by what way they pass there  
Let some come and tell me of it soon and late.

"She is the wife of the king," answered the *manas*, "and the king is away hunting the wild deer in the moors and woodlands."

Then one of the birds glanced down from above, and said to the queen, "See a man has entered the garden, and he is spoiling the fruit!"

"What is a man?" asked the queen. "Is he a wild beast, or is he some other thing? Where is he? I want to see him—show me him! Heaven grant it is Raja Hodi."

The queen looked down from the roof of her palace, and saw that some handsome raja was sitting on horseback in her garden, and that he carried a bow, and an arrow which weighed three pounds. So she cried out to him

Hail beneath the palace walls,  
Say who and what are you?  
Some skilful bowman, or the lord of arms,  
Or are you champion true?"

And to her Raja Hodi returned answer —

"O Râni, thieves are clothed in rags,  
 True men are clean and white;  
 For love of you, o'er flats and crags,  
 I kept my game in sight;  
 And far from country and from kin,  
 He led me here far as a's smile to win."

Then said the queen:—

"What Râja's son are you,  
 And say what name you bear,  
 Where lies your fatherland,  
 What city claims you there?"

The king answered her:

"Râja Bhatti's son am I,  
 Hôdi is the name I bear,  
 Udhè is my fatherland,  
 Atak is my city there."

Then thought Hôdi to himself, 'Who is this woman  
 in the midst of the wilderness? Is she a witch or some  
 goddess? I must find out.' So he addressed her and said

"Your father, who is he? your husband whom  
 Where has he gone the day to truth untrue,  
 To leave alone a love-maid like you  
 To pine from hour to hour  
 In lofty palace-tower?"

Hearing these words the Râni Kokla, smitten with love,  
 began to think of many things, and she answered him

"Sir keep my sire my lord's Rasai a-hunt,  
 Rings not the weak-kn with Kasali's might  
 In lofty palace-tower  
 I sit in lonely bower,  
 But he, who left his love-maiden here  
 Ranges afar to chase the fallow deer."

Now when Hôdi heard the name of Rasalu he began to  
 grow sick with fear, and would fain have turned back

But love stronger than fear urged him on, and he said to the queen, "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," answered she, "I know you well, and I have been waiting for you ever so long here, in this airy turret."

Then, seeing her meaning, Hods said to her —

"Running and working in breathless haste  
From distant scenes I hied me,  
Yet now the golden time I waste,  
For I know no path to guide me;  
O Rani, by what way can I, the fool,  
What steps will lead me to your bright couch?"

And to him the queen replied again —

"Working and running to for a long time  
From scenes afar you hied you,  
A path to my castle I did not waste,  
For you know the road that leads to me  
Among the mango-trees set out around  
Your quiver to the pommel tie,  
The steps that to my castle lead,  
Among the mango-trees they lie  
Full eighty-six, nor less nor more,  
So bring you to my chamber door."

Raja Hods looked for the steps, and finding them he began to ascend. But when he had passed the vestibule of the palace, one of the *mamas* on guard stopped him saying —

"Where have you lost your deer?  
Where did your cattle go?  
No right of road lies here—  
You are now Rasālu's foe!"

And turning to her companion, a parrot she said — "The duty which is laid on us both by our dear master is to watch over the safety of the queen, and we shall be false to our salt if we do not report to him the coming of this stranger."

By this time Rani Kokla was growing impatient, and she was saying to herself "Why does he tarry, why linger the steps of my Raja?" So she passed out of her chamber to enquire, and seeing that her favourite *mama* was the cause of the delay she began to reprove her. But the *mama* bravely replied, "What are you doing, admitting a strange man to these walls? If the king hear of this wickedness, he will strike you dead where you stand."

The queen started and flushed with rage, but, restraining herself she led Hori to the well which Rani Rasalu had hewn out of the rock, and which was furnished with wheels and ropes and pitchers for drawing up water into the trough. There they sat, and she gave him food and drink and they entertained one another with delicious words.

Then Kokla led the way to the hall of the king's chamber, but as she gained the doorway the *mama* spoke again and said:—

"O hear me, Parrot, let us fly—  
Far hence we'll fly away!  
In this sad home can you and I  
Remain another day?  
The scolding scapes and word of woe  
Are pecked at by a wretched crow!"

The queen instantly turned upon the *mama*, but the parrot eager to ally her anger said to his companion

"O you senseless one! What harm is done if the man merely eats and crinks and goes away? What is Raja Rasalu to us? Does not the queen our mistress tend us and feed us with her own hands?"

"She does need," answered the *mama*. "Still she has dishonoured her name, and done what she should not have done. And we are the servants of the Raja."

This speech of the *mama* enraged the queen still more,

so much so, indeed, that she ran to the cage, and seizing the poor bird, she wrung her neck and cast her away.

But the cunning parrot, gazing at his friend's swollen body, said, 'Ah, you shy chatterer! you have lost me your deserts.' Then addressing his mistress he continued



'If you would but take me out of my cage, I should like to give the *mama's* dead body a couple of kicks.'

'Thank you, parrot,' said the queen, 'you are loyal and true.' And she opened the cage and let him out, when the parrot flew to the *mama* and kicked her.

Meanwhile the queen had closed the door and taken Hodi into Kasala's chamber, and there both he and she

sat down together on a beautiful couch. Then the king, admiring her delicate beauty, said to her

"A tiny mouth, a slender nose,  
A figure graceful as the fawn,  
Two eyes as soft as opening rose  
Were first mine and the dews of dawn  
O'er my dew-darling here to see so bright  
One like thee I never saw before."

But Ram Kokla answered and said

For joy the dew-drops from his eyes are wet  
For joy the darts are set at his enemies  
And as I feel the secret joys I speak,  
My love is here, with me, my heart is free,  
But, since my heart is joined and joined again  
Not feels the force of any earthly pain,  
So, my love, here, the love I take and give,  
The more it burns is and the more it lives."

When night fell, they both slept on the one cot, and the Raja talked to the Rani and the Rani to the Raja, and all the sentinel birds, seeing this, began to weep, but none dared to utter a single word.

Now at this time the parrot was meditating an escape from the closed chamber, but he found no means of egress. At last at dawn of day he perceived a small aperture, and fluttering through it he flew on to the battlements.

"Alas, alas!" cried the frightened queen to Hodi—"What shall we do? The news has gone to Kasili!"

"Ah," said Hodi, with a deep breath. "But, O King, continued he, "if you will coax the parrot to return I think he will not disregard you but come back to your house, and then we shall have no room for alarm, no cause for sorrow."

\* I think the summer-heat weapons of the chase are a little to be taken down again in the cold season.

So the queen looked out at a casement and cried through the lattice in caressing tones

Run with my doves, I beg, to some fair  
 Wood, I pray you, and never  
 Forget to tell me how you  
 Remain, K. . . .

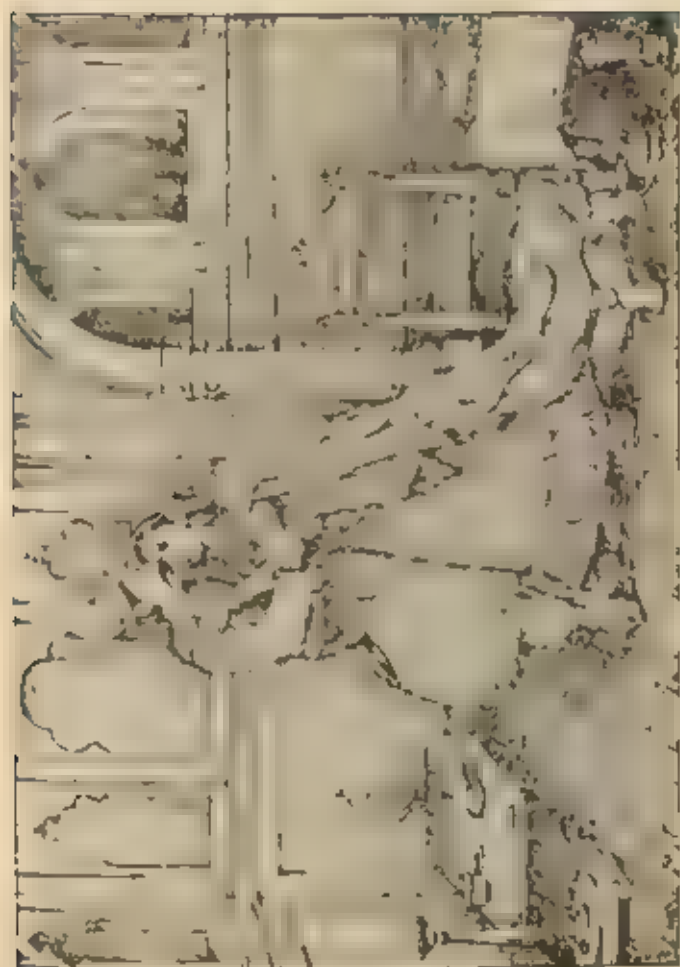
But the parrot was deaf to her banishments and spreading his bright wings he answered her —

All widowed now am I,  
 If e'er by parrots I was bred,  
 Away to the king I'll fly."

With these words the bird mounted and flew far away and he began to search for Kira-Rasaf among forests and fields and deserts, but unable to find him he finally stopped exhausted in one place.

Meanwhile Had was in a fright for when he saw the little parrot on the wing, fear seized upon him and caring only for his own safety he hastened out of the doors of the palace. But the queen threw her arms about him and clasped him and wept piteously and Had to soothe her wiped away her tears with his hands and the black stain from her eyes discoloured his fingers. But though he wiped her eyes he embraced her again and again he could not stop her weeping. Then impatient to be gone, he tore himself away from her and for his cowardice she regarded him with scorn, and cried "What you leave me?"

Yes, yes, I will leave thee  
 The night is long and I am tired  
 My heart is sore with pain  
 But I long to run were best  
 On hence. May I thy spirit know  
 Some day I will have touched my own







Vexed by her taunts Hori jeered, and cried back at her —

"The platter was laden with delicate fare —  
My leavings are left, the table is bare.  
The carpet so costly is tattered and old,  
Scarce fit for a beggarman's shaven web and comb."

With these words he ran away from the place and made his escape. Coming to the river-bank he went down to drink water, for he was thirsty, and there, when he had put down his hands towards the water, he saw on his fingers the black stain of the collyrium, and he drew them back, saying, 'This is the only memento of my love which I possess and I must not wash it away.' Thus speaking, to himself he stooped down on his knees and drank like a goat.

Hard by there was an old washerman who observing his action said to his wife, 'Who is that man drinking water like a beast?'

"Whether you know him or not," answered she, "I know him well."

"Tell me, then, who he is," said her husband.

"He is Raja Hori," answered the woman.

"O fool," returned the washerman, "did you ever see a Raja drinking water like that?"

"I am afraid," replied she, "to tell you the reason of it, lest, if I did, you should kill me."

"What a strange thing to say," said he, "as if I should kill you for telling me a good secret!"

"Take an oath!" said his wife.

"I take an oath of the God who created me," answered he, "that I will not harm you, if you will tell me why the Raja is drinking water like that."

Then his wife replied to him thus —

"I am a poor washer-woman's daughter,  
 Enrobed him in her soft embraces,  
 So, ox-like, stoops the king for water,  
 For love to save love's precious traces,  
 See how the water stains his robes away,  
 The sable stains his finger-tips decay."

The washerman hearing this horrible scandal became angry and said to his wife, "No doubt you woman have been at the bottom of it; you have been the go-between. If this is how could you know anything of the king's long?" Thus saying, he took a mus musket and struck her on the back of the head, so that she fell senseless.

"Aye, can you are," said she when she came to herself. "I told you what you asked for and this was your return."

Now that he stopped craving to listen to their colloquy and feeling ashamed he said to her, and was walking away without murching his thirst. Then the washerman perceiving this, thought to himself, "In the morning this Rani will surely come. So he said to his wife, "Don't let her go to that Rani and bring him back to work water otherwise he will never leave me a one."

"That I will not," answered his wife. "By trusting you once I have a very sorrow enough, and I'll bring the king back you will say I was his friend as you have said already."

"Call him back," said her husband. "I will not touch you."

Then, yielding once more, she turned round to the king and cried to him,—

"Nai, can you give me a drink that I may stop my thirst?  
 A little water in the desert fresh of strokes  
 Crosses the lips and the throat, and the tongue  
 For my water is all withered and dry  
 I want water, I want water, I want water  
 Drink water rather—it is sweeter far  
 Nor covet thou another's couch to win,  
 For know it never, never can be thine,  
 So wash away the king that stains his robes  
 And come, my dear, my dear, my dear, my dear."

Raja Hadi seeing that she was a witch of infinite wisdom, took the woman's advice, and washing his hands he drank his fill. Then approaching the washerman he said: "O washerman, this woman is not fitted for you, because she is wise, while you are a fool. You had better take a thousand gold pieces and hand her over to me. I will cherish her like one of my children, and with my money you can marry another."

"Your pardon, sir," said the washerman, "this plan will never do."

So Raja Hadi left them, and passing on he arrived at his own palace. There, choosing a solitary chamber in which stood an old couch, he laid himself down, and began with tears to remember and to lament for the Rani Nokta.





THE RASALI LEGEND

STORY XI

FATE OF RANI KOKLA



## THE RASALU LEGEND

### THE FATE OF RANI KORLA



It happened, while all these disgraceful doings were going on at the palace of Rāja Rasālu, that the queen's parrot, having recovered from his fatigue, resumed his search, and

at last coming to Jyoti Kan, in Hazira he noticed some smoke rising up to the skies. So he flew towards it, and there he saw his dear master's horse pecked under a tree, in a shade, the parrot sitting on the pommel of the saddle, while the cool shade of the tree gave the king lay sleeping, close to the great cave on

Mount Sarhan, in the village of Sarhad.

So he cried, 'Wake up your Rājā!

I have no authority to come,' answered Shri, 'wake him yourself since you are the Rājā's messenger.

Then the werry bird, dipping his wings in the flowing stream, flattered them over Rasālu's face and the fairs fell upon him like soft rain, and he awoke, not seeing his wife's favourite sitting above him on the tree, he said, 'Why have you left the house alone?



Weeping, the bird made answer

"The Râni killed my *mama*-birdie,  
Cold it lies upon the floor,  
And my reproaches unavailing,  
Only vexed her more and more,  
Arise, arise, O weeping Râja,  
Thy eyes have forced your palace door!"

Hearing these sorrowful tidings the king said —

"My *mamas* number eighty-six,  
My peacocks tell fourscore;  
Well guard the city, what devil's tracks  
Could force my palace door?"

'Alas' answered the parrot, "What could the watch  
men do?"—

"If gentlemen stand dead of right  
And steal their own possessions,  
Perchance the soldiers will wink;  
What ail of their transgressions,  
Or if the fence in evil hour  
Perforce the barley-crop devour,  
How can the guard  
Keep watch and ward?"

Then Rasalu arose, and said to his charger, "Now be  
wary and true O Fohadi, and take me to my house in a  
moment."

"I will do so," answered the horse, "but never smite  
me with your heels."

Mounting the king rode away towards Kherimârti but  
in a fit of impatience he forgot his promise, and flung  
his spurs into the horse's side, when at once the animal  
came to a halt and was turned into a stone.

"Ah, you unfaithful one," cried Rasalu as he leaped

\* Among the Panjabs the term for a strayer is *chait*.

from the saddle. "O you unworthy friend, is this a time for perfidy?"

"Touch me again," said the horse, "and I shall never be able to carry you more:

"O spare your whip, your rowel spare,  
Rasalu, press me not at all,  
If ever I was bred from mare,  
I'll set you 'neath your castle-wall."

Saying these words, the gallant horse arose and taking her master on her back once more, in an instant she reached her destination.

The first act of Raja Rasu on dismounting beneath the mangoes was to ascend to his wife's chamber, where he found her lying fast asleep. Leaving her undisturbed, he went down again to the garden and said to Shahu his parrot, "Go silently and tenderly and bring me here the ring from off the Kan's hand" and the bird at once went away and brought it.

Then the king, having tied it round his faithful comrade's neck, commanded him saying, "Away now to Raja Kad. Tell him that Rasu has been killed in the forest, and that Kan Kikla has sent you with this token of love as a sign for him to come and bear her away."

"I go at once, Sir," answered the parrot, and taking wing, he flew towards Atteek, and reaching the palace, he perched himself in one of the windows. There he was seen by certain of the servants, who said to each other, "See this parrot—'s tame—it looks like some royal pet!"

Overhearing their voices, Shahu answered them,—"You are right, I am the companion of a king."

The servants went to the Raja and said to him, "There is a parrot sitting in one of the windows, who says that he has a message for you from the Rani Kikla."

Raja Hodi hearing the name of Kokli spring to his feet and came out instantly, and approaching the parrot he said "O foolish bird what message have you brought for me." Instead of answering, Sanda began to shed tears.

"Why are you crying?" asked the king.

Doubtless, replied the parrot, "you are an honorable man, to form a friendship, and then to go away and discard it utterly!"

"What do you mean by that?" said Hodi.

"The parrot answered the parrot, the Raja's account of your absence was going to kill herself. I, being the messenger in her hand, implored her, saying 'O wait until I return.' Then she gave me her ring and bade me for dear life go quickly, and she is waiting for me, but if you do not go to her at once, she will destroy herself."

Hodi taking the ring taken said "But where is your master Rasalu?"

"You know," answered Sanda "I have seen him, but not exactly, and I was unable to find him. I took some actions to find him, but he has been hidden from me."

Raja Hodi, hearing this, was very angry, and he rode away on his horse, and mounted, and rode away.

When he reached the town of Kae, he found him and said, "Let me fly in a moment, and I will be the queen of your arrival."

Princess Sanda, hearing this, was very angry, and she flew to the king and said, "Your rival is coming."

When the king heard this, he was very angry, and he rode away on his horse, and mounted, and rode away.

Hodi, on seeing this, became as still as a picture, and he began to make hundreds of excuses, saying "I have come here by mistake. I did not know whose palace this was, and I was coming to see you. I hope you will excuse me."

"No," said Sanda, "your destiny has brought you."

here. It is better to betake you to your arms and to use them first on me."

"Sir," answered Hodi, "I am not your enemy. I was unaware whose fortress this might be, so I was coming to enquire about it. I do not think there is any harm in enquiring!"

"Let this senseless talk go," said Kasalu, "and see your weapons first. Otherwise you will say Kasalu smote me treacherously!"

Hodi, finding there was no escape from him, took an arrow from his quiver, and putting it to his bow he cried: "Now look out, my poisoned dart is coming!" and shot at Kasalu.

But Kasalu bent from his horse and avoided the dart which striking against the castle walls, broke the stones into shivers. Then said the injured king:

O little, little, but I see how strong and tight  
 Is your defence, the new fort which you make.  
 He who made it is not so much to be feared  
 Who never yields at the worst of the day.

But King Hodi, in fear and dismay, with his fate before him, groaned and said:—

"O little, little, can I see of you,  
 Kasalu,  
 A gathering of soldiers your fort I have seen  
 Kasalu!  
 With knives and spears and swords, I say, I have seen  
 I burn like hell's fire the fort of the  
 O hear, Kasalu!"

Deaf to words and deaf to prayers, Kasalu fitted one of his iron arrows to his mighty bow, and prepared to launch it. At first, to test his adversary's nerve, he grimly made a feint of shooting, when at once the quaking coward stood behind a mango-tree.

"Ha!" cried Rasalu, "you are behind the mango-tree are you? Look out, your final hour has come!"

Drawing the bow to its utmost tension, he let fly the arrow, which drove through the trunk of the tree and pierced through the body of his foe and fell four hundred yards beyond. So swiftly flew the fatal shaft that Râsi Hodi never so much as felt it, and he said to Rasalu, "You have missed!"

"I never missed in my life," answered he. "Shake yourself and see!"

And when Hodi shook himself, he fell down senseless from his horse, and died beneath the mango-trees.

Then the king went forward sword in hand and, dismounting, he smote off the traitor's head.

As the head rolled aside from the bleeding trunk, the lips of the dead parted, and the quivering tongue uttered the words—"Rasalu, give me to drink."

And Rasalu, as in a dream, lifted his enemy's empty quiver from which the arrows had slipped, and filling it with water from a pool, he held it to the open mouth, and Hodi drank, and when he had drunk he cried, "O birds, wheeling above me and cleaving the air with your pinions, go to the queen my Loved One, and tell her that Hodi has drunk water from the hands of Raja Rasalu."

Then the soul of Raja Rasalu rejoiced as he said to himself—"To-day I have brought my wife no venison. Yet she shall have venison daintier than ever she tasted before."

The headless corpse lay at his feet. Stripping it of its rich clothing and cutting open the body, he tore out the heart and took it with him into the castle, rolling aside the ponderous gate and closing it again with a giant's strength.

Having made his preparations, he went to the apartments of the queen, and found her still asleep. "Arise, arise!" cried he, "the hour is late!"





Lifting herself up from her couch, she looked at him in amazement for her conscience smote her, and she said to herself: "Does he suspect anything?"

Turning from the threshold and looking into the courtyard, the king noticed that water had been recently drawn in the suspended pitchers of the well by means of the treadle, which was too heavy for the slender strength of his wife to move. There too, stood his favourite hawk, close to the platform, which was bespattered with spittle. Regarding his *daai* with a sorrowful air, he said:

"Who has smoked my hookah, Râni,  
Who has spittle here did throw,  
Who the water lifted, Râni,  
Wet's the trough with overflow?"

Then the queen hastened to answer her lord:

"I have smoked your hookah, Râja,  
I the spittle here bestrowed  
I the pitchers lifted, Râja,  
And the water overflowed."

But in her mind she said: "Has the parrot betrayed me?"

Then the king looked about him and observed that both the favourite birds' cages were empty. "Ah!" said he, "I hear not the voice of your parrot and the *manu* greets not her master. Where are your friends?"

The voice of the parrot is still, answered she, "and the *ma na* greets not her master, because they are roving abroad. I let out my friends for a flight, and they flew to the mango-trees."

But her mind misgave her, and she thought to herself, "Now the truth must come out!"

Then the king went to the walls and cried, "Mâmatta'



Mumtaz - and the parrot heard and repared from the mango-trees.

Here I am,' said he, "but my body shakes with fear I dare not enter the palace."

He held out his hand and the parrot flew on to it. "You and the *mana* bird," said the king in reproachful tones, "were left by me to guard and protect the queen. My confidence has been abused. As this evil has been going on, and you did not tell me."

"I could tell you the whole truth," answered the parrot, "but these days are not the days of truth. One of us told the truth and now his head lies here, and his body in it."

When the king saw the *mana* bird arrested and headless he picked up the body and took it to the queen. "Look," cried he, "I left the *mana* whole and well - what work is this?"

"He was killed by the parrot," answered she. "Ask him, he dares not deny it. And as she spoke the words she threw at the bird a threatening look."

But the parrot said, "Perhaps it was so. I may have killed the *mana*, but did the king ever fear of such a thing in the world?" At the same instant he secretly planted one of his claws at his mistress's signet ring, the *mana* had been killed by herself.

After this the king entered his chamber, and as he gazed around, he noticed how the cushions and mats were disordered, and here and there scattered about, he saw the stones of his wife's broken necklace of rubies, which she had been vainly endeavouring to string. Then said he -

"Strange how it is in the dark of night  
My chamber door is open to the thief  
Who once my chamber door, Rani  
What thief abused my bed,  
What hand the necklace tore Rani  
What of the thief the thief?"

And again the queen made answer

"Soon as the *muna* died, Râja,  
My beads the parrot tore,  
All scared I stepped aside, Râja,  
And trod the polished floor,  
O never ask me why, Râja,  
Your couch is all dispreed,  
For none came here but I, Râja,  
To rest upon your bed!"

But even as she uttered her excuses her heart sank within her, and she said to herself: "Alas, what next?"

Then the king, curbing his rage and his grief, cried:—  
"Enough! Go, Rani, and see to the venison which is preparing in the cook-house, and bake me my bread." And he went out and sat down alone by the well.

When the queen appeared with the smoking flesh and the cakes of bread, she laid them down on the floor, and the king looked at her and said: "Come, let us eat together once more!"

Like a woman, quite forgetful of her faults, she accepted his friendly kindness and her spirits rose—but men are different—they nurse their thoughts and keep their suspicions warm.

Then the king put some of the bread to his lips, and said:—"Today my bread is tasteless."

"Ah!" cried the queen: "What food, dear Heart, have you brought me here? Methinks no venison was ever so dainty and sweet at this."

Pushing his bread away from him, and rising up on the platform, the king answered her thus:—

"What food is this so dainty sweet?  
Alive he languished at your feet,  
Now dead and gone, he pleases still  
You eat his flesh,—nay, eat your fill!  
But O, may she whose heart is proved untrue  
Ascend the funeral pyre, and perish too!"

At that, the bit dropped from the poor Rani's mouth as she said to herself — "Ah I am betrayed, I am betrayed — he knows all! All is over!"



Then, with streaming eyes she answered her lord —

I let you down, and O you hurt me sore  
I get me up, and so you mora me more

Since then my suffering gaze nor help nor hope can spy  
With him for whom you taught me Râzi will I die!"

Saying this, she sprang to her feet and ran quickly up the battlements, whence she beheld, lying far beneath her the headless body of Ra a Hodi. Then, with a cry, she threw herself over, but before her body had reached the rocks below her breath had gone out of her, and so fell dead the Râzi Koklâ.





THE RASALU LEGEND

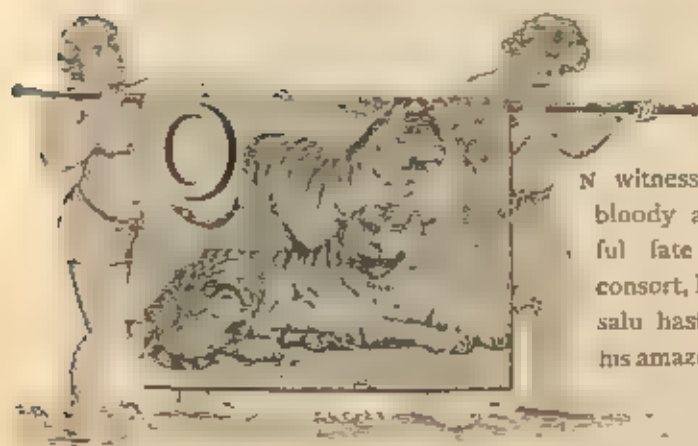
STORY XII

DEATH OF RASALU



## THE RASALU LEGEND

### THE DEATH OF RASALU



ON witnessing the bloody and pitiful fate of his consort, Rāja Rasalu hastened in his amazement to the gate of the fortress,

and passing swiftly out, he descended the rocky steps, and there, stretched by the very corpse of Rāja Hodi whose charger was still clamping his bit under the mango-trees he found the shattered remains of the luckless Koklā. Strange and wan was the smile which still lingered on her lips, and full of pain and reproach the eyes which seemed to burn into his. Stooping over the dead body of the only woman whom he had ever really, truly, loved, the king's sad to have then felt what it was to have loved and for ever to have lost. Taking her up tenderly he carried her into the palace and laid her down. Both the bodies, his wife's and her lover's, he laid down



side by side, say the bards, and he covered them over with the same cloth. Then he considered with himself, "If I burn them, the disgraceful secret will be known abroad. No! at midnight I will carry them both down and throw them into the river."

Then, seeing the parrot, he said to him, "Your partner is dead and gone, so also is mine. Poor parrot and hapless king! See how the world is passing away."

After this the king, being very weary, lay down and slept, and forgetting the two bodies he did not wake once in the night. It was a most dawn when he approached the river, bearing the dead on his shoulders. Just then he caught sight of the old washerman and his wife going down with a bundle of clothes. So he stepped aside to escape their notice, and dropped the two dear bodies into the river.

As he watched them drifting and sinking in the dark deep waters of the Indus, he overheard the woman saying to her husband, "It is not yet morning. To pass the time tell me a story!"

"What is the use," answered the husband, "We have to get through the world somehow. Part of our life is over, and part only remains. We have no time to waste over stories."

"But," replied she, "it is not yet daylight, so tell me a tale while the night continues."

Then said the washerman,—"Shall I tell you a true story, or some other one?"

"A true story," answered she, "Something you have seen and known."

So the man began:—



ear me, O wife! Not long ago, before I married you, I had another wife. She used to say her prayers five times in the day, and I thought her a treasure. Yet every night she absented herself from my house for at

least an hour, until I began to wonder what was her motive. At last I determined to find out. The next time she went away, I followed her, because I said 'Perhaps she goes out to her prayers, but I should like to see for myself.' I found she visited the grave of a *fakir* and that she prayed to him that I might become blind. When I heard this, I could not help feeling 'Before my face she respects me, but how false she is behind my back.' To-morrow I will be beforehand with her at the shrine, and she shall have her answer.'

'The next night I hid myself in the shrine, and when my wife came and prayed as usual, I answered her,—'O woman, for a long time you have prayed to me, this time your prayer is answered. Go home and feed your husband with sweet pudding in the morning, and with roast fowl in the evening, and in a week he will be blind.'

I then got away home as fast as I could run, and when my wife returned I asked her 'Where have you been?'

'I have been in the village giving out the clothes,' answered she.

'The next morning my wife said to me, 'Husband, see I have here some butter-milk and oil let me wash your head.'

I accordingly addressed. But when my wife saw my body, she cried 'Why, husband how thin you have

become you are all skin and bone. I must feed you up. To this I answered 'Good'. So my wife went and made me sweet pudding which I enjoyed. And in the evening she gave me roast fowl which I enjoyed too.

'After three or four days I said to her, 'Wife, I don't know what has happened, my eyes are getting quite dim. Though she affected to console me, I could easily perceive that she was glad. After the seventh day I said to her, 'Wife, I am stone blind. I can't see a thing. She, hearing this, set up a hypocritical howl, and going out she visited this saint and that, and offered up counterfeit prayers for my recovery.

'I now took to a stick and acted the blind man to the life. But one day my wife said to herself, 'This may be all a deceit. I must put his blindness to the test. So she said to me, I am going out a visiting. If I put some barley to dry, will you take care of it.'

'How can I?' replied I. 'Still, if you will put it on some matting within my reach so that I can feel it from time to time, I will try.'

'Thus then she did, and I sat by it with my stick in my hand. In a short time I saw my wife slyly creeping towards the grain, and when she got near she felt it. Lifting my stick I gave her such a violent blow on the head that she fell almost senseless, crying out. Ah, you have killed me!'

'Wife, wife, protested I, 'how could I tell it was you? Did I not say I was blind? I thought there was a black or a goat here.'

'This quite convinced my wife that I must be entirely blind, and she continued to feed me as before.

'Now the truth was that she was intriguing with another man whom she used to visit, though at great risk, whenever she found the opportunity. This man she now introduced

from time to time into my house. One day, when he was expected, she sought a quarrel with me to get me out of the way. 'Why don't you do something?' said she 'you are always indoors. Get out, man, and stack some wood!'

'I abused her heartily for her speech and went out. When I returned I spied the man sitting in my chamber and said to myself, 'Aha, my friend is here. My wife when she saw me coming told him to get into the great mat which was lying rolled up against the wall, and he did so. Going to the cow-house, where I knew there was some rope handy, I returned, groping all the way with my stick.

"What do you want with that rope?" said my wife.

"Without answering I felt my way to the mat, and tying it up first at one end and then at the other I shouldered it, and said to my wife 'This trouble which has fallen upon me is more than I can bear. I am now going as a pilgrim to Mecca, and this will serve me as a kneeling mat.'

"I then went out, but she followed me, entreating me to alter my mind — Don't go, don't leave your poor little wife," implored she.

"But the neighbours said, 'Let the poor man alone. What use is he to you now?' So I got away from her.

"After I had gone two or three miles, the man inside the mat began to struggle and shake.

"Shake away," said I "you will have reason to shake soon. You think I am blind, but I am not.

"I now approached a village, and the first thing I observed was a woman baking some bread of fine flour. When the cake was ready she took it inside to the corn bin where her lover was hiding, and she gave it to him. Then she came out and began baking bread of coarse

barley meal. Pretending to be a *fakir*, I went up to her and said, —'Master, make me some wheaten bread with a little butter.'

'Where am I to get wheaten flour?' answered she. 'Do you not see how poor I am?'

'No, but bake me some,' replied I.

'As we were disputing her husband came up and said, 'Don't quarrel, woman, with *fakirs*.'

'I am not quarrelling,' said she, 'but this man is begging for fine bread and butter. Do you ever get such a luxury?'

When the husband heard this he was angry with me and said, —'If a barley cake will suit you, take it. But not, begone!'

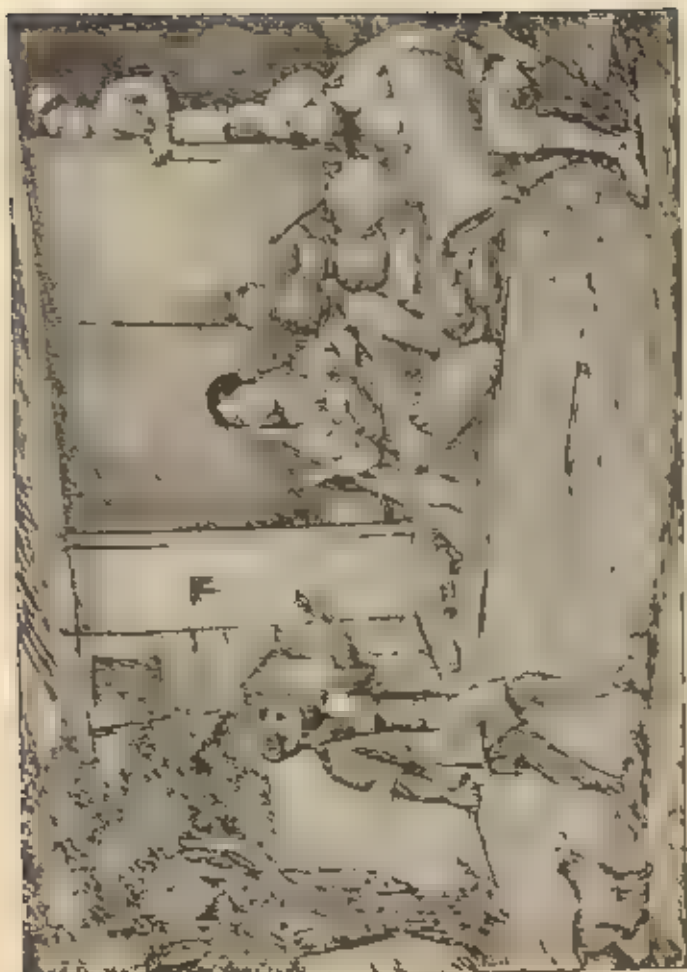
Then said I, pointing to the door, 'They who sit in corn-bins eat fine bread, but beggars must not be choosers.'

'What's this about corn bins?' cried he. 'This must be looked into.'

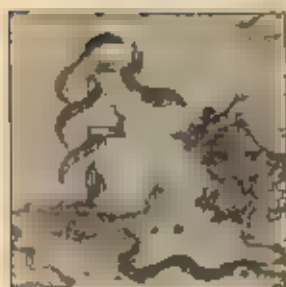
So he went to the corn-bin and there he found his wife's lover. He took the grain and eating the bread and butter, he said to the honest man, 'O *fakir*, he cried out

'But he would not have done this if he knew his knife would murder the fellow's throat, if I had not caught him. I have checked him, and brought him out of it.'

'Look here,' said I, 'peeling my mat, and releasing my prisoner, here is another of them. Your fate is not different from mine, nor mine from other men's. Therefore do not kill, but let us both agree to make the best of a bad job, I cause you see, if Raja Rasalu in his peace, great and mighty as he is, has the same misfortune as we, and yet bears it patiently, who are we that we should complain?'







lured with forebodings, Raa Rasala, who had overheard every word, now came forward and said, "I am Raja Rasala, the king of a this realm. Ask me for land and you shall have it, or if you want money take it, but tell me how knew you people that such wicked

ness was being done in my house

'And are you not aware' answered the man, 'that women are by nature witches and soothsayers? They know or they find out everything, and they have been talking of the doings at Kherimarti for days.'

Then the king took them both to the castle and gave them money, and to the husband he said 'You are a white-bearded man, old and venerable. Your years entitle you to respect. Therefore come and see me often and let us converse together.' And he sent them away.

He himself after this grew careless and careless, and he ceased to visit the field so often, leaving his ad to him self. His life being weary and his heart broken, thinking of his dead wife, he set blocking it to ice, and of her dream like. Sometimes friends gathered about him in *darbar* to counsel and to cheer, and sometimes for a by turn they told him stories of kings of old or passed the time in making of riddles. Frequently the old washerman visited him and brought him in news from without, and his favourite parrot strove to console him. But his kingdom was neglected, his conquests forgotten, many of his distant vassals forswore his service, his guards of parrots, peacocks, and *mamas* mostly abandoned the palace, and in his vast forests he lived, at least for a king, solitary and alone.

Meanwhile there were wise women at the town of Raja



Hôdi would have guessed or divined the secret. When it was One day Hôdi's brothers were riding past the village when the women were drawing water for their cattle, and they overheard one of them saying, "Men are here, darling, very more than before."

"What is that which you say?" said one of the princes.

"I said," answered the speaker, "that even for a woman's love we sacrifice even life itself to gain the object."

"But what does your words really signify?" said the

"If the brothers of Raja Hôdi have any sense of their own," replied she, "they have no need to ask."

On hearing this they galloped up to the palace of Raja Hôdi, and entering the court they cried, "Where is Râja Hôdi?"

"Ever since the day on which he left the castle to pursue the blue buck," answered one of the attendants, "he has been paying visits across the river in the direction of the castle of Raja Kasal. Some days ago he went out as usual, but he has not yet returned, and we know not what has become of him."

When the brothers heard these things they assembled their vassals from all parts, and addressing them, they said, "The king is a prisoner; or else he has been killed in the country of Raja Kasal. We must rescue or avenge him. Will you stand by us when we cross the river, or will you go back to your houses?"

Then answered they all with one voice, "Our heads be yours if we do not stand by you to a man."

Now the old wasterman used to visit Raja Kasal a day by day, because the king delighted in his quaint stories and good sense. About this time he went up to the palace as usual, and received his customary welcome. Said the king to him, "What news to-day?"



KASAIN FALLS IN BATTLE



"Among the women of the village," answered the washerman, "there is a strange rumour, but it may not be true."

"Let me have it," said the king.

"I overheard them talking among themselves," replied he, "and they were saying that as Raja Rasālu had cut off the head of Raja Hodi, so his own head would also fall in three days."

When the king understood this he was greatly put out, and rising and pacing the floor, he said, "Have you really heard this?"

"Yes," answered the washerman, "the women have told so, but I know nothing about it."

"I have seen the day when I could sing valiantly and laugh my foes to scorn," said the king, "and still I have troops, if I can only assemble them in time."

Then he summoned his warder and bade him call out all his followers in the castle. But when they were drawn up, there were not a dozen men left to man the walls.

"Winning or losing a battle is in the hands of God," said he to the old washerman, "but what is one to do with a handful of men like this?"

Vigorously, however, the old warrior prepared for a siege. Something of his former spirit returned upon him as he directed one of his men to gallop out into the country to order his people to gather in strength and to bring in supplies for the defence of his castle at Kherimūrti, and as he assisted with his own hands to repair the broken battlements and to close up the breaches. Hardly had he completed his task, when the hostile force appeared in sight. They were led by the brothers of Raja Hodi, and were fully armed with every weapon of war. They swam the river or crossed it on skins, and like bees

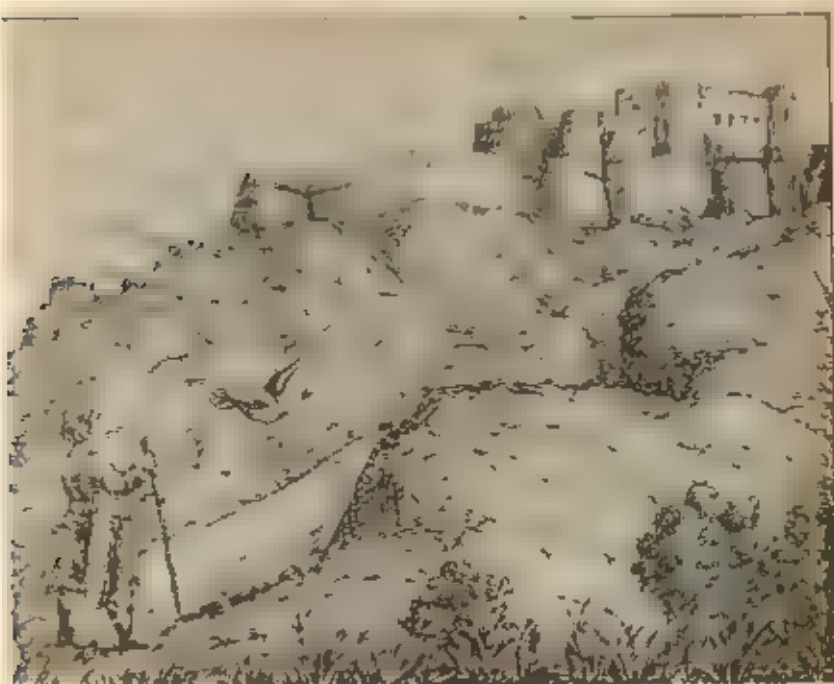
they swarmed round the hill and sat down beneath the walls of Khermurt. Then raised mutual defences between the opposing leaders and the siege began in form. So King Risaia though reinforced by fresh supplies of reinforcements began to perceive that the struggle was a long one and that the end could not be far off. Kisev therefore not to be caught like a rat in a trap, but to see his life as clearly as possible he ordered his men to prepare for a sally. That night he piled up fagots in the chambers of Khermurt, and with his own hand set the pile on fire and when the flames leaped up into the darkness of the midnight sky the besieger saw them and wondered.

The next morning he led his followers down the rocky steps and as he passed through the queen's garden he looked at the mangroves, and cried —

O Rishaia with fruit of life of bough  
Fruit may ye never form again,  
Dead is Kokli, her place is void,  
And Rishaia, too, the trees remain.

Then with a rush he descended to the plains and met his enemies hand to hand. There the battle raged with fury on both sides for seven days and seven nights. King Risaia fought like a lion, and many a foe went down beneath his mighty arm never to rise again. At last his men were all of them killed and the king himself was wearied out with the long fight covered with wounds, and hemmed in by increasing numbers, was slain by an arrow nine yards long which pierced his neck. And when the fight was over his enemies smote off his head and carried it back with them in triumph to the castle of Raja Hodi.

And thus according to most of the story tellers of the Lower Panab, persisted their ancient hero Raja Rasalu among survivors, as long as men, achieved the fame and glory of his great exploits.!



A RAJPUT FORTRESS.

It is never died at all, but that he passed over or  
 he is to a

(This concluding chapter is the series of the Rasalu Legend



THE STORY OF NEK BAKHT





# THE STORY OF NEK BAKHI



**M**ANY years ago, when Nek Bakht was a boy, his father died, and he became king in his place. This lad took to hunting as his constant amusement, spending many days away from home. Now it was customary in that country for each courtier to follow singly his own game until he had brought it down. It was also the custom at the close of the day when it had returned from the field for the king to say, "Is there any king greater than I?" and for the ministers to answer, "None." The young king's daily prey, however, was no day brought down. He was following a deer, and he rode and rode till he was out of sight, when Ghosia started a tiger to abolish space in such a way that in one moment the king found himself five hundred miles away in the territory of another king. He was now merely an ordinary mortal like any one else, but in a worse plight than most, for he was seized as a criminal. At that point his mind was in terror on account of a notorious robber, so that the gates of the city were closed at sunset and kept closed all night. Therefore when just before the time of closing Nek Bakht entered the city armed as he was, all the people cried, "Here's the robber!" and banging the gates behind him, he entered

him, bound him, and carried him off to the king. And when the king heard what they had to say, he said, "Get off his hands, and let him sit in the market place." At some said, "What is the use of that?" Others said, "Better to hang him at once." So the king ordered him to be cast into prison, and he was taken to a cell. There he devoted himself to the study of the Koran, and one day he came to the passage "God is almighty. He can set up and put down." This passage he used to deride whenever his vizier reminded him of it, but now it comes home to him, and he begins to weep bitterly. And when the jailer saw him thus he said, "O young man, you were just now reading and now you are crying. Why are you crying?"

"I am crying," answered he "at my hard lot, and at the difference in my estate, comparing myself now with what I used to be."

"If you will tell me what you mean by that saying," said the jailer, "I will tell the king for you."

"If I do tell you," said Nek Bakht "what good will it do? God has not sent me help, and now 'ad you?' Then he said, "This part of the Korán I used to scorn when I was a king, for I said, 'Who can bring me down?' And did not my ministers tell me day after day that there was no king greater than I? Yet here are you, a poor man, earning a few pence daily, and here am I, and if you give me two koss what could I do? Is it strange therefore to find me crying?"

Then the jailer went and told the king that his prisoner was not the robber at all, but Nek Bakht the great king. And the king began to feel afraid, because he used to be subject to the prince's father, and he hastened to the prison with all his ministers, and begged pardon for his mistake.

"You are not to blame," answered the prince, "but my own pride only. I have learnt a lesson."





"I am your vassal, as I was your father's," said the king, putting his hands together. "Be not therefore angry, nor bring armies to punish me."

"But I shall never do," said he. "But now, as I have been long absent from my people, give me a hundred men and horses to enable me to re-establish my rule, should someone may have seized my kingdom."

So troops and treasure were freely given, and Nek Bakht rode out on his road, into which he got through the forest he again exclaiming "Who is the king?" and the prince said "The king was devoured by a wild beast," whereupon he answered "He is gone away, no one knows where," while some others again said "Wherever he is, he is chasing a deer." Thus he came, he and his army, close up to the capital, and his old *reashir* rode forth to meet him, and recognised him as the lost king as soon as ever he saw him. "And how has my kingdom fared, since I went?" asked the prince.

"As it was when you left it," answered the *warir*, "so is it now."

After that he entered his house, giving order that his own troops should receive those of his vassal and entertain them well. Then one day, when he sat on his throne, his *warir* said to him, "O king, you remember the day I used to say to you, 'God is Almighty, He can cause and He can abase?'"

"Yes," said the king. "I have experienced the full force of those words." The king then said, "Henceforth I give up for ever. I will apply myself to other matters and I will merely recede day by day for exercise."

One day, as he was riding along the bank of the river he observed an old woman stooping down by the edge of the stream, and going near he saw that she was engaged in picking up bits of grass, tying them in small *asc*

bundles, and throwing them on to the water, and he did not at all see kept watching them as they floated away. So he grew nearer still and said to her, "What are you doing?"

"Hush," answered the wise woman, "I am reading fortunes."

"And whose fortune is figured in the last bundle," asked the King.

"That bundle," said she, "carries the fortune of the King of this country whose name is Nek Bakht."

Now it was seen that the handful of grass floated off and then among the currents, and that after an uncertain course, it finally reached the opposite side. Then said the King, "That bundle was crossed to the farther bank, but what is the meaning of it?"

"The King's life," answered the woman, "will be a long one, but full of troubles."

Then began the King to be sorrowful, and when he returned to the palace his countenance was altered and his face downcast, so that the *wazir* asked him what was the matter.

"Do not seek to know," answered the King.

"You are but a youth," said the *wazir*, "Your father confided everything to me, much more should you."

"My life," said the King, "is to be like a boat tossed about on troubled waters, no peace, no rest, but trial on trial."

"Nay," answered the *wazir*, "who can tell that but God only?"

Then the King told her of the good woman, when he found her telling fortunes to herself by the river side, and of the little bundles of dry grass, and what she said to him, to which the *wazir* replied, "O King, all that is but fancy and illusion. If she could tell that, she would be a queen herself."

Some days after the King once more rode out, and as he

SICK BAKET AND THE WITCH







approached the same spot he saw the old woman engaged at the very same thing. Again he addressed her, as before, saying, "Mother, what are you doing?"

Just at that minute 's voice came. "Two spirits have come to me just now, for they want me to decide a case for them. Their names are Fate and Chance. Fate saying, 'I shall cause the King and the Princess of the Kingdom of Flowers, to meet.' And Chance says, 'But wait! I shall not allow you to do so.' 'I will manage it,' cries Fate. 'Nay,' replies Chance, 'you shall not for when she comes to bathe in the river, I shall drown her there and so break your power. Therefore," continued the old woman, "do you retire, until I have settled the business, which will take time."

So spake she to the king, who left her watching her wisps of straw, and went back moodier than ever to his palace. And the *water* remarking his looks, said to himself, 'Whenever the king rides towards the river now he returns melancholy. And he said, 'What is the matter?'

Then the king began again to relate to the *water* his adventure of the day. "I found two voices, Fate and Chance, contending together," said he, "and Fate insisted that I am to marry the Princess of the Kingdom of Flowers. And I am troubled, for what perils may I not have to go through, what anguish to suffer, before that can be!"

"O foolish king," said the *water*, "can even Fate accomplish the impossible? The Princess spoken of lives not in this world, and to what you wish you can never meet."

Some days after, the king again rode towards the river and again found the old woman there. This time she spoke first, saying, "O son, who are you?"

"I am merely the son of a knight," answered he.

"You have often come here," said she, "and as you do

come so much. I now tell you that within fifteen days New Bakht will be married to the young Princess I told you about."

Then the king returned to the city more melancholy than ever, and calling his *wazir* he began to tell him the day's woful news. "Within fifteen days 'tis written that I must marry her," said he. "Since hearing that, I have been tormented for now is it possible for me even to see her? Is space to be again indicated, is the very cart to a sapient age? Under my feet are there more imprisonments? Or what?" And he went so distressed that his expecting he knew not what misfortune.

Now it happened that in the kingdom of the princess a decree of force for some time, ordering that all female children should be destroyed the moment they were born, was in operation. In sparing her infant-daughter should he have been a man had died in a sobey that cried as if he had been saved from death. For when she was born, the king had been told her so cunningly that she was a girl. One day she was playing should come in but the king said to her mother, "What child is that?"

"If my life is spared," answered she, "I will tell."

"Take your life and answer," said he.

"Then I say," replied the woman, "this child is your own daughter."

"Ah," cried the king, "So, after all, I have been disobeyed by you!" but what to do now is more than I can say.

So he went off to his ministers and reported the matter to them. "Did I not order that all the little girls should be killed? How then do I find one of them living?"



again, when the same voice cried "Take care, I am a human being." Being more puzzled than ever, he called in one of his men and told him to listen, and again the same voice came from the inside of the fish. Then the man who had been called in said to the chief cook "The fish must have eaten something!" So they went very carefully to work, and in the very centre of the fish they found no box at all, but a beautiful little lady. The wonderful news was at once despatched to the king, who ordered the girl to be brought to him, and who asked her, saying "Who are you?" She, however, being a very wise girl, thought it best not to say too much, so she only told a little of her story, and the king sent her away putting her under charge of some of his handmaidens. But within a few days the *war* himself said to the king, "The girl is very handsome. Why not marry her?" And the king did so, and called her Dilaram,\* and the fifteen days were completed.

When the wedding was over, the king suddenly bethought himself and said, "This is the day I was to have married the Princess of the Kingdom of Flowers. But no, it has not been so, and it is not so, and now I must go and see the old woman."

So he rode down to the bank of the river and there the old woman was working her spells as usual. "What is your business now?" said he.

"Have patience, O Sir," she answered him. "Fate and Chance have again come to me, and they are talking of the same thing. Listen and you will hear what they say."

And the king listened and heard voices. Fate said "Those two I am going to marry together." "No, no," said Chance. Suddenly Fate cries, "But I have married them."

\* Dilaram—Heart's-ease.

Fig. 1. 1. IN 100. 1. 1.





acutely. Then upon both voices addressed the old woman and said, "You stand umpire between us two! Go at once to the palace and see who of us is right!" And all the time the king was standing with a way off, leaning to the dispute. Then said the woman, "Agreed! I will go, but first let I decide by what means we brought the marriage about."

"I managed it so," said Fate, "I drove a young of that country to a fury when I led him to the chamber in which the Princess was, so she was shut up in a box, so was thrown into the river, and I caught a great fish to sea, went far up, and to bring her to this very lake, and the fish was opened, and the Princess stepped forth to marry the king, and she did marry the king. Go and see for yourself!"

At this moment the king advanced quite close and said, "What tidings to-day, O old woman."

"Only what I have already told you," answered she, "I am now going to the palace to find out particulars."

No more, said Nek Bakhe. "Your prophecy has come true, it is all fulfilled, and the king has married the Princess."

"Really?" said he, "is it really true?"

"Yes," said the king, "it is finished and over this very day."

"Alas, alas!" then said the woman, "I am sorry for it."

"Sorry?" said he. "But where is the cause for sorrow?"

"Alas!" said she again, "I am sorry, because the young king's mother is a sorceress, and so also is that princess. Now that there are two of them, what will become of him?"

So the king turned back more miserable than ever. "I cannot kill my wife," said he to himself, "it would be no use for my mother is also a witch. And as he drew nigh to the city the *zang* met him, and observing his



Isaiah's countenance, asked him the reason. So he told him all his new trouble, and how not only his young son was with it, but his mother also. The *reazir* was grieved to hear the king's story, and said, "This year your mother lived with your father for many a year, and never was seen at the ever heard about, and as for your wife, she's yet to be seen. Well, can she know of it?"

Nevertheless he long believed in the words of the old woman, and going into a chamber apart, he lay down. By-and-by his mother came to him and said, "O son, why are you so sorrowful? Cast your eye on your fair young son, and see how he loves me, and how truly she loves you!"

"Leave me," said he to his mother. "I am not well. To-morrow we shall see."

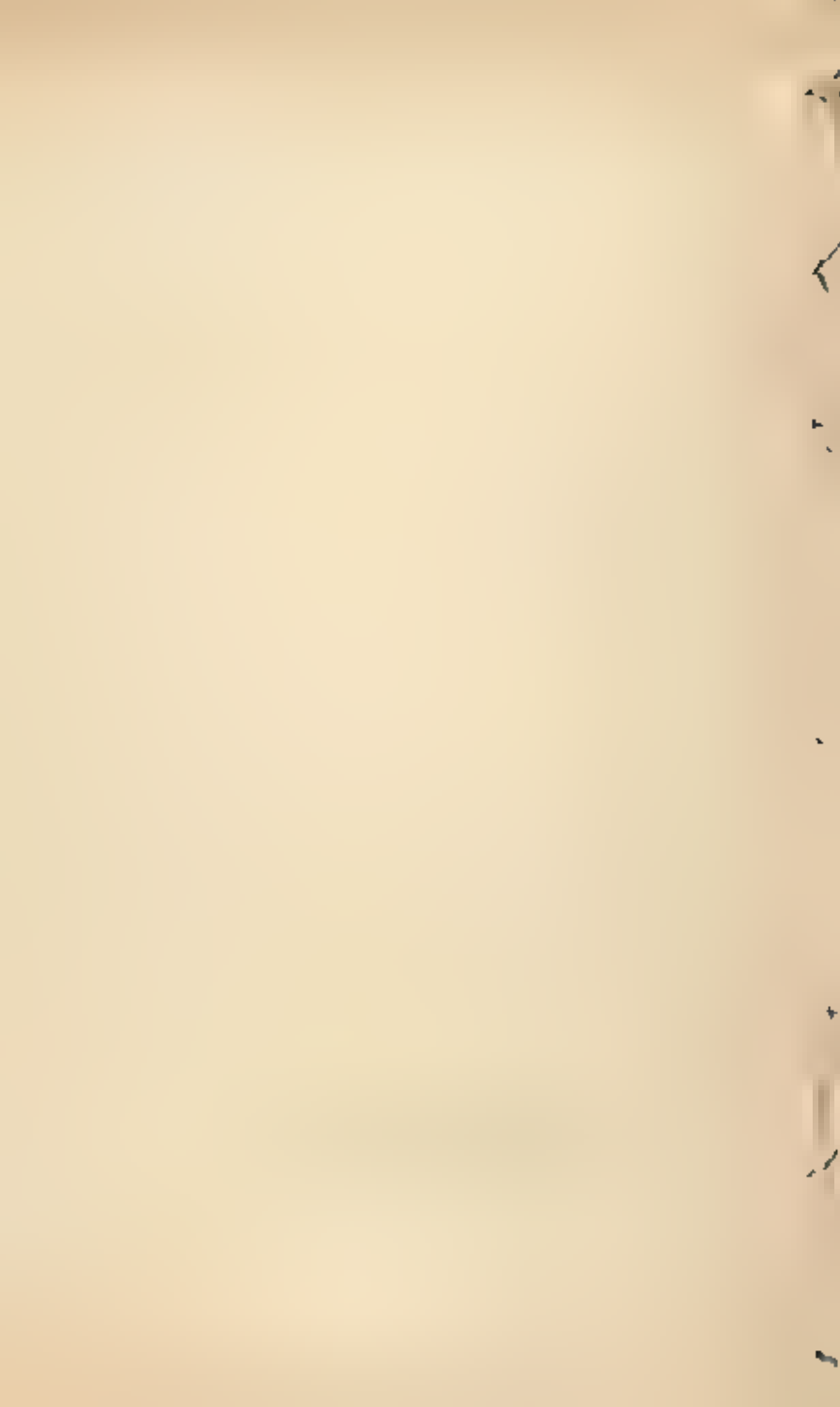
"And will make you well, my son," said his mother. And she left him there. But a little after he looked out, and saw his mother and his wife working spels at a *pipal* tree, and he felt afraid.

Some time passed away, when suddenly the king was minded to ride to the river and bathe. He did so, and found the old woman sitting by the river-side, washing her bundles of dry grass just cut for two of his horses and Chara, were again sitting close with the other. Says Fate, "In a kaggon beyond the seven eyes another process, and in four days Nakh Bani will be here and marry her. Yes, that will happen, says Chara, but in the meanwhile he will have trouble enough."

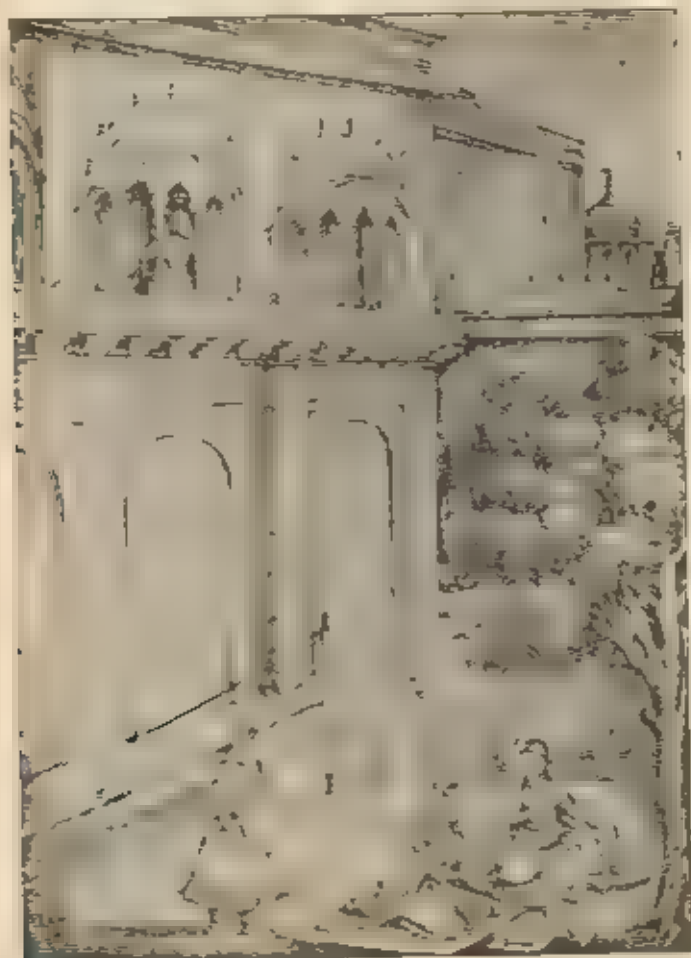
Having heard so much, the king rode to the river and said, "Old woman, what comes of you now?"

He said nothing, answered not, and was only acting the part of a arbiter between the two powers, and sifting the truth from the fust. As for the king, poor man, for him I grieve, for in four days he will be far away and married again, and still he will be vexed by plugging cares."





These words sounded in the ears — the King, the sentence of Death — and so beat him in the way that that he took no heed of his mare, where or how she was



going. And when, in the bazaar, a certain woman bearing two water-pitchers — her head came by — he knocked against her, and as the shock overbalanced her down fell the

patches and the water was wasted. As she was only a poor woman she lost her temper and cried out, 'He is jumping his horse in the street, and he calls himself a king, and yet he does not know the tricks they play in his own house, fine as it is!'

On hearing these words the long woke up and touched bride, but the woman had passed on. She entered a house and opened the door, but the king followed, and said to an attendant, 'Set a mark on that house for me!'. And a mark was set on it that the king might know it again. Then he went on, and the queen said to him and said, 'O king, before, you used to look sorrowful, but to-day the very colour has left your face! What new trouble has come to distress you now?' The king beckoned to the eunuchs to come near to him, and he told him the story of the woman whose ears he had broken and whose water he had spilt. 'Her words were strange,' said he. 'Who made her so hardy to speak against me thus?'

Presently the king again spoke and said, 'Let us both disguise ourselves and say nothing, let us go to her house!'. So both crossed themselves, as *fakirs* do, and garbments of many colours, as skirts and patches, and with bow and staff went forth. The woman took them for men hermits, and said to them, 'Shall I give you a flour, or would you like some cakes?'

'We will have neither,' answered the king, 'but we will just come in and have a smoke, and a talk about something we have in our minds.'

So they entered and as they squatted over the hookah the woman looked at them and at once recognised the king. 'I suppose you have come for explanations,' said she.

'Some women are wiser than others,' answered the king.

'In two days,' said she 'the daughter of the king of a certain land is to be married, and her name is Aziz.'



NEK DANIT KIJING, OR KGI THE DAZAR



With the king of that land your wife and daughter intrigue, and in a moment they can be with him. They go and come the same day. How do they do it? They sit on a *pipal* tree, and the *pipal* tree carries them there and back."

"Can these things be?" said the *wasir*, and the king remembered how he saw both the raa's doing magic to a *pipal* tree hard by the palace, and he said, "That *pipal* tree I know."

"Well," said she, "if you doubt my word, have a hole made in the tree, and sit in it, and you will go too."

Then they went away and no one knew them. And when Nek Bakht got back to the palace, he ordered his wife and mother to remain in their own apartments, and he shut them in. Then he called a cunning carpenter who made a chamber in the tree, and it had a door to it, and when the door was closed, no one could see the difference, for it looked the same as the rest.

Now as soon as the two days were up, he was lying on his bed, when he overheard his wife and mother talking. "The hour has come," said they, "let us start now!"

"Your husband the king is asleep," said the elder queen. "Here, take these magic mustard-seeds, and drop them on the king's breast. They will sprout and the roots will fasten him down."

So Dilaram Begam took the mustard-seeds and went into the chamber where the king was feigning sleep. And she said, "Alas, this is my dear, dear husband, I will not sprinkle his breast with them, but only drop them round the edges of his bed." When she returned, her mother said to her, "Have you done it?"

"Yes, it is done," answered the wife.

"Come along then," said her mother, "first let us bathe and dress, and then go to the *pipal* tree, when by the power of God and magic the *pipal* tree will fly."



Now, when they had gone to the bath, the king arose, and creeping through the branches of the mustard trees



he got to the *pipal* tree first, and entering into the chamber, he closed the door and kept quiet. By and by came the ladies and got on the top of the tree. And they uttered

magic words over a red thread and tied it round the tree. Then they addressed the tree, and said, "By order of God and magic ascend." And the tree, with leaf and branch, and with its roots attached, flew off to the city of the Kingdom over the sea, where it settled in a place outside the gates. Then both mother and wife got down and hastened away. Nek Bakht also opened the door of his chamber and came out and followed them, and he saw that they came for the king's palace which they entered by a secret, and then the door was closed and they were lost to view.

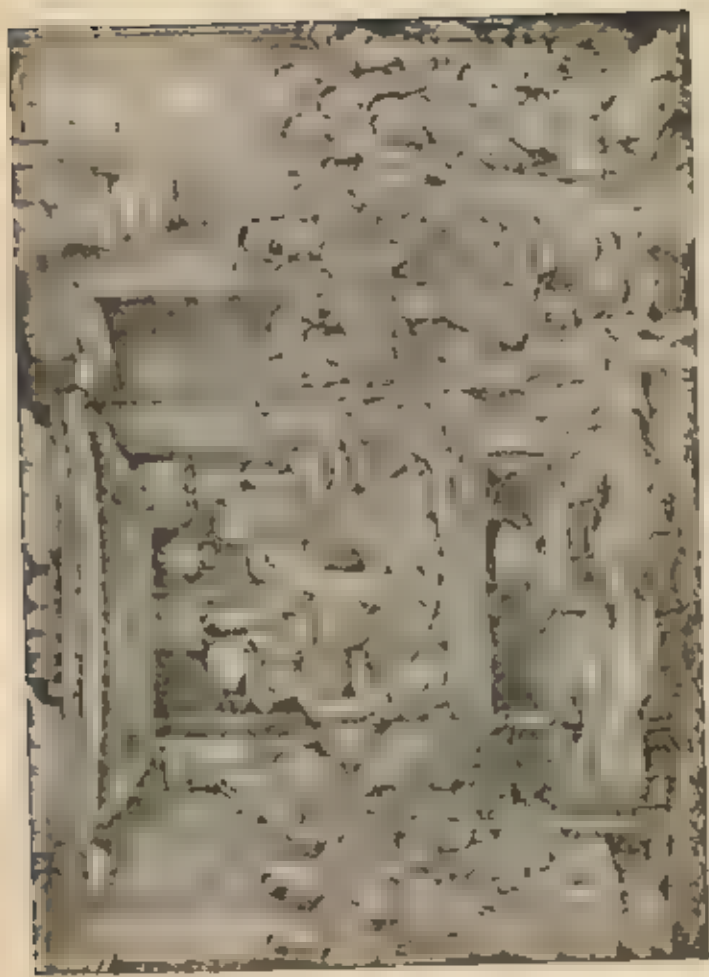
As he stood there awhile, he heard the sound of music and timbrels, and presently a marriage procession swept by. "What wedding is this?" And someone told him it was the wedding of the king's daughter, the Princess Aziz. So he joined himself to the party and passed in with the rest.

Now it so happened that the bridegroom was the ugliest man in the whole world. His party knew well how ugly he was, and that the bride's party would tease him about his ugliness and give him no rest. So they agreed that he should be married by proxy, and that he should not appear at all. "Let us choose out some handsome youth," said they, "to represent him and then he will escape the flouts and the jeers of the girls." And when they looked round and saw Nek Bakht, they all declared for him, and begged him to go through the ceremony, which after much persuasion he at last consented to do, and he looked most handsome, so that none of the courtiers could touch him. The people too were astonished, and they ran and said to the king, "So handsome is the bridegroom that no one can look at him, nay, when he showed himself to the bridesmaids, they all swooned away for very trouble."

This news heard also his mother and his wife, for they

were then with the king and the mother-in-law. "Go, child, and see him. Surely he cannot be more hard some than Nek Bakht!" And the girl went to peep, and she saw them both the bride and the poor bridegroom, going through the ceremony. And she stood and gazed as they trooped their rings into a box of gold, and saw the bridegroom take out his ring and put it on the finger of the bride, and the bride take out her ring and put it on the finger of the bridegroom. And she went back and said "So handsome he is! I had seen the likeness between him and Nek Bakht. The new is the image of the other."

By this time the ceremony was over, and Nek Bakht, having played his part, walked out before king and courtiers and wife and mother, unrecognized and without the counsel of the queen, in determination to hasten to the *pupal tree*. So, turning to the wedding party, "Here, these trappings, I am off!" said he, and, taking with him his wedding garment, he ran to the tree first, and then to the nuptial events. Towards evening came his mother-in-law, the Princess Dilaram, his wife. Nor did they suspect anything, but they got on the top of the tree, as of old, and pronounced the magic words, "By the order of God and magic, ascend!" when at once the tree rose and in a moment reached their home and sank into its own place. Entering the palace, the ladies went to the bath, while the king, escaped to his own room, and forcing his way through the master streets, lay down on his bed and fast asleep. The last thing the queen-mother said, when she returned from the bath, was to get a candle and then she went into the king's room, where she saw with horror that the mustard seeds had been sown on the edges of the bed, and she noticed the opening in the mustard trees through which the king had crept. Going to her daughter, she cried, "A's up! You have





worked foolishness. O how wrong you have been! It was Nek Bakht himself and none other, who was with us at the wedding, for who else in the whole world could face Nek Bakht for beauty?" Then she hastened back again to the king's chamber and peeped through the eaves, scanning her son's appearance and the color of his hands.

"It is only too true," said she when she got back. "All his fingers are red with the stain of the henra. Now, if we do not contrive something he will kill us both."

"O what shall we do?" said the wife.

"There is one way and one only," answered she. "Leave it to me and you will see!"

So she takes water of magic and throws it over the face of her son, so that now he becomes unconscious. And all the time she keeps repeating her magic, and saying, "It is in your hand, disobedient son. Why did you not save the red steel on his chest as I ordered?" So she then takes a silk thread from her hair, and, with her fingers, ties it round her son's ankle, and he turns into a peacock, and they take the peacock and set it loose in the garden.

Some time after this the Queen mother went to the garden and saw, "Where is the king? He must have disappeared again." So she was made for him, but he was not to be found, and the *wasir* governed, thinking he would again return as at the former time.

Now in the kingdom over the sea there was commotion as soon as it was discovered in the morning that the mock bridegroom was not the real bridegroom after all. The ugly prince had not a chance, as the princess spurned him from her and left her begone. Then she looked at the ring on her finger, and saw it was a signet ring engraved with the name of Nek Bakht, and she told the king, who got into a rage and sent messengers everywhere through the world to look for the kingdom of Nek Bakht.

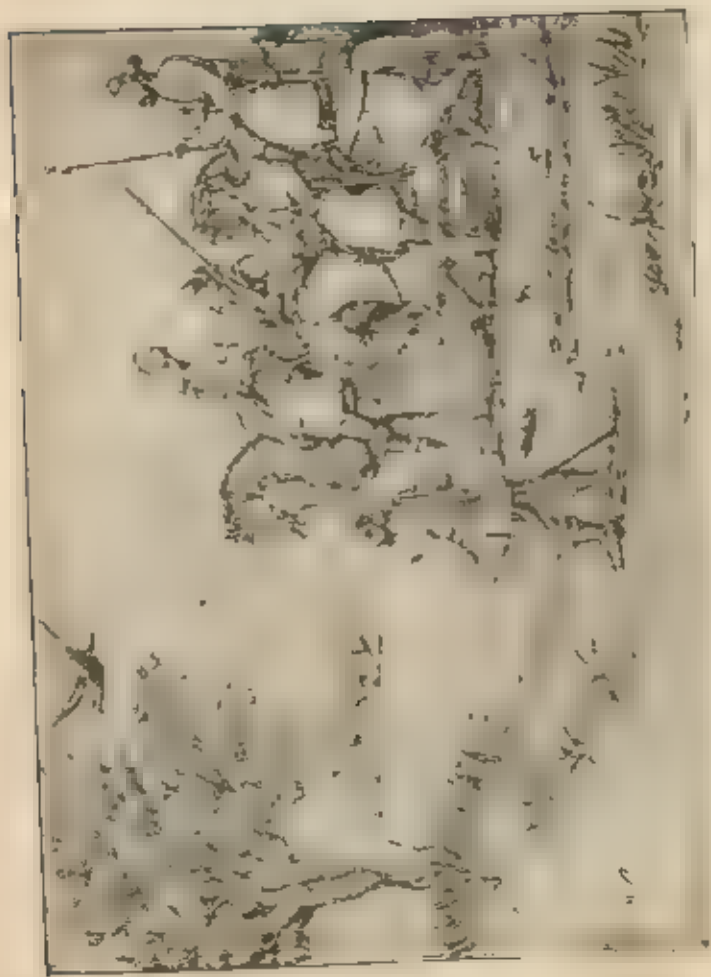
And the messengers set out. But the princess built a large caravanserai and invited merchants from every part to put up there. And over the gateway she built herself a bower in which she dwelt for she hoped by that means to hear all the foreign gossip and to get tidings of the runaway bridegroom. It so happened about that time that a company of merchants visited the capital of Nek Bakht. Before leaving, these people stole the peacock from the king's garden and brought it back with them to the very *serai* in which lived the Princess Aziz, who, when she saw the peacock, gave them their price and bought it, and the bird became her companion. One day when the rain was falling, she carried the peacock to her, and hid it in her lap. As she was caressing it she caught sight of the red thread which bore its fate, and taking a knife she severed it, when next moment the peacock disappeared and she saw Nek Bakht standing before her, no longer a bird, but a man. Then, was she glad and her father ordered general rejoicings and gave Nek Bakht an army and sent him back to his own country. So Nek Bakht set out, taking the bird with him, and so journeyed home.

One evening, as the party was approaching a certain tree, two large white kites were seen wheeling round about them. At first they flew to the tree on which they settled. Then said the princess, 'Do you see these kites? They are your mother and your wife, who by the power of magic have learnt everything that has happened. Give me the order and I will destroy them.'

"How can you destroy them?" said the king.

"Nay, speak the word and I will do it," answered she. "You will see how, and it will save trouble in the end."

So Nek Bakht gave her leave, and she at once changed herself into a black kite, and flew off. Then ensued a fierce encounter between the black kite and the two white



THE THREE KITES.





ones, and in the struggle they came tumbling to the ground, when the king ordered them all three to be killed on the spot, which was at once done by a soldier.

Then the king went home and lived a still more melancholy life than ever. Finding no rest, he again consulted the old witch of the river side, and found Fate and Chance wrangling together as usual. Says Chance: "He will live long." Not so, replies Fate "and moreover he is doomed to die a violent death, which came to pass in an earthquake which swallowed up king, court, and palace, and so ends the story.

*Told by Mullik, of the caste Pa eh, at Hazro, in the  
Rawal Pindi District, Jan. 1881*



THE LOVE STORY OF MIRZA AND SAHIBANU



## THE LOVE STORY OF MIRZA AND SAHIBAH<sup>1</sup>



**I**N a city by the Chenāh, known by the name of Gūl-vāllāh, lived Rāja Khīva of Jhang, whose daughter was called Sāhibōh. By caste he was a Syāl. Up to the age of twelve his

daughter did little else but attend the village school, kept by the kazi at the village mosque, where she learned her lessons. And the man to whom her father had betrothed her was Tah. Khān of the tribe of Chandan.

Away on the banks of the Ravi, dwelt the tribe of the Khattis, among whom there was a certain man of the name of Dadu Khan, who had a son named Mirza. And of all that tribe Mirza's uncle, Ibrahim Khan, was the ruler and chief.

Now Mirza was passionately fond of sport, being reckoned a mighty hunter. He was a roving blade, always on foot or in the saddle, but he was wild and eccentric, and said by the people to be half mad. One day he was away hunting, and exactly at noon he reached the outskirts of

<sup>1</sup> Throughout this story, in deference to my village story-teller, I spell the names exactly as he pronounced them. — K. A. A.

<sup>2</sup> Otherwise the Chenāh.

the town of Jhang Sya. The girl, Sah boh, was then bathing in the river, attended by her sixty maidens, and she said, "How is it that at this hour of the day a horseman comes riding here?" Then she called out to him, saying,

"Oh, rider of the dark-grey mare,  
Why stand you burning there  
Beneath the noon-tide glare?"

And he made answer, saying, —

The sun is the sun of my country too,  
Never shade in my fate can exist,  
My sadness, O Maiden, to-day is with you,  
But the rest let them live as they list."

After this, Mirza said, "I have come far in the sun, give me some water."

The first time he asked her, she answered, "This water is the water of Jhang Sya, it is the water of love and you will not like it."

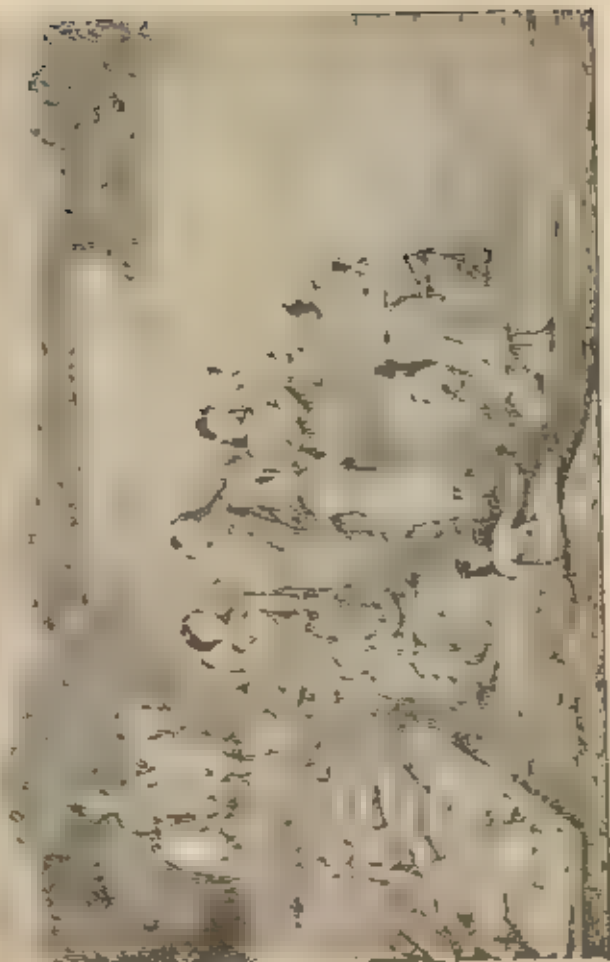
He spoke to her a second time, "Give me some water to drink!"

And the second time she answered, "This water is the water of Jhang Sya, it is the water of love, and you will not like it!"

Then said he, —

"What brings twin spirits face to face  
Sure, Fate alone can bring;  
We eat and drink just as we please  
But God controls the string,  
By Rîv's bangs I drew my breath,  
O womens' hearts beware!  
No lover dreads the dart of death,  
Though his grave be yawning there!"

Then said Sahiboh to one of her companions, "Go you and take him some water! The girl filled a brass vessel and took it but her thumb was in the water as she carried







it, and when he saw that, Mirza said, "Your thumb is in the water, I cannot drink it!"

The girl went back and repeated that speech to Sahiboh. Then said Sahiboh to another girl, 'You take him some water, but hold the lotab on your palm!' The girl took it, but a whirlwind swept among, and threw dust and seeds of grass into the vessel. And Mirza said, 'I cannot drink it. This water is full of dust and seeds of grass.'

The girl went back to Sahiboh and threw down the vessel, saying, "The man says that unless Sahiboh herself gives him to drink, he will die standing where he is."

Then said Sahiboh,—

O you, with your mare so glossy and grey  
And your necklet of amber flowers,  
With your quiver of arrows so green and so gay  
And the pearls dropping from your shoulders!  
Have you heard of our khans—men in grey are they?  
And I bid you beware,  
Lest they come for your mare!  
Better drink, if you're wise, and go on your way

And Mirza answered thus,—

"My mare has been lost from Khiva's banks they strayed,  
And for your own Chen: you took her away!  
I looked both east and west but still I cried,  
To Khiva's town I come, for that alone is left  
Of Daulat Khan I am both son and heir  
And Mirza is the name they call me there  
But what my crime O matchless Maiden say  
That Khiva's khans should take my mare away?"

Then Sahiboh carried the water and gave it to him herself. And when he had drunk, she took the bride, and she said to her friends, "You go on with your bathing, and I will show the traveller the road." So she went along with him through the jungle and taking him to a *jhund* tree

\* An *anqa* (*Pr. an Sp. an*), sacred marriage betwixt which a spring from it is commonly called by the name of *anqa*. The *anqa* tree is therefore considered as a form of marriage betwixt Mirza and Sahiboh.

she said, 'Get down from your horse please.' And, when he had dismounted they both sat down in the cool shadow, and they were talking and talking and talking, until at last evening surprised them, and Mirza said to himself, 'It is dusk, and I have far to get back to my home.' She tried to detain him, saying, 'It is now too late, stay be my guest!' But he said to her, "With a few days I will come again," and so he mounted his mare, and galloped away.

Ten days had well-nigh passed when, starting once more, he came to Jhang Sad, and round the town he went, looking for his beloved. But he could find none. So he went to the house of an old woman, and, tying up his horse, there he rested. Then said he to the woman, "Come and show me the place where Sâhibôh lives."

"No," answered the woman, "stay you here! First I will go to Sâhibôh and tell her you have come, and ask her if I may bring you there or not?"

"If she ask you who has come," said Mirza, "say it is her cousin, the son of her mother's sister."

So the old woman started off, going to the house of Sâhibôh to whom she gave the message, and Sâhibôh said, "Where has he come from?"

"He says he comes from the Ravi," answered the woman, "and he says he is sent to your mother's sister."

Then said the girl, "Go back and find out if that is really so, and bring him—bring him quickly—bring him quietly here!"

So back the old woman went to Mirza, and she said no more. But said he to her, "What about my arms and my horse?"

"Bring them," answered she, and so he did. But Sâhibôh had ordered that he was to be kept outside for a while, and to her mother she spoke, discussing her mind, —

Friendship is Mother with men  
 And close to the heart a throe!  
 So lovers wear their love  
 As trees bear the falling snow.  
 What sees the earth will most  
 It cries for the stars of heaven  
 And the kneaded bread cries out  
 To season and sweeten the roven.  
 As the holes in a star as the stars above,  
 So many in number the passions have.

"O daughter," answered her mother, "for twenty years you have been learning from the priest. You have been promised to the tribe of Chaudan, who number twelve thousand men, and what strange thing is this you are peering about? It is a bad word and a wrong one, that you are saying, my child. God forbid that it should be so!"

Now all the time Mirza was standing in the street, watching her through some sticks of fuel as she sat winding her thread on the top of the mouse. In the enclosure below the mother was sweeping up the dust, and suddenly, looking up, she caught sight of him peeping and it seemed to her that his eyes burned like coals in his face. So she put down her broom and came out to the street, and at once she recognised him as her sister's son, for she had heard tell of his beauty and his famous grey mare. Now Mirza's mother, she herself had been a girl of Jhang Sial, so she said to him, "Why should the son live in the village of his mother's father? What peeping are you? But your eyes are peering eyes—eyes that are busy eyes and covetous eyes—eyes quick to pounce inwardly calculating, outwardly too cunning to betray the secrets behind the—What, the old murder have you forgotten?" Then she bade him enter.

Now in the courtyard there was a mango-tree and under it she set a cot and told him to sit down. Then she went away, and Sahibob came down and sat with him and talked. In the afternoon the mother came back, and with

her eyes she gave signs to her daughter to lead him below since her father and brothers would be coming in from the fields. At this Mirza saw and understood, and rose once. As he was mounting, Sakinah caught hold of him, saying, 'You are my guest. I will beat you somewhere but stay you must!'

But he, supposing that already the girls of the court must be talking about them, said, 'For your own sake I go out with my two boys I will come again!' So, though she pined and awoke, a marriage and end of it. And from the household she was dismissed as one, as he was in sight. Then she forced up her maid and down she went into the court, taking her spinning with her, and her mirror.

O Mirza Khân, how I sent you away,  
You with much wealth is left for me  
Wait, now left to the hope or to see  
What my good wishes truly ply,  
As I sit alone by a shady tree,  
As he stands by the river's rocky tree.

My little mother I run to my side,  
Come, sing me a ditty song, to me  
So I sing it strong but in the eye  
The name of Mirza's in the rhyme.

O Mirza Khân, O Mirza Khân,  
Ease to the smart,  
Peace to the heart,  
Comes with the name of Mirza Khân!

Then, overpowered with grief, she fainted away. Many were the doctors who were summoned, but none could understand her complaint. Lastly came the priests, who taught her her lessons, and he fed her pulse. Never before could he take this thirty much as he wished, being in love with her himself but now he could and did, and he said to her mother, 'An evil spirit has frightened her, yea, one of the great demons!'

"Spend what you please on medicine," said the mother.  
 "This kind cannot be driven out under four hundred rupees," said the priest.

"Spend anything you like," said she, "only cure her!"

"Well," said the priest, "the hour is past for a cure to-day. It is too late! But to-morrow something may be done!"

But to himself he was saying, 'To-day she was ready with her four hundred rupees. To-morrow she may give eight hundred. And he went away home. But he was unable to sleep, vexed that he had not taken the four hundred rupees. The night was as long as a year to him. In his concern he rose at midnight instead of at dawn, and cried the *thang*,<sup>1</sup> and the grooms of the place all got up and came to the mosque for their matin-prayers. A long time kept he then writing, and even, when at last he came, it was still too early. And when he opened school his mind was in such a state, thinking of the four hundred rupees, that he taught the wrong lessons, and always his eyes kept wandering to the door, and he was saying to himself, 'Now someone will come! and ever and again, "Surely now someone will come to take me to Sâhibâh's house!"'

Now, by the morning, Sahibâh had recovered, and she got ready to go to the mosque for her lessons, and as she was washing her hands she said to her mother,—

"In the river Chenâb I was bathing, mother,  
 And O how my heart was quaking!"

Then came to her Mirza in shewed her to her mother,  
 A veil from before him taking!—

If you are my mother, O keep my *purdâ*!"<sup>2</sup>

So saying, she went to the mosque. But when the priest saw her coming, he got frantic with rage, thinking,

<sup>1</sup> The Muezzin.

<sup>2</sup> Keep my secret. The *purdâ* = the curtain keeping off the secret of women's quarters of the house. It is also the mantle which hides the face.

"What was the matter with the woman yesterday that she said to me so with a day? I have lost my four hundred rupees. Then she has to ask children, 'what are you doing and what Sabitah was whether she knows her lessons or not?'" Harey had she entered when she noticed his anger and expected her beating. But, thought she to herself, "I can save myself if I can not give him a hint that Mirza Khan is my friend." So she said to him,

We have been here for a long time, O Master! I am  
 Not yet able to learn the lessons of the day!  
 A teacher is not a power to beat the poor!  
 I am not able to learn the lessons of the day!  
 And we are all with you, with you, with you!  
 To praises ever listening, love arose!  
 In that hour, the heart of the poor was  
 In the heart of the poor, the heart of the poor.

Then the Kazi steps up in a hurry, he is trying to tell his father-in-law, he is going to Sabitah's. So the father-in-law is not able to say anything to her mother, "O Mother! Sabitah will not learn!"

"O priest," answered she, "what are you? why will she not learn?"

"She is in love with Mirza Khan," said he. "Some day you will be thinking this love has been arranged about by me, for, mark my words, she will not remain in your house. Today, or tomorrow she will be off with him!"

"O Kazi," said her mother, "save me now and go. When she comes home, I'll give her a good dressing."

So the priest went away, and when Sabitah came in for dinner was waiting the oven and having the oven-stick in her hand, she gave her daughter several strokes on the back, and the girl answered, "I have checked Mirza Khan from coming to our street, and yet you, my own mother, even you must taunt me! Two have been learning

the same lesson, and into the very marrow the lesson has sunk. But if you are my mother, O keep my purdah!

Time passed, and Mirza came riding over again, but, fearing scandal, he thinks to himself, "It is best not to go to the house." So he rides on to the shop of an apothecary, near which were assembled a number of people, and he stands looking on.

Now that very day Sahibah had opened out her hair, and she said to her mother, "Go please, Mother, and bring me some oil for my hair, for I feel ashamed to go out like this!"

"I am old," answered her mother, "Go, bring it yourself!"

So she took a little vessel, and, with her hair all loose, she went for the oil herself. There, at the shop of the apothecary, stood Mirza Khan on his mare, and she saw him, and when Mirza saw her, he said to the apothecary, "What do you make by your sales?"

"Four or five rupees a day," answered the man.

"Take ten rupees," said Mirza, "and give me up the shop to myself, and let me bargain with this man." So he sat in the shop and received her there, and the apothecary locked the door and went away. Towards evening the man came back, and he opened the door and said, "It is late now, therefore go away home." So Sahibah went home, and home also went Mirza. But when Sahibah reached her house, her mother beat her again, saying, "It was morning when you went for the oil—where have you been all these hours?"

"You sent me out for oil," answered she, "and I went to the shop of the apothecary. Three men were there, one a Brahmin, and the other two Jats." But they knew not

\* *Qa'ad* is among the Hindis. All these dark figures of speech are in verse. Though common in current and well understood by the people, they are not explainable in English.



how to balance the scales, or to weigh out the silk, and so I made bargains for them. After this, I saw Mirza



SCENE AT BAHADUR'S GARDEN LODGE.

Khan playing. Oh I bought not but we was there and there in abundance!"

Now Mirzā had promised to come again after three or four days to a certain private place outside the town, where Sabibah had a garden-bridge. And Sabibah being an only daughter, her father was fond of her, and he let her go there, only saying to her, "The place is outside the town and not over safe. Take therefore with you just sixty playmates for company." So away they all went, and the time came and Mirza did not appear. Now she had swung swings from the boughs of the trees, and so at first she was glad expecting him, but now she was sorry, seeing that he was some days behind his time. At last on the fifth day he came and she saw him coming and turned her back. Mirza Khan supposing she had not seen him, came in front of her, but again she turned her back. He was puzzled but thinking again to himself, "Perhaps she has not seen me," he came in front of her again and again she turned her back to him. Then said he to himself, "O she is angry with me," and, so thinking, he turned his horse's head as if for home. When he had gone some way however, he said to himself,

But I never asked her why she is angry. So he retraced his steps, but she turned her back on him again. Then spoke he to her and said.—

"If Khusrow the King's trees are green  
A forest with many a tree on the side  
Are tied to the King's trees to the ground  
Where the King's trees are pressed in the ground  
But Khusrow's daughter looks herself  
With her eyes on the King's trees."

(O Khusrow, deign not to force your *haidar*

One glance to throw me!

I look at me just as I am, and I am not

Do you not know me?"

\* *F.D.* is here again pointing out that the King's trees are green, and the King's daughter is very handsome and brave, some may say, but I shall not say.

Saying this, he turned his horse's head away once more. Then thought Sahib to herself, "Now he is going in earnest" and she made a bound and caught hold of his horse's bridle for, thought she, "he will never come back any more." And she said to him,

"I bore in my hand a basin of curds,\*  
And went to the river;  
My tresses I washed in the rush of the river  
Framing the words,  
Using the curds,  
Then the river rose on and the curds were all gone  
But love lives forever and ever.  
O take your knife and cut my arm,  
Nor deem that I shall feel the pain,  
Then shall I know no blood can flow  
So full of love's my every vein!"

"And now come in," said she, "and see my house" and she took him through the garden and into the pavilion, which they entered, and he thought "It will be wonderful if I escape the eyes of so many girls." Thinking of the danger of discovery, and fearing to stay too long, he said to her, "Now show me over the house!"

And Sahib took him by the hand, and she led him in saying, "Come I will go with you myself." But soon one of the maids met them, and, addressing Mirza, she said,

"Thou stranger Youth so tall, so slim, so straight,  
What business brings you to my lady's gate?  
I look elsewhere than this: this faring is bespoken  
With a lost thou an anguished maid, and a heart broken?"

Mirza Khán felt vexed at the words of the girl, and he answered her,—

\* Curds are used by the Punjab women for washing the hair.





"No one can cross another's path unless  
 By *Kismet* driven. Ours is the bread and ours  
 The cup of drought, to leave or take at will.  
 But only thou thyself can hold the string  
 Does trouble ask before it dares to cross  
 Or leave request scarce it needs the master.  
 And, if my *love* has bound me wrist and waist  
 Will Love consent to loose, and set me free?"

Then said he to Sahibah, "Now let me go!"

"You told me to have the house made ready," said she.  
 "For you I have had it prepared, but for you to stay, not  
 that you should come and leave again so soon!"

Then Mirza thinking to himself "What is best to be  
 done?" sat down again, and all the maidens in the place  
 flocked round about him, and Sahibah said to them: "Is  
 there anyone in the whole world to compare with this  
 man?"

"He is so fair," answered they, "he is so delicately made,  
 that you can see the water as it trickles down his throat."

And they were all delighted at his coming, and begged  
 him to remain. And he looked round on them all, but  
 wherever he looked, his eyes always came back to Sahibah.

That night Sahibah kept him with her, and all the next  
 long she and her handmaids sat up to admire him.

Now in the morning Sahibah's mother went to him and  
 warned him, saying, "O Mirza Khan, be it known to you  
 that my daughter has been promised and betrothed in a  
 very great tribe! Stay here, if you like, for a few days, but  
 after that be gone, and take care never to come after Sahibah  
 again, lest the tribe come down and sack the town!" And  
 to her daughter she said, "Now, go you to your books!"

And Mirza said to Sahibah's mother, "For fifteen days  
 I have learnt nothing. Let me go to the mosque and  
 learn too!"

Now the priest kept his boys outside the mosque, while

the girls sat within. So the woman answered, "Yes, you go too, but sit with the boys, don't go out with the girls!"

So Mirza went to the school and sat outside among the boys, and he said to the priest "You teach all the boys of your village, I am a stranger. May I you teach me too?"

Then the priest came to him and said, "What street are you?"

"I came from the Ravi," answered he "I am a new-comer of Khirka Kuti. Teach me quickly, I pray you."

And the priest said to Mirza Khan, "Look over all you have learnt before, and when you can say it by heart, I will give you something else." So, first uttering the name of God, Mirza began, and kept on repeating "Sahiboh Syah Sahiboh Syah." The priest, hearing him uttering these words, was astonished and he said to himself, "What gloriously has this fellow got hold of!"

While all this was going on, the girls within the school were calling out, "Priest, priest, come and give us our lessons." But Mirza said to him, "No, do give me my lesson first, before you go." And when the priest went in, taking some badman and came to his school, he first called up Sahiboh, and to her he said, "Now let me have your lesson!"

Now this priest had a stick for the boys, but for the girls he kept a whip. So when Sahiboh answered him "In the name of God, Mirza Khan, Kharra, of the Ravi! Mirza Kharin, Kharra of the Ravi!" the priest cried out, "What are you doing you mad-capt? For twelve years I have taught you, and what stuff is this you are gibbering?"

"Am I not saying my lesson?" said the girl. "Only that I remember, and that only I repeat. I am not saying anything strange, am I?"

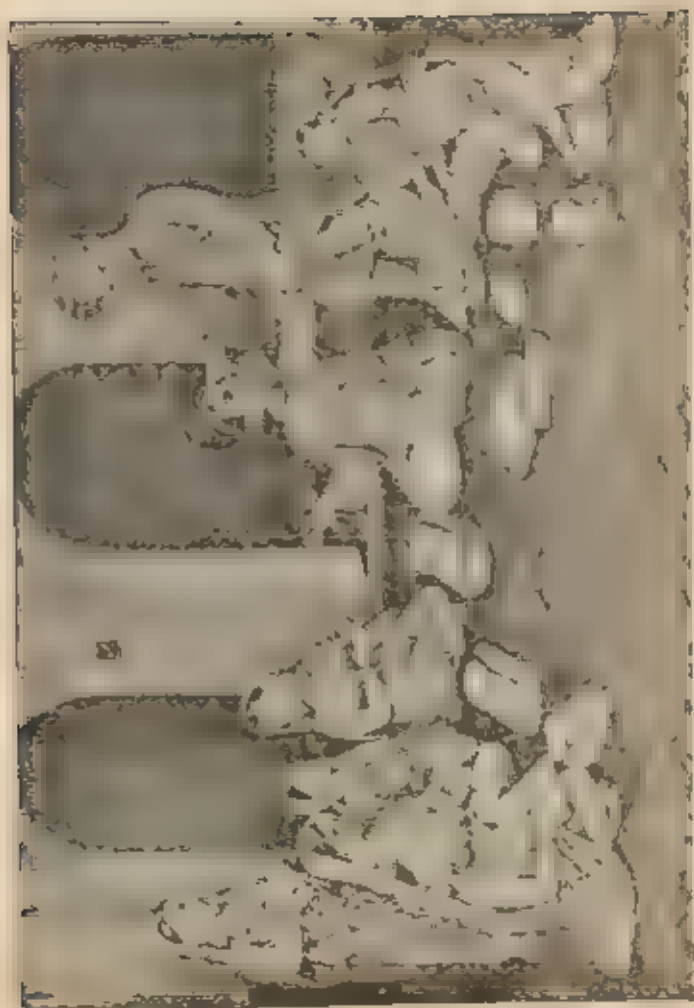


Figure 1. A large, dark, textured object, possibly a fossil or a piece of ancient pottery, resting on a light-colored surface.





Then the priest caught her one crack with his whip, and he hit her again, and then he hit her a third time, when, with a bound, he sprang Mirza, and, seizing him, hurled him out of the door. All the pupils were astonished and they wondered, saying among themselves, "What has this farmer of a fellow done to our priest? He has thrown him out and so belaboured him, that half his breath is out of his body." Then they tried a rescue, but Mirza said, "No, no, why should I do so? He has been beating one of the girls as if she had been his wife."

"She is not my wife," answered the priest, "no, but she is my pupil, and has been so for twelve long years."

"True," said Mirza, "you have beaten your pupil. But is there any reason for beating me too?"

"I am," cried the children. "Who has beaten you?"

"I am telling you, am I?" said Mirza, and showing up his jacket he showed them the three livid marks of the whip along his bare back. So all began to say, "This priest has beaten the girl, but the lad has the marks. How is this? Ah, it is some love-affair!"

After these things, the priest made up his mind what to do, and writing a letter he sent it secretly to Tata Khan, and the words of the letter were, "Mirza Khia is in love with your betrothed, and will take her away. Get ready your wedding party, and in eight days come and marry her. Take heed to yourselves! Otherwise he will carry her off." Then he went to the girl's father, Khiva Khan, and told him too, saying, "Such is the state of affairs, and these things occurred at the mosque."

Then Khiva and the girl's mother took Mirza, and said to him, "You are a Kharral, we are Syals. We cannot mate ourselves with you, and besides the girl is already promised. So go away home, and do not come any more." Thus Mirza was dismissed from Jhang Syal, and mounting his



And Sahiboh thought to herself, "My love is away at the Rav, and the priest is plundering like this!

Then the priest turned another leaf, and said, "From death Sahiboh is set free. She has been stung by a bitter sting. Five tons of flour with five buffaloes in the name of God give to the priest!")

Again Sahiboh thought within herself, "My love is away at the Rav. I will go to my mother myself, and she shall know my complaint. And to her mother she said, "When you sent me to the bazaar for oil, did I not tell you they knew not how to add the scales, or to weigh out the sack? Instead of selling honey, they measured out love. Generally people, when they cry, cry tears, but lovers cry blood. With what lance has Mirza struck me through, that in my veins no blood is left remaining. Either let Mirza come and see me, or to-day I die!"

Then her mother grew very angry. "Doe thou see, when will you learn your duty?" And she so wrote a note to the tribe of the Chandans, bidding them come at once and take her daughter away. And in these words it was she wrote to them—"The daughter of Khiva Sahiboh, Taha Khan's betrothed. Come and take your daughter. Ask peace from God!"

Then Sahiboh also wrote a letter, and she put it in a little box, and she launched the box on the river, so that it might float away to her lover. And thus she wrote to him,— "A letter Sahiboh has written to Mirza Khan. If you are sitting, rise, if you are standing, come quickly. Taha Khan's wedding-party is coming with numbers of men. No footmen are to be seen—all are riding on horses. I wish have to go to the Chandan and then what will you do?"

Now Mirza Khan was so stricken as to be ill, and in grief

of heart he had gone waking to the river. "I will go to the river," said he, "I will drink of the water of the stream which flows down from Sahiboh, and that will console me."

So he had his cot laid by the river-side, and there he sat, and on a day, as he lay, he saw a basket coming floating down the stream. In wonder about it, he sent out a servant to fetch it, and when it was brought on to him, he saw therein a lock and in the lock a key. So he opened the box, and found the letter within. "What's this?" cried he, and he read it all over. Then went he to the Khan, his uncle, and threw the letter and his turban down on the carpet before him. The Khan's face red, and to the people he said, "Take up my nephew's turban, and put it again on his head."

"Nay," said Mirza, "not until you promise me you will go against the Syāls!"

"They are stronger than I," these people answered him once, "Take from me money, as much as you please, take, if you like, the weight of the girl's gold, but I cannot go fight against the Syāls."

Still he persisted, Mirza Khan refusing to don his turban, until the Khan became sorrowful, and going up to him, he put on him his turban himself, saying to him—

"O nephew, brave men are always at hand.  
They master in swarms on the banks of the Rāy.  
The river Rāy is a river of love,  
And ever it fills you with the odour thereof.  
Sahib Syāl's a turtle of gold.  
And you my nephews are a golden peacock.  
The people of the Rāy shall meet the Syāls.  
They shall fight and overcome (I trust) so great's their strength.  
So long as I Ibrāhīm Khan am alive  
Who shall dare to take Sahiboh away?"

But when the mother of Mirza heard of this arrangement, she took away her son's horse and his arms, and gave orders on him not to stir abroad, but to remain at home.

And to Ibrahim Khān she said, "For mercy's sake, do not give him this help! Give him the prettiest girl of the tribe, but never go to Jhang Syāl."

Then were numbers of damsels, the love-vest of the tribe, brought before Mirza, with a dancing girl or two to divert him, but he could not be induced to regard them, or even to look at them, but he turned to his friends, and said, "Sāhibōh only do I praise, Sāhibōh alone will I marry, nor shall I marry any one else who is not her very counterpart. Sāhibōh's daughter to Kāvā Rājā. She was born on a Tuesday—one year old was she and she drank her mother's milk (for the last time), when two years old she was clad in lovely garments, when four years old she wore her bangles, when six years old she went running among her girl-companions, when eight years old she began to step on her toes, when ten years old she walked so as to be heard, when eleven she began to develop strength as a young buffalo runs up a hill, at twelve she was the complete woman, and looked bright as a polished keen-edge sword. And when she was a woman, all the young kins began to take note of her beauty and made haste to win her.—

"In points like twisted snakes, low hangs her hair,  
Her brow is like the moon—curved as the point  
Of Hosar's scimitar her well-cut nose  
How I lack her eyebrows—oh, they terrify  
Like serpents and her smiles preter the heart!"

(O, beautiful is Sāhibōh!)

Handfuls of rings adorn her ears, they light  
Like pairs of rival starlings' dearest hues  
Of asturne are her dazzling teeth—sweet hard  
What master's cunning fingers tash need them?

(O, beautiful is Sāhibōh!)

\* *Sāhibah*—a noble (gentleman's) bride

Oh, how the fragrant be-<sup>1</sup> that and thin  
 Her fragrant <sup>2</sup> for, <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup> <sup>11</sup> <sup>12</sup> <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup> <sup>21</sup> <sup>22</sup> <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> <sup>30</sup> <sup>31</sup> <sup>32</sup> <sup>33</sup> <sup>34</sup> <sup>35</sup> <sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> <sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> <sup>40</sup> <sup>41</sup> <sup>42</sup> <sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup> <sup>51</sup> <sup>52</sup> <sup>53</sup> <sup>54</sup> <sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> <sup>57</sup> <sup>58</sup> <sup>59</sup> <sup>60</sup> <sup>61</sup> <sup>62</sup> <sup>63</sup> <sup>64</sup> <sup>65</sup> <sup>66</sup> <sup>67</sup> <sup>68</sup> <sup>69</sup> <sup>70</sup> <sup>71</sup> <sup>72</sup> <sup>73</sup> <sup>74</sup> <sup>75</sup> <sup>76</sup> <sup>77</sup> <sup>78</sup> <sup>79</sup> <sup>80</sup> <sup>81</sup> <sup>82</sup> <sup>83</sup> <sup>84</sup> <sup>85</sup> <sup>86</sup> <sup>87</sup> <sup>88</sup> <sup>89</sup> <sup>90</sup> <sup>91</sup> <sup>92</sup> <sup>93</sup> <sup>94</sup> <sup>95</sup> <sup>96</sup> <sup>97</sup> <sup>98</sup> <sup>99</sup> <sup>100</sup> <sup>101</sup> <sup>102</sup> <sup>103</sup> <sup>104</sup> <sup>105</sup> <sup>106</sup> <sup>107</sup> <sup>108</sup> <sup>109</sup> <sup>110</sup> <sup>111</sup> <sup>112</sup> <sup>113</sup> <sup>114</sup> <sup>115</sup> <sup>116</sup> <sup>117</sup> <sup>118</sup> <sup>119</sup> <sup>120</sup> <sup>121</sup> <sup>122</sup> <sup>123</sup> <sup>124</sup> <sup>125</sup> <sup>126</sup> <sup>127</sup> <sup>128</sup> <sup>129</sup> <sup>130</sup> <sup>131</sup> <sup>132</sup> <sup>133</sup> <sup>134</sup> <sup>135</sup> <sup>136</sup> <sup>137</sup> <sup>138</sup> <sup>139</sup> <sup>140</sup> <sup>141</sup> <sup>142</sup> <sup>143</sup> <sup>144</sup> <sup>145</sup> <sup>146</sup> <sup>147</sup> <sup>148</sup> <sup>149</sup> <sup>150</sup> <sup>151</sup> <sup>152</sup> <sup>153</sup> <sup>154</sup> <sup>155</sup> <sup>156</sup> <sup>157</sup> <sup>158</sup> <sup>159</sup> <sup>160</sup> <sup>161</sup> <sup>162</sup> <sup>163</sup> <sup>164</sup> <sup>165</sup> <sup>166</sup> <sup>167</sup> <sup>168</sup> <sup>169</sup> <sup>170</sup> <sup>171</sup> <sup>172</sup> <sup>173</sup> <sup>174</sup> <sup>175</sup> <sup>176</sup> <sup>177</sup> <sup>178</sup> <sup>179</sup> <sup>180</sup> <sup>181</sup> <sup>182</sup> <sup>183</sup> <sup>184</sup> <sup>185</sup> <sup>186</sup> <sup>187</sup> <sup>188</sup> <sup>189</sup> <sup>190</sup> <sup>191</sup> <sup>192</sup> <sup>193</sup> <sup>194</sup> <sup>195</sup> <sup>196</sup> <sup>197</sup> <sup>198</sup> <sup>199</sup> <sup>200</sup> <sup>201</sup> <sup>202</sup> <sup>203</sup> <sup>204</sup> <sup>205</sup> <sup>206</sup> <sup>207</sup> <sup>208</sup> <sup>209</sup> <sup>210</sup> <sup>211</sup> <sup>212</sup> <sup>213</sup> <sup>214</sup> <sup>215</sup> <sup>216</sup> <sup>217</sup> <sup>218</sup> <sup>219</sup> <sup>220</sup> <sup>221</sup> <sup>222</sup> <sup>223</sup> <sup>224</sup> <sup>225</sup> <sup>226</sup> <sup>227</sup> <sup>228</sup> <sup>229</sup> <sup>230</sup> <sup>231</sup> <sup>232</sup> <sup>233</sup> <sup>234</sup> <sup>235</sup> <sup>236</sup> <sup>237</sup> <sup>238</sup> <sup>239</sup> <sup>240</sup> <sup>241</sup> <sup>242</sup> <sup>243</sup> <sup>244</sup> <sup>245</sup> <sup>246</sup> <sup>247</sup> <sup>248</sup> <sup>249</sup> <sup>250</sup> <sup>251</sup> <sup>252</sup> <sup>253</sup> <sup>254</sup> <sup>255</sup> <sup>256</sup> <sup>257</sup> <sup>258</sup> <sup>259</sup> <sup>260</sup> <sup>261</sup> <sup>262</sup> <sup>263</sup> <sup>264</sup> <sup>265</sup> <sup>266</sup> <sup>267</sup> <sup>268</sup> <sup>269</sup> <sup>270</sup> <sup>271</sup> <sup>272</sup> <sup>273</sup> <sup>274</sup> <sup>275</sup> <sup>276</sup> <sup>277</sup> <sup>278</sup> <sup>279</sup> <sup>280</sup> <sup>281</sup> <sup>282</sup> <sup>283</sup> <sup>284</sup> <sup>285</sup> <sup>286</sup> <sup>287</sup> <sup>288</sup> <sup>289</sup> <sup>290</sup> <sup>291</sup> <sup>292</sup> <sup>293</sup> <sup>294</sup> <sup>295</sup> <sup>296</sup> <sup>297</sup> <sup>298</sup> <sup>299</sup> <sup>300</sup> <sup>301</sup> <sup>302</sup> <sup>303</sup> <sup>304</sup> <sup>305</sup> <sup>306</sup> <sup>307</sup> <sup>308</sup> <sup>309</sup> <sup>310</sup> <sup>311</sup> <sup>312</sup> <sup>313</sup> <sup>314</sup> <sup>315</sup> <sup>316</sup> <sup>317</sup> <sup>318</sup> <sup>319</sup> <sup>320</sup> <sup>321</sup> <sup>322</sup> <sup>323</sup> <sup>324</sup> <sup>325</sup> <sup>326</sup> <sup>327</sup> <sup>328</sup> <sup>329</sup> <sup>330</sup> <sup>331</sup> <sup>332</sup> <sup>333</sup> <sup>334</sup> <sup>335</sup> <sup>336</sup> <sup>337</sup> <sup>338</sup> <sup>339</sup> <sup>340</sup> <sup>341</sup> <sup>342</sup> <sup>343</sup> <sup>344</sup> <sup>345</sup> <sup>346</sup> <sup>347</sup> <sup>348</sup> <sup>349</sup> <sup>350</sup> <sup>351</sup> <sup>352</sup> <sup>353</sup> <sup>354</sup> <sup>355</sup> <sup>356</sup> <sup>357</sup> <sup>358</sup> <sup>359</sup> <sup>360</sup> <sup>361</sup> <sup>362</sup> <sup>363</sup> <sup>364</sup> <sup>365</sup> <sup>366</sup> <sup>367</sup> <sup>368</sup> <sup>369</sup> <sup>370</sup> <sup>371</sup> <sup>372</sup> <sup>373</sup> <sup>374</sup> <sup>375</sup> <sup>376</sup> <sup>377</sup> <sup>378</sup> <sup>379</sup> <sup>380</sup> <sup>381</sup> <sup>382</sup> <sup>383</sup> <sup>384</sup> <sup>385</sup> <sup>386</sup> <sup>387</sup> <sup>388</sup> <sup>389</sup> <sup>390</sup> <sup>391</sup> <sup>392</sup> <sup>393</sup> <sup>394</sup> <sup>395</sup> <sup>396</sup> <sup>397</sup> <sup>398</sup> <sup>399</sup> <sup>400</sup> <sup>401</sup> <sup>402</sup> <sup>403</sup> <sup>404</sup> <sup>405</sup> <sup>406</sup> <sup>407</sup> <sup>408</sup> <sup>409</sup> <sup>410</sup> <sup>411</sup> <sup>412</sup> <sup>413</sup> <sup>414</sup> <sup>415</sup> <sup>416</sup> <sup>417</sup> <sup>418</sup> <sup>419</sup> <sup>420</sup> <sup>421</sup> <sup>422</sup> <sup>423</sup> <sup>424</sup> <sup>425</sup> <sup>426</sup> <sup>427</sup> <sup>428</sup> <sup>429</sup> <sup>430</sup> <sup>431</sup> <sup>432</sup> <sup>433</sup> <sup>434</sup> <sup>435</sup> <sup>436</sup> <sup>437</sup> <sup>438</sup> <sup>439</sup> <sup>440</sup> <sup>441</sup> <sup>442</sup> <sup>443</sup> <sup>444</sup> <sup>445</sup> <sup>446</sup> <sup>447</sup> <sup>448</sup> <sup>449</sup> <sup>450</sup> <sup>451</sup> <sup>452</sup> <sup>453</sup> <sup>454</sup> <sup>455</sup> <sup>456</sup> <sup>457</sup> <sup>458</sup> <sup>459</sup> <sup>460</sup> <sup>461</sup> <sup>462</sup> <sup>463</sup> <sup>464</sup> <sup>465</sup> <sup>466</sup> <sup>467</sup> <sup>468</sup> <sup>469</sup> <sup>470</sup> <sup>471</sup> <sup>472</sup> <sup>473</sup> <sup>474</sup> <sup>475</sup> <sup>476</sup> <sup>477</sup> <sup>478</sup> <sup>479</sup> <sup>480</sup> <sup>481</sup> <sup>482</sup> <sup>483</sup> <sup>484</sup> <sup>485</sup> <sup>486</sup> <sup>487</sup> <sup>488</sup> <sup>489</sup> <sup>490</sup> <sup>491</sup> <sup>492</sup> <sup>493</sup> <sup>494</sup> <sup>495</sup> <sup>496</sup> <sup>497</sup> <sup>498</sup> <sup>499</sup> <sup>500</sup> <sup>501</sup> <sup>502</sup> <sup>503</sup> <sup>504</sup> <sup>505</sup> <sup>506</sup> <sup>507</sup> <sup>508</sup> <sup>509</sup> <sup>510</sup> <sup>511</sup> <sup>512</sup> <sup>513</sup> <sup>514</sup> <sup>515</sup> <sup>516</sup> <sup>517</sup> <sup>518</sup> <sup>519</sup> <sup>520</sup> <sup>521</sup> <sup>522</sup> <sup>523</sup> <sup>524</sup> <sup>525</sup> <sup>526</sup> <sup>527</sup> <sup>528</sup> <sup>529</sup> <sup>530</sup> <sup>531</sup> <sup>532</sup> <sup>533</sup> <sup>534</sup> <sup>535</sup> <sup>536</sup> <sup>537</sup> <sup>538</sup> <sup>539</sup> <sup>540</sup> <sup>541</sup> <sup>542</sup> <sup>543</sup> <sup>544</sup> <sup>545</sup> <sup>546</sup> <sup>547</sup> <sup>548</sup> <sup>549</sup> <sup>550</sup> <sup>551</sup> <sup>552</sup> <sup>553</sup> <sup>554</sup> <sup>555</sup> <sup>556</sup> <sup>557</sup> <sup>558</sup> <sup>559</sup> <sup>560</sup> <sup>561</sup> <sup>562</sup> <sup>563</sup> <sup>564</sup> <sup>565</sup> <sup>566</sup> <sup>567</sup> <sup>568</sup> <sup>569</sup> <sup>570</sup> <sup>571</sup> <sup>572</sup> <sup>573</sup> <sup>574</sup> <sup>575</sup> <sup>576</sup> <sup>577</sup> <sup>578</sup> <sup>579</sup> <sup>580</sup> <sup>581</sup> <sup>582</sup> <sup>583</sup> <sup>584</sup> <sup>585</sup> <sup>586</sup> <sup>587</sup> <sup>588</sup> <sup>589</sup> <sup>590</sup> <sup>591</sup> <sup>592</sup> <sup>593</sup> <sup>594</sup> <sup>595</sup> <sup>596</sup> <sup>597</sup> <sup>598</sup> <sup>599</sup> <sup>600</sup> <sup>601</sup> <sup>602</sup> <sup>603</sup> <sup>604</sup> <sup>605</sup> <sup>606</sup> <sup>607</sup> <sup>608</sup> <sup>609</sup> <sup>610</sup> <sup>611</sup> <sup>612</sup> <sup>613</sup> <sup>614</sup> <sup>615</sup> <sup>616</sup> <sup>617</sup> <sup>618</sup> <sup>619</sup> <sup>620</sup> <sup>621</sup> <sup>622</sup> <sup>623</sup> <sup>624</sup> <sup>625</sup> <sup>626</sup> <sup>627</sup> <sup>628</sup> <sup>629</sup> <sup>630</sup> <sup>631</sup> <sup>632</sup> <sup>633</sup> <sup>634</sup> <sup>635</sup> <sup>636</sup> <sup>637</sup> <sup>638</sup> <sup>639</sup> <sup>640</sup> <sup>641</sup> <sup>642</sup> <sup>643</sup> <sup>644</sup> <sup>645</sup> <sup>646</sup> <sup>647</sup> <sup>648</sup> <sup>649</sup> <sup>650</sup> <sup>651</sup> <sup>652</sup> <sup>653</sup> <sup>654</sup> <sup>655</sup> <sup>656</sup> <sup>657</sup> <sup>658</sup> <sup>659</sup> <sup>660</sup> <sup>661</sup> <sup>662</sup> <sup>663</sup> <sup>664</sup> <sup>665</sup> <sup>666</sup> <sup>667</sup> <sup>668</sup> <sup>669</sup> <sup>670</sup> <sup>671</sup> <sup>672</sup> <sup>673</sup> <sup>674</sup> <sup>675</sup> <sup>676</sup> <sup>677</sup> <sup>678</sup> <sup>679</sup> <sup>680</sup> <sup>681</sup> <sup>682</sup> <sup>683</sup> <sup>684</sup> <sup>685</sup> <sup>686</sup> <sup>687</sup> <sup>688</sup> <sup>689</sup> <sup>690</sup> <sup>691</sup> <sup>692</sup> <sup>693</sup> <sup>694</sup> <sup>695</sup> <sup>696</sup> <sup>697</sup> <sup>698</sup> <sup>699</sup> <sup>700</sup> <sup>701</sup> <sup>702</sup> <sup>703</sup> <sup>704</sup> <sup>705</sup> <sup>706</sup> <sup>707</sup> <sup>708</sup> <sup>709</sup> <sup>710</sup> <sup>711</sup> <sup>712</sup> <sup>713</sup> <sup>714</sup> <sup>715</sup> <sup>716</sup> <sup>717</sup> <sup>718</sup> <sup>719</sup> <sup>720</sup> <sup>721</sup> <sup>722</sup> <sup>723</sup> <sup>724</sup> <sup>725</sup> <sup>726</sup> <sup>727</sup> <sup>728</sup> <sup>729</sup> <sup>730</sup> <sup>731</sup> <sup>732</sup> <sup>733</sup> <sup>734</sup> <sup>735</sup> <sup>736</sup> <sup>737</sup> <sup>738</sup> <sup>739</sup> <sup>740</sup> <sup>741</sup> <sup>742</sup> <sup>743</sup> <sup>744</sup> <sup>745</sup> <sup>746</sup> <sup>747</sup> <sup>748</sup> <sup>749</sup> <sup>750</sup> <sup>751</sup> <sup>752</sup> <sup>753</sup> <sup>754</sup> <sup>755</sup> <sup>756</sup> <sup>757</sup> <sup>758</sup> <sup>759</sup> <sup>760</sup> <sup>761</sup> <sup>762</sup> <sup>763</sup> <sup>764</sup> <sup>765</sup> <sup>766</sup> <sup>767</sup> <sup>768</sup> <sup>769</sup> <sup>770</sup> <sup>771</sup> <sup>772</sup> <sup>773</sup> <sup>774</sup> <sup>775</sup> <sup>776</sup> <sup>777</sup> <sup>778</sup> <sup>779</sup> <sup>780</sup> <sup>781</sup> <sup>782</sup> <sup>783</sup> <sup>784</sup> <sup>785</sup> <sup>786</sup> <sup>787</sup> <sup>788</sup> <sup>789</sup> <sup>790</sup> <sup>791</sup> <sup>792</sup> <sup>793</sup> <sup>794</sup> <sup>795</sup> <sup>796</sup> <sup>797</sup> <sup>798</sup> <sup>799</sup> <sup>800</sup> <sup>801</sup> <sup>802</sup> <sup>803</sup> <sup>804</sup> <sup>805</sup> <sup>806</sup> <sup>807</sup> <sup>808</sup> <sup>809</sup> <sup>810</sup> <sup>811</sup> <sup>812</sup> <sup>813</sup> <sup>814</sup> <sup>815</sup> <sup>816</sup> <sup>817</sup> <sup>818</sup> <sup>819</sup> <sup>820</sup> <sup>821</sup> <sup>822</sup> <sup>823</sup> <sup>824</sup> <sup>825</sup> <sup>826</sup> <sup>827</sup> <sup>828</sup> <sup>829</sup> <sup>830</sup> <sup>831</sup> <sup>832</sup> <sup>833</sup> <sup>834</sup> <sup>835</sup> <sup>836</sup> <sup>837</sup> <sup>838</sup> <sup>839</sup> <sup>840</sup> <sup>841</sup> <sup>842</sup> <sup>843</sup> <sup>844</sup> <sup>845</sup> <sup>846</sup> <sup>847</sup> <sup>848</sup> <sup>849</sup> <sup>850</sup> <sup>851</sup> <sup>852</sup> <sup>853</sup> <sup>854</sup> <sup>855</sup> <sup>856</sup> <sup>857</sup> <sup>858</sup> <sup>859</sup> <sup>860</sup> <sup>861</sup> <sup>862</sup> <sup>863</sup> <sup>864</sup> <sup>865</sup> <sup>866</sup> <sup>867</sup> <sup>868</sup> <sup>869</sup> <sup>870</sup> <sup>871</sup> <sup>872</sup> <sup>873</sup> <sup>874</sup> <sup>875</sup> <sup>876</sup> <sup>877</sup> <sup>878</sup> <sup>879</sup> <sup>880</sup> <sup>881</sup> <sup>882</sup> <sup>883</sup> <sup>884</sup> <sup>885</sup> <sup>886</sup> <sup>887</sup> <sup>888</sup> <sup>889</sup> <sup>890</sup> <sup>891</sup> <sup>892</sup> <sup>893</sup> <sup>894</sup> <sup>895</sup> <sup>896</sup> <sup>897</sup> <sup>898</sup> <sup>899</sup> <sup>900</sup> <sup>901</sup> <sup>902</sup> <sup>903</sup> <sup>904</sup> <sup>905</sup> <sup>906</sup> <sup>907</sup> <sup>908</sup> <sup>909</sup> <sup>910</sup> <sup>911</sup> <sup>912</sup> <sup>913</sup> <sup>914</sup> <sup>915</sup> <sup>916</sup> <sup>917</sup> <sup>918</sup> <sup>919</sup> <sup>920</sup> <sup>921</sup> <sup>922</sup> <sup>923</sup> <sup>924</sup> <sup>925</sup> <sup>926</sup> <sup>927</sup> <sup>928</sup> <sup>929</sup> <sup>930</sup> <sup>931</sup> <sup>932</sup> <sup>933</sup> <sup>934</sup> <sup>935</sup> <sup>936</sup> <sup>937</sup> <sup>938</sup> <sup>939</sup> <sup>940</sup> <sup>941</sup> <sup>942</sup> <sup>943</sup> <sup>944</sup> <sup>945</sup> <sup>946</sup> <sup>947</sup> <sup>948</sup> <sup>949</sup> <sup>950</sup> <sup>951</sup> <sup>952</sup> <sup>953</sup> <sup>954</sup> <sup>955</sup> <sup>956</sup> <sup>957</sup> <sup>958</sup> <sup>959</sup> <sup>960</sup> <sup>961</sup> <sup>962</sup> <sup>963</sup> <sup>964</sup> <sup>965</sup> <sup>966</sup> <sup>967</sup> <sup>968</sup> <sup>969</sup> <sup>970</sup> <sup>971</sup> <sup>972</sup> <sup>973</sup> <sup>974</sup> <sup>975</sup> <sup>976</sup> <sup>977</sup> <sup>978</sup> <sup>979</sup> <sup>980</sup> <sup>981</sup> <sup>982</sup> <sup>983</sup> <sup>984</sup> <sup>985</sup> <sup>986</sup> <sup>987</sup> <sup>988</sup> <sup>989</sup> <sup>990</sup> <sup>991</sup> <sup>992</sup> <sup>993</sup> <sup>994</sup> <sup>995</sup> <sup>996</sup> <sup>997</sup> <sup>998</sup> <sup>999</sup> <sup>1000</sup> <sup>1001</sup> <sup>1002</sup> <sup>1003</sup> <sup>1004</sup> <sup>1005</sup> <sup>1006</sup> <sup>1007</sup> <sup>1008</sup> <sup>1009</sup> <sup>1010</sup> <sup>1011</sup> <sup>1012</sup> <sup>1013</sup> <sup>1014</sup> <sup>1015</sup> <sup>1016</sup> <sup>1017</sup> <sup>1018</sup> <sup>1019</sup> <sup>1020</sup> <sup>1021</sup> <sup>1022</sup> <sup>1023</sup> <sup>1024</sup> <sup>1025</sup> <sup>1026</sup> <sup>1027</sup> <sup>1028</sup> <sup>1029</sup> <sup>1030</sup> <sup>1031</sup> <sup>1032</sup> <sup>1033</sup> <sup>1034</sup> <sup>1035</sup> <sup>1036</sup> <sup>1037</sup> <sup>1038</sup> <sup>1039</sup> <sup>1040</sup> <sup>1041</sup> <sup>1042</sup> <sup>1043</sup> <sup>1044</sup> <sup>1045</sup> <sup>1046</sup> <sup>1047</sup> <sup>1048</sup> <sup>1049</sup> <sup>1050</sup> <sup>1051</sup> <sup>1052</sup> <sup>1053</sup> <sup>1054</sup> <sup>1055</sup> <sup>1056</sup> <sup>1057</sup> <sup>1058</sup> <sup>1059</sup> 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with you. On your shoulders sang your green bow. There is no man like you, no one so brave, and no one so handsome there!"

Then they went their ways, and he sought out his mother, saying, "Give me my horse and my arms."

"Your arms?" said she, "I cannot give—keep still."

"Why can you not give me my arms?" said he. "Is it not better for me to die there than here? Do you want me to die at your gate?"

"Oh my son," said his mother, "it is madness for you to go there! They are a most mighty tribe. Yet fear not. If go you must, never shall I regard you as son of mine unless you bear away Sahibah five *kos*\* before you are killed yourself."

So his mother handed over to him his arms, and Lakhi his mare. Then thought Mirza of God, and having commended himself to Him, he mounted and galloped away, and at once arrived at Jung Syeh. There he saw the twelve thousand Chadians. But he being alone the people said, "Who is this coming alone?" So he passed to the house of the old woman who said to him, "Why do you not join the wedding party?" And he answered her, "Let me stay here, I pray you." But she would not, so he handed her money, five and twenty rupees, and then she gave him, saying, "By all means, but are you that same Mirza Khan? Why, O foolish one, have you come to your death? If your body were in the Lits, and every bit a body, you would not be a match for all the people here."

"Old woman," said he, "I have come and I am here. Only do something for me, if you will. Go tell Sahibah that Mirza has come!"

So away she went, and Sahibah gave her a hundred

\* Five *kos*—About eight miles.



raptures, and said to her, "Now manage to bring him to-night. To-morrow he will be cut to pieces, only let me see him to-night!"

"But how contrive it," said the old woman. "Now ask you. Give me some of your beautiful robes, something in which to disguise him, and I will bring him dressed so. Let me have ample enough to cover himself his horse and his arms."

So Sambah hooked her an immense cloak, fifty or sixty yards of cloth, which same cloak receiving she went her way. And first she set before Mirza some food for he was a great eater. Then she made him mount Lakho, his grey mare. His sword and his bow were slung over his shoulder, and he bent low in the saddle, leaving exposed to gaze only the ears and the tail of his horse. Hundreds of steeds were harnessed about, which began to neigh and to break from their ropes, and the old woman made pretence, crying, "O you grooms, take care, the daughter of the *zawar* is coming to visit Sambah." So she led him safely through the gateway of the Lodge of Mirrors, turning in afterward to pick up his mare somewhere close by, and thus having seen him well into the house, she went her way home.

Now as Sambah's wardens took up for some process, and Sambah said to him, "How is it you come so late? All these people are now here, and what can you do alone? You will be killed. Mirza Kood. The remedy for one is two, and the remedy for two is four, but here we have thousands!"

Mirza laid his hands on his breast, and, saying to her, "Only listen to me! Keep cool. Do not lose your presence of mind!"

"Yes, tell me to keep cool," answered the girl. "Ah

"For you I am risking my life,  
For you I am beckoned away,  
Only be mine, Mirza Khân,  
Only be mine this day!"

Drink, drink, O my Heart, of the cup,  
By the side of your baby as it lies,  
Let us drink the sweet poison of love  
The moment of destiny flies.

Long e'er we met you were kin,  
Soon as I saw you, how dear!  
Too far have we gone for regret,  
The sugar is mixed with the *khir*!

O, beware, Mirza Khân, it is I,  
Kisses dangle from the side of your heart!  
If you die, so will I, Mirza Khân,  
Even Death shall not tear us apart!

Yet, O but to live till to-morrow,  
And O to watch o'er you till then!  
This night is our last as lovers,  
We shall never be happy again!"

"All this you have been saying," answered Mirza, "but hear also me

"Now has the lover's saddle of pines been put  
His destiny daring!  
The destiny only was smitten at a drop,  
My bones are all stinging!  
If my head is to fall, fall it must,  
Can Fate be evaded?  
But forever with thee are my heart and my trust,  
Till life shall have faded!--

"O Sâhiboh, as can be arranged if your maidens can only be made to sleep. Give them some wine!

Then Sahiboh called to her companions. "Now O Girls, wake merry, since to-morrow I go!" and she served foot-bekers of wine, saying "Give them wine and all is settled." And so tiny cups were passed round, and all the girls grew drowsy. But one of the girls suspecting a trick, snatched something out, and, instead of draining her goblet, she poured it into her bosom. Now this girl was eyed of Sahiboh the most

\* *Khar* (the name of a kind of sweetmeat) with sugar is favorite food, especially at weddings. Here a proverb—the deed is done, the deed is done.

When a *dingat* came, *Sahibbôh* got up to see, and found them all asleep excepting the one, who said to her, "The wine was dragged by me, but surely I am your friend. Why should I drink, seeing that I wish you were?" And *Mirza Sahibbôh* spoke, saying, "Rise, it is time for us to go."

Even *Mirza* got up, and answered her, "Before *Tahar Khan* and the chiefs, women are lining up and entering and coming. All are engaged in revelry. Yes, now is the time."

So he saddled his mare, but he pulled so hard that the girth strap broke, and *Sahibbôh* said, "Mirza, I perceived, when the girth of *Lakhi*\* has broken! Either a king will lose his crown, or a prince will be killed."

"You speak as a woman," answered he, "Leave it to God, and come, mount behind me!"

So she got on the mare, and when she was seated, the girl who had drunk no wine, rose and took the bridle saying, "Long have I eaten your salt, nor will I leave you now, until I have seen you safely out of the place. Then the great cook was thrown over both the lovers, and the girl rode them forth in their disgust."

As they passed along, *Mirza* said, "Clear me, *Sahibbôh*! I want, before leaving, to see your betrothed *Tahar Khan*."

"O, for mercy's sake, don't!" cried she. "Are you mad? Let us get on!"

But *Mirza* persisted, riding by the place where music and dancing were being kept up all the night through, and he cried aloud, "Look out, and hear now! I am *Mirza Khan*, and I am taking away *Sahibbôh*!"

At once the whole company rushed for their swords, but the girl at the bridle called out, "Nay, listen, ye people! This is merely a man *fakir*. He is mad, and always he repeats the same thing. You are a forest of men, innumerable, and the man has received presents accordingly, this horse and a

\* *Lakhi*—beautiful.

cloak to cover him. 'How should Mirza be here?' Then was heard the voice of another woman, 'O yes, he is a madman. Let the mad *fakîr* go.' So all the men sat down again.

Then came Mirza to another party of revellers, where Sahibah was protesting, saying, 'O fool, to say such things. You will ruin all!'

'Look at Tâta Khân!'" said Mirza.

"Come along, Mirza Khân," answered she. "I have looked at him enough. Tâta Khân is thinner than a buffalo and blacker than a griddle. A basketful of bread he devours, and he gobbles a whole cratty of *dal*.\* Yet, he is bald, and has large feet! Is that a fellow to look at? Let us haste away!"

Then cried Mirza, "O you people, wretches awake or asleep, here am I, Mirza Khân, taking away Sahibah."

At once the men rushed to their arms, and again the girl cried aloud, and said, "O you people, hear me. This is only the mad *fakîr*. He speaks the same words to the other party, and he speaks them again to you. Regard him not."

So the men sat down again, keeping quiet, and Mirza passed on, while the girls returned to the house.

Now it so happened that, as the lovers were passing along the village street, a certain Brahmin pundit was sitting in his house reading a book. This man, glancing up, saw Mirza's leg gleaming from beneath the long cloak, so at once he made his way to Khîva Khân, and said to him,

"I have just seen something like *mugh*†."

'Keep still, keep still,' said Khîva.

"I will tell you what that was," said the Brahmin, and opening his book, he read:—

"In the town of Khîva Khân there's a great to-do,  
In the house of Dame Jemah ‡ a merry stir.  
Sâhibh is kidnapped by Mirza the Kharral or the Ravi  
Kidnaped by Mirza Khân, the bastard and the thief."

\* *Dal*—peas, broad, &c. &c. &c. † *Mugh*—Curry of the cat.

Now at the distance of five *dhars* from Jhang Syah there was a certain shrine before which Mirza Khan used to halt and pray, saying, "O Panj-pir," if ever I succeed I will



THE FLIGHT.

bringing away Sāhibch, passing here will I tarry and rest!" To that spot the two lovers now came in their flight, and Mirza spoke, saying, "O Sāhibch, this is the place of my vow!"

\* *Panj-pir*. Five Pirs—See Appendix.

"There are twelve thousand of the Chaudans in pursuit," said she. "Do you want to die? Let us get on!"

"I have an oath," answered he. "Come down, lay your knee beneath my head, and here let me rest for one half-hour!"

It was then close to dawn, and Sahibah said, "In half an hour the morning will be on us. What are you thinking of?"

But Mirza dismounted, and lifted her down, and he laid his head in her lap, and so fell asleep.

Meanwhile Kh'ia R'ia, with Tāla Klān, and some maids, had betaken themselves to the house of Sahibah, and there they saw her sixty companions lying heavy with drunken sleep, and they wondered where Sahibah could be. "All these are her maidens," said they, "but where's her self?" So forthwith arose a great tumult, and many more came running up, crying, "Say, what's the matter?" Then a rumour went round, and all began to say, "Mirza has carried Sahibah away." And the news flew through the town, and the Syās and the Chaudāns began saddling their horses, and there was a great stir.

But at this time Sahibah was on the watch in the place of the shrine, and soon she began to hear the noise of the pursuit, so she tried to rouse Mirza, crying, "Get up! get up! for God's sake get up!"

But the only answer given by Mirza was, "Let me sleep!"

Then she looked at his arms. "He has only one hundred and forty arrows," said she to herself, "why that at the utmost, and what good is that? One arrow of his can kill but three or four, while his horse is good for a hundred kills. No resistance, therefore, but flight alone will serve us." Then again she thought within herself, -- "Ah, these horsemen are coming, and the foremost among them will be my own two brothers, they will be the first to be killed, and all the people will curse me, and say, 'Not only has this woman gone off

with her over, but she has killed her brothers as we  
 Now, if I could do anything by which I could get at my  
 arrows and throw them away, that would be best." So  
 she rolled up her *chadda* (scentle, and gently transferred  
 Mirza's head to it. Then, taking the arrows, she threw  
 them all out-and, having put back the empty quiver sh-  
 and his head in her lap once more.

By this time the pursuit was close, the Brahmin having  
 betrayed them, and as Sahiboh saw them rushing on and  
 she woke up Mirza. Then Mirza rose and took a back  
 and, his foes were at hand. So he drew his sword over  
 his shoulder, not missing the arrows, and, with his sword  
 girded on his thigh, he mounted Sahiboh and himself, and  
 prepared to start. And of his four Durānustah refused  
 to follow, but Khūya Rā and Lala Kān pressed on  
 sore. Then said Mirza to Sahiboh, "Strike yourself, Sahiboh!"  
 and Sahiboh shook herself and a cave to pass when Lakh  
 heard the ringing of Sahiboh's jewels of silver and gold, he  
 grew more eager to deal of the shrine, and got away  
 from them all. But Lala Kān tranted her crying out,  
 "Now, Sir, be brave, and get you like a man for turn  
 a woman's back to your foes!"

Then Mirza drew rein, and looked at his quiver, and he  
 saw no arrows there but one only. And he said to Sahiboh  
 "You have done wrong to Sahiboh, to empty my quiver!  
 But for you I might with this have killed Hamshamir and  
 Lakmir and your father's grey horse, and the others I  
 could have sent among the rest of the Syas. But now  
 though be more eager to chase and my enemies taunt  
 me I am a coward." Nevertheless, he took the single  
 arrow, and, fitting it to his bow, let loose, crying "Come  
 on, O ye Syas," and the arrow found out the two brothers,  
 Hamshamir and Lakmir, who were galloping well in advance  
 with lance and sword, and it brought them down, having

MERZA ATTACKS THE SWAINS







perced the breast of the one and lodged in the thigh of the other. By this time the host was closing in upon him, and the air was rent with the sound of the music. And Mirza said, "Mirza is but one, he is alone. If I fall, I fall alone, one against many. Now Lakhi, his mare, was accustomed of old to rush into the midst of battle, and as now she rushed among the advancing warriors. Mirza Khan drew his sword, and fought for four hours, cutting down every man whom he encountered, until his hand swelled and stuck to the hilt. At last, after five hundred and fifty of the party of the Syâls had been killed or disabled, came Khîva Khân himself, crying, "Truce!" and he said to Mirza, "Why have you killed my troops, O Mirza Khân? Why have you slain my sons? Let us now have peace!" But he spoke deceitfully, for even then, while they were parleying, Taba Khan rode up, and hit Mirza with his lance on the back of his head, so that his turban rolled off and fell to the ground. And Mirza, turning to Sahibah, said, "A curse to the love of women, whose wisdom is in their teeth! They profess friendship, and then they betray! My turban has fallen, my head is bare. Mirza alone, unarmed, desolate, and no brother or friend beside him!"

Then Khîva, who was hiding a dagger in his hand, said— "Surely you have killed enough, and why now kill yourself? I will give the Chandans another girl, and you can take Sâhiboh away. Give me then, O Mirza Khân, the right hand of peace!" And when Mirza stretched forth his right hand, the old man smote him through the body, so that he fell dead. Then, seeing his daughter, he at once took her up behind himself, and starting for home, left Mirza's bleeding body on the ground.

Now when the Syâls, returning with Khîva to Jhang, arrived at a spot within three *kôs* of the town, Sâhiboh looked back, and she saw the crows gathering round the

body of Mirza Khan. Then, seeing a dagger hanging from her father's saddle, she drew it, and plunging it into her side, she fell. And when Khaya looked round and saw the blood, he said to the chiefs of the Chandan tribe, 'Now see, friends, and do not say I kept not faith. The girl has saved herself.' So all party rode on, leaving her lying there. On opposite sides of the vale lay the bodies of these two hapless ones, and the blood of Mirza from the one side, and the blood of Saif-ud-din from the other, flowed down the slopes, and mingled in the hollow between. And all the people, when they saw it, said, "Oh, we did wrong to kill two such lovers as these."

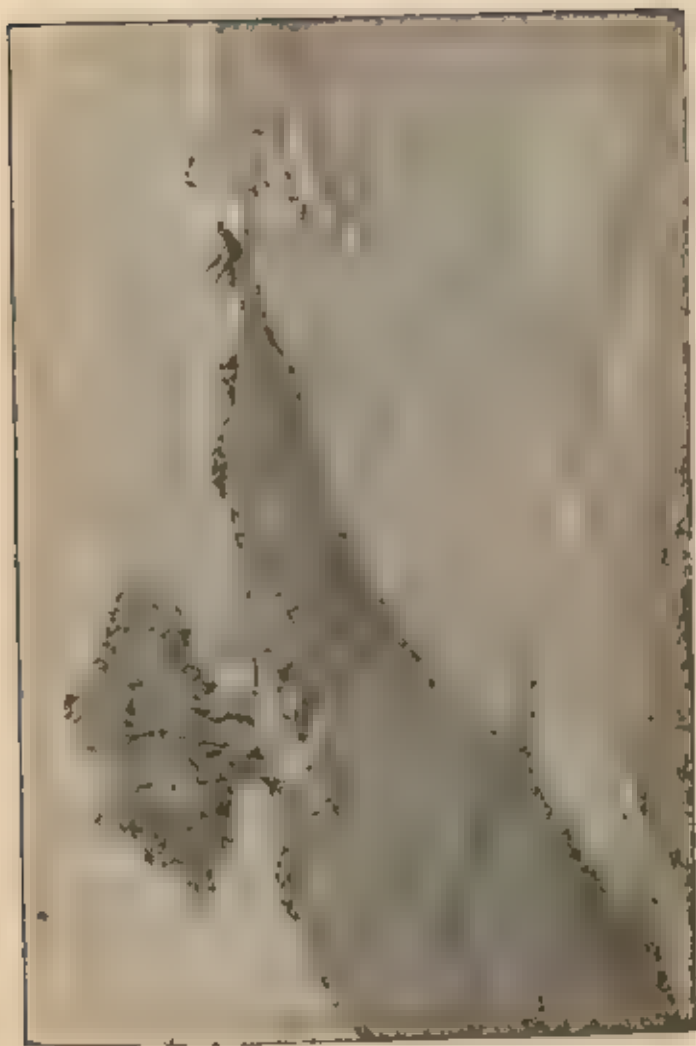
But Saif-ud-din, before dying, had her hand on her waist, and a raven came and saw him by. And she took a pen and some paper, and dipping the pen in the blood, she wrote on the paper and said, "O Raven, take this letter to Ibrahim Khan, Khairat of the Rav!" And the writing was this, "Mirza and Saif-ud-din have been killed in the crooked *tāp* tree. I, I'm, the poet, to make some verses on this mishap, that the story will last till the day of judgment!"

So the raven went and took the letter, and Ibrahim Khan read it and he told Mirza's mother, saying, "Your son has died five *kos* east of Jhang Syal. Do you want the body brought in?"

"If he has really fallen there," answered she, "yes—certainly—send for the body."

Then the chief of the Kharrals summoned his men to the number of twenty-four thousand sabres, with their twelve thousand horses, and twelve thousand buffaloes with pierced noses. Having all mounted, they set forth, and by and by reached the crooked *tāp* tree, and there they found the mare standing by the body of Mirza, and his body was shining like the body of a martyr. And all that multitude

THE DEATH





grew sorrowful, and taking the bodies of Mirza and Sâhiboh, they laid them together in the one dhoolie which they left at the *tâfi* tree under a strong guard, and so continued their march to Jhang to fight the Svâs. As for the Chandans, they still abode in Jhang, for they claimed the body of Sâhiboh, saying to Khiva "Where have you left her body? Give us her body that we may bury it among our own people?"

To whom Khiva replied, "When she was alive I gave her to you. Now dead, she lies out there. Go fetch her yourselves! But they feared to go, knowing the Kharrals were there.

Then met the opposing forces, and in the fight which ensued, seven hundred more of the Svâs and Chandans fell on the field, until pressed beyond measure, Khiva Raja craved a peace. "Take my town," said he, "take what you please for the life of Mirza Khan."

But the Kharrals answered, "For you no peace! Our sorrow for Mirza will never abate, until we have burnt your town about you! So the fight went on until in the town of the Svâs, not one stone was left upon another. In the end, Khiva and his wife Jimâb were taken, and sent away to the Kharral country, and the victors put a man of their own in Jhang.

So Khiva and his wife were led away, and when they reached the crooked *tâfi* tree, they halted there and said to the guard, "Now tell us true: are these indeed the bodies of Mirza and Sâhiboh?"

Yes, answered the men, "these are really they."

"Then," said Khiva and Jimâb Ma, "it would be well for both our tribes to build their tombs here at the crooked *tâfi* tree, since that tree is the boundary between us. So shall we be friends for all the time to come."

But Ibrahim Khan said, "No, their shrines shall be made in the Kharral country, and there only shall they rest."

So they took the two bodies home, and there they made their shrine, and there, in the same tomb, they lie unto this day.

After this, Ibrâhîm Khân said to Khîva and Jmâb. "You are now alone, you have no children, and at Jhang there is always trouble. Abide you here."

"O sen," answered Khîva, "let us go back. Give me but bread to eat and clothing to put on, and let me die at Jhang!"

"Very well!" said Ibrâhîm Khân. So he gave them horses, and sent them back, and made them tributary.

*Told at Ghâzi on the Upper Indus, on the night of  
3rd September, 1887, by Sharaf, son of Kesar,  
of the village of Kûri, District of  
Râwâl Pindi*



## THE STORY OF PURAN BHAGAT \*





## THE STORY OF PURAN BHAGAT



KING SUL-  
WAHAN  
(Sālvahān)  
reigned in  
Dialkot in  
the Panjab.  
In course of  
time he had  
a son nam-

ed Puran, whose mother's name was Ichran. When Puran was born the king sent as usual, for the astrologers and the family priest to make his horoscope, and as it was written in his forehead, so was it read by them for they told the king that he was not to see his son for twelve years. Therefore poor Puran as soon as he was born, was confined in a tower. Having come out of one solitary cell he was sent into another with attendants both male and female and provisions of all kinds for twelve years. There he had governors, train him professors to teach him the use of the bow, and learned men to instruct him in affairs both civil and military. When he was six years old the pundits gave him lessons in the sacred books. By the time he was twelve he was fully equipped in every kind of knowledge and equal to the discharge of all worldly affairs. Then the order came that he might leave his tower and visit his father. And when Puran heard it he was much pleased, and, getting together innumerable presents, he set out to see his father who was waiting impatiently to

receive him. Well pleased was the king to see his son Puran at last, and he distributed largess and alms, and gave presents to the pundits and Brahmins, as cows, buffaloes, horses and elephants. And to Puran was given a seat near to the throne on the right side, where he sat and ruled the court.

Now the king beholding his son, and observing that he was now nearly grown, issued strict orders to his servants and courtiers to look out for a wife for him. "As God has granted to me a boy well," said he, "I should see that he is married." But Puran refused that tender saying, "I do not care for marriage, neither do I value it. I desire to see the world, and devote myself only to the service of God. Of your grace, please do not lay trouble upon me, nor chide and smother me with your own hands. O sir, bid me not look from the ways of virtue."

The king, hearing these words from Puran's own mouth, became displeased, and said, "See, you are my son, and you have the power to disobey me?"

But the *wazir*, observing his state of anger, said, "Sir, you will please excuse him, he is only a boy, what can he know about marriage? When he comes of age, he will not want telling; he will then go wooing himself. You need not feel concerned about his marriage."

Then the king's anger was appeased, and he said no more.

Now the king himself had not long before married a new wife, a girl named Lūna, of the caste of the leather-dressers, who was very handsome, and who when adorned looked like the moon. And it came about at this time that the king said to Puran, "Go now and pay your respects to your mother and the other queen, your step-mother, for they are also anxious to see you, and be careful that you disobey not this order!"

So Puran rose accordingly, and taking with him all his

servants male and female, he went to the king's palace to pay his respects to the two queens. Many were the presents which were borne by his attendants, and many the jewels and the ornaments which he wore on his own person and which doubled and trebled his beauty. His earrings were shining like stars in the sky, the diamonds in his necklet were glittering brilliantly, his hand-rings were right noble, and it cannot be expressed how greatly his looks were enhanced by their display.

Having arrived at the place, Puran made enquiry from the attendants where the palace of his mother stood, and where the palace of his step-mother, and each was pointed out to him. And he said, "It is better that I should pay respect to my step-mother first, because my real mother knows that I am her son, and that to her I am always bound in honour and obedience."

Having so said to his attendants, he went towards the palace of the Rani Luna, passing in without difficulty and having confidence that a kind and tender reception awaited him. But scarcely had he entered the chamber, when the lady, having looked on his youth and beauty, became suddenly fascinated, the fires of love were kindled into flames which issued from her body, and losing all sense of modesty, she fixed eyes of eager desire upon him. Pûran, unwitting of danger, meanwhile advanced towards her, and, having reached the place where the *râni* was seated, he folded his hands together, and, prostrating himself, made his salutations. But instead of returning a dignified answer, she also humbled herself paying him the respect of an inferior, which when Puran saw, he was astounded, and he thought within himself, "Aas, it was fated that I should be brought in here!" Rani Luna, on the other hand, was thinking that to be with him would be to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges, and that to

be loved by him would be Paradise itself, and she promised herself that she would be one of the lucky women of the world if Pîran would comply with her wishes. In such such was her state of melancholy and distress that she could no longer control herself, but broke out openly in speech.

"Why say 'Mother, Mother!' to me?" cried she, "I am not your mother! Never were you born of woman of mine, then why call you me 'Mother'? You are my equal in age and in person we are worthy each of the other; your love darts pierced my heart, and words cannot tell that I suffer for love of you!"

Then in his shame Pîran said to her "Never must you use any such words to me! Was such friendship between mother and son ever yet heard of? And how will the world speak it of us if we meditate this thing! I am your son! As a mother you must embrace me and think of me."

But Rân Lûna, throwing away the wheel of shame, caught hold of him by his coat and pulled him towards her saying, "Come sit with me on this royal couch! Here I meet not a woman, but some fury, enticed to make offers to you, and begging you to accept them. But you, whether you are man or eunuch I know not, seeing you display no manly attribute. O dear friend, come and sit down to please me!"

Then Pîran regarded her sternly, and with rough language spoke—"Mother, you are mad! Your husband is my father. Me you should think of as a son born of your own bosom. If we were to commit this folly, earth and sky would vanish away. O, come to your senses! In the name of God, do not be mad!"

"I shall kill you!" cried Lûna. "Yea, I will cause you to be killed by your own father, if you deny me again. Here am I standing before you, like a poor beggar for an



PLATE V. ITS THE MAN LINA



alone, and you, because you are stern and stoic-hearted, care not a jot for my prayers, when in fact you disdain. Were you born of me? Have I given you milk out of my breasts? By what law, by what reason do you call me a mother? Why will you slay yourself why lose your own life?"

"Please take note and be careful to remember," said I ran, "that I will not touch your couch nor put a foot on it, and that from this moment I will not even say yes to you towards you. And now, I care not if I am killed or not!"

So saying, he wrested his clothing out of her hands and fled the place, saying: "At least I will not die laden with sin so unnatural and so dreadful. But I know when she sees him going, cried out, "Very well seek out. This day I will drink your blood!"

That evening, before the arrival of Raja Salbahan, Ram Juna, taking off all her jewels and ornaments, some of them breaking, some of them twisting laid them aside, and hid her no longer in her palace, but went into a solitary room, and there, wrapping herself in an old torn dress, sat in grief. And when the king entered the palace she instantly came to him crying bitterly, and sat down with him. The king asked her of her trouble, to which she replied, "Ah, do not ask me! Ask rather your son who has been fed like a station from the still, and has burnt up my heart. Keep him by you, you had better, but let me go away!"

The king, hearing this, was enraged, and ordered Juna to explain herself, and to disclose everything whatsoever he had done to her. "If he has spoken unbecomingly to you," said he, "if he has used harsh language to you tell me of it. Verily I will hang him. What crime is such a sin to me? If he has done evil to you to-day, why he is no less to me when he comes to manhood?"



"See my jewels," cried the Rani, "these are the signs of his violence. I spare you, but he can not treat me as a mother-in-law. Get out her jewels." "This was broken by your arm," said she, "and when I was driven from the palace."

At the same time the king's heart was aflame with rage in troubles caused by his own son. He passed counting the stars and thinking all night. In the morning broke, he rose and, after taking his bath, ordered his doorkeepers and his other attendants to summon his *cajiri* and to bring Puran before him. "If they ask the reason," said he, "say there is work for them." Then those servants went to the *cajiri*, and to him, and afterwards sought out Puran to whom with folded hands they spoke, "Your father calls you." But Puran at the rehearsal of their message, understood well enough the reason of the summons, and he said to himself, "I know all about this affair. But I do not care, let me see what comes of it."

When Puran came into his presence, the Raja said to him, "You have plunged me into rivers of trouble. Would God you had been killed at your birth. Behold what you have done in the house! Get out of my sight, lest I cut you to pieces! When I asked you to marry you refused, and now you would choose your mother for wife, would you?"

Puran wept bitterly. And he said, "Father, it is not in my power to tell you still less to make you believe what has come to pass. Do not lose your senses, I pray, that you should blame me for such a crime. If you would judge me truly, and see whether I am guilty or innocent, take a chaldron of oil and heat it well, and when the oil is hot like unto fire, put my hand into it and if my hand

born, let punishment light on me, but if not, then you still can act as you please!"

On hearing these words, the king was the more incensed, and said, "Instead of asking pardon, instead of atoning for your crime, you contradict me. I have seen every sign and every proof of what you have done!"

Then the king ordered the executioners to take him and to kill him. And that order, when it passed, caused a great disturbance in the palace and in the city all round. All was disorder, and the king began to reprimand his *wasir*, too, saying, "It is you who are at the root of all my troubles! But when Ichran, Pûran's real mother, heard of it, she came running to the rāja, breaking her jewels and throwing dust on her head and crying, "What anger have you against my son Pûran? You are on the power of Rani Luna, and therefore must you kill the innocent boy!"

"Away with him!" said the king. "And you, you wretched woman, be off! Otherwise you shall go with him. Your son is an unlucky son, born on some unlucky day, when, having come into the world, has caused me all this disgrace. He is no shame to yourself—nay, he is no good at all. I know perfectly well the mischief he has wrought!"

"Sir," answered the Rām Ichran, "it is not true. You should consider well. Why have you taken leave of your senses? How do you know that the Rani Luna has spoken the truth? For her own sake you are losing the faith."

The king, however, would hear no more, but ordered the executioners to obey his command forthwith, saying, "Go out into the jungle with him and cut off his hands and his feet!"

Hearing the sentence, Pûran paid him his last farewell with respect, and started under charge of the executioners.

And Pûran said, "I am as one without strength, with

no power to explain what I am suffering, and there is no friend of mine who can tell me what fault I have done that I should suffer so much. Alas! I can think of nothing that was written in my forehead that I should be judged a criminal through Rān Lūna, my stepmother! And though Kichran interceded for him again, pleading for his life, saying, "Do not kill your son! With how we shall be father!" the Rājā closed his ears, refusing to be entreated any more. In his fury he again charged the executioners, saying to them—"Cut it once and obey my orders. You have cut off his hands and his feet, and then kill him as you please!" And so the executioners caught Pūran, and away they went with him.

Now it came to pass, as they were taking him out of the city, that Rān Lūna sent a letter to him secretly saying, "If you will agree to my request, I will secretly save you, and lay the blame on another servant. Think of it! There is still time. Why lose your life for nothing?"

But Pūran spat on the letter and told her, "I do not wish to save my life weighed down by the burden of such a crime. Even if I live thousands of years, it is still appointed unto me once to die!" Then, with a deep sigh, he said, "May God visit you, as you have dealt by me. Unnatural is the crime which you have fastened on me. Whatever has come upon my head, that I will bear. Let my mother weep with the sorrow of it."

Then Pūran besought the executioners to stop for a moment at his mother's palace, and his request was allowed, and Pūran and his mother Ichran met once more, and bade each other their last farewells, resigning all hope of ever meeting again. Then she returned, crying and beating her breast, and saying, "For a slight offence, Pūran Baghat, my son, is going to be killed innocently!"



THREE CUT OF E. KANS. HANI - AND OTHER



And the executioners, having taken him some distance into the jungle, cut off his hands and his feet, and throwing him into an old ruined well, came back with a cup full of his blood, to the palace of the Rani Lūna, who rejoiced to see it.

Twelve years passed over when the Gurū Gōraakh Nath was pleased to order his disciples to go on a tour with him, and, having started, they reached Salkot, and pitched their tents not far from the ruined well into which Puran had been cast by the king's executioners. Halting there, he ordered one of his disciples to go and fetch some water, but when the man had thrown his *me* and *lotah* brass vessel in hopes to reach water, he peered down and saw a man in the well. The disciple was frightened at the sight, supposing it was a spirit or a demon, and ran back to his *guru*, and explained what he had seen, saying, "Guru Sāhib, as soon as I had reached the well and was about to draw up water I saw to my great surprise a man sitting in the well. If you will please come yourself, you will be satisfied that this is so. I cannot tell if it is a man, or a spirit, or some evil ghost!"

The *guru*, hearing these words, went to the well, and with him went all his followers. And when they reached the well all the rest kept silence, while the *guru* spoke and asked, "Who are you? What is your name? How came you in here?"

Then Puran, crying bitterly, answered and said, "After lapse of twelve years I have seen a human face again. I also am a man, you can see that for yourself, if you like! But if you feel any pity for me, you will kindly take me out, and then I will tell you my history."

The *guru* therefore ordered his disciples to take Puran out, which was accordingly done. And when Puran came to the surface, the *guru* was greatly pleased when he beheld his beautiful shape, and he said, "O God, have mercy on

him! Then ordered he his disciples to carry him tenderly to his tent and to set him down.

And he asked him, saying, "Where is your home, O



PUNJABI HOUSE, AS WELL AS THE FENCE, AND THE FENCE, AND THE FENCE.

Child? What is your name and where does it come from? How comes it that your hands and feet are so white? How did you get off? Explain to me everything."

And Pûran answered, "Our real country is Ujjain, the land of the Raja Bâkramajit, and to this side came our ancestors and settled in Sâkoti. My name is Puran, son of Sa-wahan, and Kaji Sa-lwan having cut off my hands and my feet threw me in here. So far I tell you, but I can tell you no more, unless you lay your supplications on me, and then, if you do, I will explain further to you."

The disciples, hearing this, said to him, "Happy should you be, and well content, that you have a Jet Garu Garakh Nâth! He is the beloved of God, and his worship has been accepted by the Almighty. You can ask what you please of him!"

Then Puran began his hapless story, not forgetting his father's kindness, and the *guru* heard him attentively. And Puran said, "When I was born every one loved me, and my father fed me with love and caresses. After twelve years I came forth from my tower, and my father, when he saw me, ordered his minister to arrange a marriage for me, but I refused the favour designed me. Then in a short time, he ordered me to go and pay my duties respects to my mother and step-mother. But when I entered the palace of Lâkshyî my step-mother was about to go, for, using the wheel of shame, she tried to subvert me with love, but I, drawing my clothes fiercely away from me, ran out of the palace. Then, in the night, she made my father believe what she pleased. And when the raja heard it without further consideration he ordered the executioners to take me and kill me. So having brought me here they cut off my hands and my feet, and left me in this old well."

Then Garû Garakh Nâth was pleased exceedingly to hear the history of Puran, and taking a vessel, he threw handfuls of water over him, and remembered God, and prayed for him that He would see fit to grant him his lost limbs,



and so, his prayers were heard and Puran was made whole again.

Then Puran seeing that he was restored, offered thanks to the *guru*, and begged him to make him one of his disciples; but the *guru* answered, saying, "Rather you must now return to your own home, and see your father again."

"Might I may not say," said Puran, "On your promise to accept my petition and grant me *yog*." His eyes fell on his ears. "O sir, insert the stone earrings with your hands."

"*Yog* you must not think of," answered the *guru*. "The performance of *yog* is beyond you. You are too weak to suffer hunger and thirst, to bear trials and afflictions, to renounce the world. You will have to content yourself with the pleasures of sense, and to enter upon a life of dissipation to pursue."

But Puran, finding his hopes, persisted. "I will obey your orders, I will accept all your conditions. Show me kindness, then, and make me one of your slaves. I will serve my utmost, and do whatever service you impose."

At last the *guru* granted his prayer, and having shorn off some of his hair, he pierced his ears with his own hands, and put the *mudrâ* stone earrings in them, and so Puran became a *yogi* or *fakir*.

Two days passed, and the *guru* then ordered Puran to go to the palace of the Rani Sandra,<sup>1</sup> and bring thence food for the brotherhood. As he was going, the other disciples said among themselves, "Let us see now of what sort he will be when he returns!"

But Puran took no notice, but having asked the *guru* to lay his hand upon him, and having uttered the name of God, he started for the house of Sandra. The *guru* also said to him, "Take care, you must treat everyone

<sup>1</sup> *Sandhar*—beautiful.





man and woman alike, as brother and sister. This alone is the way to win the world!"

"So," answered L-ran, "if I had been my desire to enjoy the world, I should have listened to L-ran, or I should have followed my father's direction to marry. Or again, when you bade me return to my house I should have gone. If I had hankered after pleasure. Be assured, therefore—I have no worldly desire at all!"

With these words he went on his way, and came to the palace of Rani Sundra, and there, speaking with a loud voice, he begged for alms, which were sent out to him by a female slave. But Puran said, "My business to-day is not with slaves, nor from them have I come to take alms. You will please go and tell the Rani to come herself, and give me the alms."

The slave fell in love with him the moment she saw him, and, without a word in answer, she went in and told the Rani what he had said, adding other words of her own. "Ran," said she, "you are always admiring your own beauty. Look at this *fakir* who is sitting before your house, he is a thousand times handsomer. You can come and see for yourself!"

The Rani went to one of her palace-windows and looked out. And when she saw his beautiful face, instantly she too fell in love with him, and she said to the slave-girl, "Go and call the *fakir* in." So the girl came once more to Puran and gave her message, saying, "Please come in, the Rani wants you!"

But Puran answered, "It is not the custom of *fakirs* to enter houses. Go tell the Rani to come out and give me whatever alms she has to give herself!"

When the Rani heard that, she opened her caskets, and filling a tray with rich jewels, she took them out herself to the *fakir*, and said, "Please accept them, so shall I

esteem it a favour! Yea I should be fortunate if you would accept myself and my cause as well.

Pūran, however, did not consent, but, taking from her all the jewels, he presented to the *guru*, and told him the things which had befallen him.

Now the *guru* was astonished to see Pūran, and he asked him, saying, 'Who gave you all these precious stones?'

'The Rani Sāndra herself gave them to me,' answered Pūran.

'These stones, O Pūran, are of no use to *others*. You must look upon them as common pebbles of the public road. Better go and return them.'

So the next day Pūran set out again for the house of the Rani Sāndra, who was eagerly waiting for him, and who, when he arrived, received him with pleasure. Pūran paid his compliments to her, and said, 'You will please take back the jewels. My *guru* is not pleased. But if you have bread, or any other victuals in the house, pray bring them.' The Rani then set to work, and prepared various cakes and sweets with her own hand, and, laying them on plates and trays, she ordered her servants to carry them to Guru Gorakh Nāth. Then said she to Pūran, 'Come, I will go see the *guru* myself.' So she went with him, and her servants bearing loads of food followed after, and so came to the *guru* to whom she offered her respects, laying all her offerings at his feet. Roving about stood the whole band of the disciples who came together at that spot, and she threw looks at them all, and no one of that company persevered in virtue saving and except the *guru* and Pūran only.

Now her coming pleased the *guru* greatly, and he said to her, 'What boon do you wish?'

'By your kindness and grace,' answered she, 'I have

in my house if I desire servants, horses, companions, female attendants—nothing is wanting but your goodness and the grace of God.”

Then said the *guru* to her again, “What boon do you wish? Ask without fear!”

Then the *Rani*, standing in the midst of them, looked round on all his disciples, and she chose *Puran* as worthy to be the boon she desired. And the *guru* consented, according to her request, and bid his disciples of *Puran* to go with her. *Puran* kept silence, not wishing to grieve his *guru*, and, rising, he went with the *Rani*, *Sundari*, and accompanied her home. And when they came to the palace, the *Rani* said, “I am one of the fortunate women in the world and blessed is my day. To-day I have obtained my desire through the kindness of the Guru, *Gurukul Nath*, such a bargain have I made this day, that no one else in the world will ever make the like of it again!”

*Puran*, however, was not so happy, for as they drew nigh the house, he was fain to run away, and ere they reached the door he begged the *Rani* to allow him to go into the jungle for a space. And the *Rani*, consenting, ordered two of her female slaves to attend him. But having gone some distance from the city he said to his two slaves, “Go, tell your *Rani* that *Puran* has gone away.” These attendants therefore went back—the *Rani* and explained to her all that had happened in the jungle. The *Rani*, hearing the news, fell senseless, and began to cry most heartily her breast, saying, “If I had known you were false I have paid me this back, never would I have allowed you to go to the jungle. Hardly had I known the loss of looking at your face, when you an enemy, you left me in all this woe. Ah, dear one, I have no power over you at all, and for you alone I go to my death this day!” Then she went up to the top of the palace, and looked long into

the jungle, but no sign of Piran was to be seen anywhere round. Failing to find him and despairing of his return,



THE RANI SUNDRA KILLS HERSELF.

she threw herself over and killed herself, and her death was mourned by the whole city.

Pûran, on the other side, leaving that place came to Tîan where his guru was then abiding, who, when he saw him approaching, straightway understood that he had left the Rani Sandra. And he spoke angrily to him, saying, "You have not acted in accordance with my wishes! But Pûran wept before him, and said, "I told you, Gurû Sâhib, that I have no desire for worldly pleasures, and yet, notwithstanding my words, you have made me marry a wife."

Then, understanding it all, the guru felt pained, and took him into favour.

The next day the guru said to Pûran, "Now go to Sâlkot and see your father! Instantly Pûran obeyed, and coming to Sâlkot, he entered an old garden of his own, which for want of water and care had dried up, and in that garden he tarried and the moment he entered the garden, all the trees and the flowers, which had died down to the earth, instantly revived and put forth blossom and leaf, and all over the city went the news, that the garden that had been dry for many years, was now as green as before. And people wondered and said, "Who has come here that the garden is so green again? And multitudes came to see him, and whosoever came received whatever he needed."

And it came to pass that someone made report of the miracle to Raja Surwaban and Rani Lura, who, when they heard of it also went to see the strange *takir*. And the people cleared the way and told him, saying, "Here are the Raja and Rani come to see you." When Pûran heard that, he got up, and offered his respects to them both, receiving them humbly.

And the king said to him, "Sir, I have come to see you, but you have laid weight of obligation on my head to receive me with ceremony thus!"

"How came you here, and why do you visit me?" said Pûran. "Please say!"



"You seem to be a sage and a friend of God," answered the king. "Ah! I need a son, if, in your kindness, you will grant the boon."

"I think," said Puran, "that you had a son, and he some day taking him into the jungle, killed him like a goat. With you too, my son he died."

Hearing these words, the raja wept bitterly, and answering, said, "Yes, sir, there was once a son in my house born of the Rani Leh-an. When he was young, I ordered him to go and visit his mother, and in re-seeing his step-mother, Rani Lina, and throwing all shame and virtue aside, wanted to deal injuriously with her."

"O sir," said Puran, "beware now you speak! Your son was innocent, but not so his mother!"

Then turning to Rani Lina he said, "Rani, will you explain now how it all happened? God will give you a son, but first you must truly confess your fault. Ory beware and do not prevaricate!"

"Alas," said the Rani, "mine alone was the fault and not Puran's. Na he, but I. I only was to blame! When he came to my palace I at sight of his lovely face begged him to be my friend. But Puran refused, and I then said to him, 'If you will not be mine, something worse shall happen to you.' So, after that, begging the raja, I caused him to be made away with."

Great was the astonishment of the Raja in hearing these words. "O wretched woman," cried he, "then it was your deed that lost me my son, and you it was who wrought the mischief by which Puran, my son, went out of my hands!"

When Puran saw them both crying, he could not restrain himself but, weeping too, he said to the Rani, "Lina, let the past go. That which was written in his destiny has come to pass!" Then giving a grain of rice to the Raja,

REMEMBER HIS OWN FATHER AND HIS MOTHER





he ordered him to give it to his Ran. ' for then, said he, by the grace of God, there shall be a son in your house again. But trouble shall be his portion such as that which Ran L. has brought on Puran, and through trouble like this shall he die."

At the moment when Ran Ichran, Puran's real mother, heard of this concern that was being wrought, and she said to herself, "Let me also go there, and beg healing for my eyes." So she started for the place but her eyes were dim from much weeping, and scarcely could she see where she was going. And as she was stumbling Puran turned, and saw his mother coming to him in her trouble, so he got up, and ran to her, and bringing her to his side, he questioned her, saying, "Mother, what has happened to your eyes?"

"Ah, sir, said she, "the loss of my son Puran has blinded me."

"You should not weep for him," said Puran, "rather should you lament him. He who has once died can never again come back. Rather pray to God, and He will give you your sight!"

She, having recognised his voice then said, "Son from what side have you come? Where was your birthplace, who was your father, what fortunate mother brought you into the world? If I could see soon she will find out who you are. But your voice tells me you are Puran. Am I right or not?"

"I am disciple of the *guru*, Górah Nath," answered he, "and *yogi* by profession. My ancestors were men of renown in Ujjain. I am a son of the Raja Sahuwan, my name is Puran, and *Putâr* Rajput is my caste!"

His mother, hearing these words, became happy, light once more visited her eyes, she embraced her son, and all her trouble and sorrow vanished away.

Now the Rājā when he saw and heard all these things became ashamed, and he began to mourn over his own folly. But Pūran looked at him and said, "Sir, let it go for as it was fated to be, so has my destiny brought it to pass. And as Lūnā was also thinking and lamenting over all she had said to him, he spoke to her as well saying, "Think no more of the past! Regard me as your own son and forgive me. Not so much your fault is it as the fault of my father, seeing he did not enquire into the matter." Then the Rājā with folded hands cried, "O God! forgive me, for I alone am the root of all my sons' misfortunes. What answer shall I make to Thee, O God, hereafter?"

After these things, Pūran said to them all, "Now go back to your house! There I've happy, and let me return from whence I have come!"

"Sir," said the king, "go not away again. Come home with me, take the keys of all my palaces, and of all my treasures, and be king of the land instead of me, for, if you leave me now, the parting will surely kill me!"

But Pūran refused his father's request, and then his mother Ichrān begged him to come and live for a time near her. But that too he refused, saying, "From this place, when a child, I was taken away into exile. How then shall I show my face now before the people? But I give you my *guzā* as a surety, that I will come and see you again. Do not therefore urge me with speech but allow me to go!"

Having so spoken, Pūran got up to leave them there, both the Rājā and his mother, and to his father he said, "Treat Lūnā as your queen, and also take care of my mother." So having started from that place he came once more to Tīlāh, and there paid his compliments and his





respects to the Gurú Gôrah Nath, as also to all the brethren of the order, explaining the strange events which had passed between his parents and himself. And the Gurú was greatly pleased to hear it, and to see him again, and he blessed him, saying, "May God guard you and keep you happy!"

*Told at Murree, July 1881, by Gharal, a story-teller*







SHORTER TIMES



## OF THE MAN WHO MISSED THE MARE

HE WAS

RIDING



It happened  
one dark  
night, that  
a certain

wise man, on a journey, was riding his mare through a gloomy forest, in which highwaymen and thieves sometimes lay in wait. Suddenly he cried out with a loud voice, "Aafr, Aafr," where on earth is my mare?

"Your mare?" answered his man. "You are riding your mare, are you not?"

"Am I?" said his master. "Well, so I am. But all the same we should be very careful going through a place like this."

*Told by the bard, Sher, at Abbottabad, Nov. 1839*



OF THE BLIND BEGGAR WHO WISHED TO FEEL

ONE HUNDRED

GOLD COINS



ONCE upon a time there was a blind fakir who used to sit day by day begging at the gate of a city. As he

was accounted a saint, his simple neighbours called him Hafiz. It was the custom of Hafiz to cry at intervals in a loud voice, "Woe to the beloved of God, who will not feel, my fee, one hundred gold mohurs!"

It happened one day that a certain soldier, returning from the wars, passed by the spot where Hafiz was sitting and heard his woful cry. Said the soldier to himself, "I vow before God that if ever I have a hundred gold mohurs, I will cry them to this good old man and let him feel them!"

He had not gone far on his way, when, as for an answer to his prayer, he picked up a bag of money which had been dropt in his path, and which contained a hundred gold mohurs neither more nor less. So the good man retraced his steps, and going up to Hafiz, he said, "Sir, by the kindness of God and yourself I have found a hundred gold mohurs. Be good enough to feel them, O good old man!"

<sup>1</sup> *Hafiz*, a title of honour bestowed upon anyone who can say the Koran by heart.

Blind Hafiz took the soldier's bag, untied the string, picked out the coins one by one, counting them carefully as he passed them from hand to hand, then restored them tied up the precious treasure again, and gave the soldier hundreds of benedictions.

"But," said the soldier, "I also want my money, good Hafiz! At once the blind beggar set up a dismal cry, "Friends, neighbours, help! thieves! All my wretched life I have been scraping together a little money, here a piece, there a cowerie, and now this son of a thief would rob me of all!" The people who came rushing together with great tumult instantly seized the unfortunate soldier, tore his clothes to rags, beat him to a jelly, and finally hustled him out of the town.

But the soldier, determined to have his revenge, still waited about. A cat watches a mouse and so in like sort the soldier watched the blind *fakir*. By and-by Hafiz takes up his *hamsah*,\* and begins to feel his way home, passing down into the street of the blind beggars. His house was the last in the row near to the open country and having undone the clasp, he entered and sat down on the floor, thanking God for all his mercies. But he was not aware that the soldier had dogged his steps, and that, at that very moment, he was standing behind him with drawn sword ready to cut off his head.

"Four hundred gold pieces before," muttered old Hafiz, "and one hundred now! Four hundred and one hundred make five hundred!" And Hafiz laughed long and merrily.

The blind man now rose up and groped his way to a corner where he turned up the earth, revealing a flat stone, which he lifted, and, lo, beneath it a brass pot. Divesting himself of his broad belt, which was heavy with treasure,

\* *Hamsah*—here, a stick with a crescent top.

he deposited that, and the gold he had just acquired in the brass pot aforesaid and restoring everything to its proper place, returned to his cot.

Now came the turn of the soldier. Stooping down he slyly uncovered the brass pot, which he lifted out with the utmost care but as ill luck would have it, in the act of rising, he knocked his head against a shelf. Instantly the old man bounded from his seat, and, seizing his stick, began to career madly round the centre of the room revolving like a wheel, and uttering the most frightful cries. Round and round he danced like a madman, striking out right and left with his stick, breaking his waterpots to shivers and flooding his room with water. His cries were so frantic as to be heard by another blind man who lived hard by, and who now came running over to see what was the matter. But scarcely had he entered the room when Hafiz closed with him, believing him to be the robber, and over the two blind men went on to the floor, fast locked in each other's arms, rolling here and rolling there in the mud, and with cries and yells tearing each other to pieces.

Taking advantage of the noise, and bursting with laughter the soldier now slipped out of the house with all his booty and got away as fast as his legs would carry him.

*Told at Ghâzi on the Indus, by Sher Khân, a blind man,  
September 1893.*

## THE CRAFTY FAKIR AND THE FOOLISH KING



ONCE upon a time some sturdy *fakirs* came to a certain town

in which every commodity was sold at precisely the same rate. Gold was as cheap as iron and wheaten bread could be bought for the same price as barley cakes. 'This must be a fine place to live in,' said one of the *fakirs*. 'Let us rest a bit here.' But the chief of the band answered: 'No, no, for if everything is sold at the same rate, justice is probably sold too. We are too poor to buy for once, shall move on.' The first speaker, however, who was a great lazy fellow caring only for his ease, continued to remain, in order to sit and drink and enjoy his life. His comrades therefore left him behind.

As it did not would have it that night there was a great robbery with murder, and the people set upon the strange *fakir* and charged him with the crime. In vain he protested his innocence, and the upshot of the matter was that the king condemned him to be hanged. So he found himself in a fix, but somehow he managed to send word to his chief who arrived on the scene just as the gallows had been set up, and the people were only waiting for the king to come and give the word of command.

"Save me, O my *Pir*, save me!" was the petition of the doomed *fakir*.



"Listen," said his master. "I shall speak to the king and beg to be hanged in your place. But do you keep saying at the time, 'No, no I want to be hanged myself and then we shall see what we shall see.'"

When the king arrived the old *fakir* approached him and said "O king, this unfortunate one is active and young with an old mother to maintain, whereas I am old and useless. Be merciful, therefore, and hang me instead of him."

"Nay, nay," cried the other *fakir*. "I want to be hanged myself, I want to be hanged myself."

The king was perplexed several times over, which astonished the king until he asked the old *fakir* what he said to him. "What's the meaning of this, that you two gentlemen are both so eager to be hanged?"

"Sir," answered the devout one, "the sacred books and in short all the writings of the *fakirs* pronounce this day to be the most fortunate day for death in the whole history of Islam. He who dies to-day is in luck, for he will go on angel's wings straight away to Paradise."

"Ah, then," cried the king, "that being so, hang me. O good people, hang me!"

So the king was hanged instead of the *fakir*, who, rejoicing in his luck, went off with his master, and he instantly cleared away.

*Told at Attock on the Indus, December 10, 1879  
by Karan Khân, a pillager.*

OF THE PATHÂN WHO WANTED HIS ASS TURNED INTO A MAN



ONCE upon a time  
a priest was  
teaching the  
village children  
at a mosque,  
when a Pathân  
came by.

Hearing the babbling, he had crept aside the wall and looked over. There he saw the priest flapping one of the boys and exclaiming as he flapped him: "From an ass I have made a man of you, you make a man of you out of a peckiss, and yet you will not understand!"

Hearing these extraordinary words, the Pathân picked up his ears and said to himself: "What power this priest must possess! He creates a man!" So, taking fifty rupees out of his wallet, he stepped into the court and laid them down before the priest. "I beg of you," said he, "to bring me my old donkey, and I give you in advance these fifty rupees on condition that you make a man of him."

"Well," said the priest, "I shall want the money first only for the feed of the ass, but do you call again some other day!"

The priest, therefore, took the man's money and put it by, and when the donkey came he banded it over to his wife, who used it day by day to fetch and carry.

At the end of six months, the Pathan came back and said to the priest, "Now, if you have finished the job, hand me over my man!"

You have come too late," answered the priest. "The truth is I spent your ass so ~~very~~ that it was not even before he turned into the *nawab* of the next village. As to the *nawab* of the next ~~village~~, I will tell him so."

For the next village, therefore, the Pathan set off, and going to the house of the *nawab* he explained the matter saying, "My fifty rupees I gave to the priest, and now come along—you are my man!"

Thereupon the *nawab* ~~went~~ I went, and I turned around and the Pathan had to return empty-handed to the priest, to whom he ~~made~~ us company. "I went to the *nawab* and he said that he got angry and refused to give himself over," I then said the priest. "That *nawab* was once a pupil of mine, and you must therefore go to him again, and remind him that he was taught by me from a child, to let him let me have some space in him, and that *nawab* or no *nawab*, he is most certainly your old *disciple*!"

So the Pathan did as he was told, and when the *nawab* had heard his story, he began to think within himself, "It would appear the very old teacher must have said something to this scapal ass, which he was not understanding. So I had better go with him to the priest myself."

Among the mosque, the *nawab* happened to see the priest was his old master, paid him great respect, and begged to be enlightened as to the capers of the black ~~head~~ of a Pathan. "He is certainly a blackhead, but not more so than other Pathans," said the priest. "The fact is he was passing when I was admonishing the rod to a dance, and hearing me using my accustomed phrase, 'From an ass I have made a man of you,' he gave me fifty rupees to make a man out of his own ass. Then I sent

him on to you, but even now, as you see, he does not understand.

"I have an idea," said the *narab*. "Let you tell him that his ass has now become the village *fakir*, and send him there, and I warrant that, by the exercise of some miracle or other, that holy man will be able somehow to knock sense into his head."

No sooner was it said than it was done, and presently the Patan was seen standing by the lonely side of the village *fakir* to whom he told his message, saying, "Listen, there's no other way for you but to go to the *fakir*, and I want you to come with me to see him." On hearing these words, the *fakir* thought to himself, "This man is odd." Then he said, "Yes, it is all right. I was once your old donkey true enough, my master. But first I want you to do something for me, and then you must take me back to me. I have a friend, another *fakir*, who lives across the river. Take him three cakes, and having given him a rum, with my salams, ask him to send me. Taking the cakes, the Patan went to the river, and had to get up to ask for a boat in which to cross over, so he had far to follow his steps. "Return to the *fakir*, and tell the *fakir* to make respectful salaams to him, and say I have sent you, and that you will be able to cross." So he went again, and made obeisance, and received an answer, and that he was permitted to cross over the wide river, and after some time he saw the second *fakir*, to whom he handed the cakes, saying, "Such and such a *fakir* has sent you this bread." By this time the Patan had begun to experience some faint glimmerings of reason, and he now considered within himself, "How am I to get back? I will ask the *fakir*." This there did he do, saying, "How am I to cross the river again?"

"Go to the bank," answered the holy man, "and say to

the river. "He who needs not food sends you a saaar, and begs you to suffer this Pathan to cross!"

The Pathan obeyed him, and coming to the river he spoke as directed, and, as before, the same voice said "Cross!" and he crossed over in safety. And at the time he was puzzling his brains as to what things meant, seeing that the *fakir* was eaten up and ~~the~~ cakes, so he said he would go back to the first *fakir* and ask him to explain.

To him therefore he went again, and, reporting to him all that had happened he begged for some explanation. And the *fakir*, seeing he was true, took him by the hand and said to him—"you are a Pathan, and therefore I suppose a foolish fellow, void of understanding. If you had had any wit at all, you would have seen for yourself that man, being a *fakir*, does not need food, but as I sent to, are as you took it, he ate it out of civility. Furthermore he said to me, "O son we are *fakirs*. If anyone could turn monkeys into men, it would be ourselves, of course, but that scholar merely meant to say that he had turned a stupid fool into a wise one, a fool into a reasonable being."

So, having been enlightened, and understanding it all, what a fool he was, the Pathan went back to the mosque, and, stooping low, he touched the feet of the priest and said, "An ass I came and an ass I went. Take me, I pray you, in mind yourself, and make a man of me!"

Hearing these words the priest commended him, and restoring his money and his ass, bade him enter his school, which he did, and there, not he required some knowledge and even some sense, saving the fact that he was still a Pathan.

Told at Ghâzi, Feb. 14, 1887 by Nazâm D.N.,  
a villager of Gharghushâ.

## A JUNGLE TALE



ONCE upon a time there was a donkey, and also a bullock, and neither the one nor the other had any regular

master, but anyone who wished to use or catch them could load them with stones or with timber, and work them to death. So one day the bullock said to the donkey, "Look here, we have no master and both our backs are sore. Every one puts upon us. Let us then go to the hills together and shift for ourselves."

"All right," said the donkey, "let us go," and they started off. After having lived in the jungle for some time, they got into good condition, and the donkey said to the bullock, "O Bullock, Bullock I feel to-day as if I should like to bray!"

"He do," said the bullock, "and I can't be an ass! Have you forgotten the time when your back was so sore, and now do you want to bray merely because you have been living at your ease for a day or two? Here we are in the jungle, and if you bray, a tiger will assuredly come and kill either you or me! What then, O Donkey?"

"Let him come," said the donkey, "let as many tigers

come as the I feel I should like to buy me there ere bray I must.

So the donkey began braying loudly until the cart seemed to shake, and the black said to him, 'So you are braying, are you? Well, now I must shift for myself.'

So the two friends separated. But the black had gone only a few steps when a limbed tiger began to wag his head and say, 'I am hungry, very hungry, and God has brought me these angles & donkeys for me.'

The black also, as he moved away, was saying to himself, 'Now when that unpleasant is sure to happen or I shall find the son of a black.'

And the tiger was also saying, 'I will set on the black first, and then sell with the donkey.'

And the donkey, seeing few things were done, was saying, 'The tiger has said for the black, and then I suppose he will come and devour me.'

Presently the tiger spring on the black, so the donkey flew to the river, skimming and being save, say. At this exact instant the tiger's flesh, right between the shoulders, which forced him to stop, and the black set free, set away to a place of safety.

At this moment a ploughman came, standing by the road, and said, 'What is doing? a donkey has had the tiger? The tiger seeing him called out, 'O my ploughman, come to my aid, save me from this wretched donkey.'

"Nay," answered he, "I save you, and you deserve all you will get!"

For the sake of God, and in the name of the Prophet, cried the tiger, "I beseech you, take me out of the jaws of this wretched donkey!"

Thus accursed the ploughman went up and smote the donkey with his staff. But this only made the donkey rear and kick and struggle all the more, until the tiger

said, "O he bites me harder than ever. His very teeth meet in me! For mercy's sake don't hit him any more, or I am a dead tiger this day! O Ploughman, take your plough-reel, and passing it round the villain's teeth, saw his very jaws off!"

Thus assailed, the donkey was fain to let go his head and seeing that he had now two foes to fight instead of one, he scampered off and joined his friend the bullock in a place of safety, leaving the miserable tiger ying exhausted on the ground. Then thought the tiger to himself, "It is better to have died at once than to have suffered such torture from a donkey." This ploughman, too, would talk of it everywhere, and all the tigers will come to hear of it. "I had therefore better keep him out of the way." So he glared at the ploughman, and said, "O Ploughman, I am going to kill you!"

"But why kill me?" said the ploughman.

"I am going to kill you," answered the beast, "because you will go and tell everybody about this injury, and then all the whole tribe of tigers will be disgraced for ever. But dead men tell no tales, and so I kill you: my story is safe."

"O you wretched beast!" said the ploughman, "I released you from death, and is this all the thanks I get? Not a word will I speak, nor mention a thing about it. And he solemnly promised to hold his tongue."

After this the ploughman went on his way home, followed by the infuriated tiger. And the next day to his wife, "I have seen a wonderful thing this day, but I won't tell you what it was."

Now, as this family, the gray mare was the better horse, so she said to her husband, "If you don't tell me, I'll thrash you!"

"Well," said her husband, "I *will* tell you, but remember, if I do, I shall be killed."

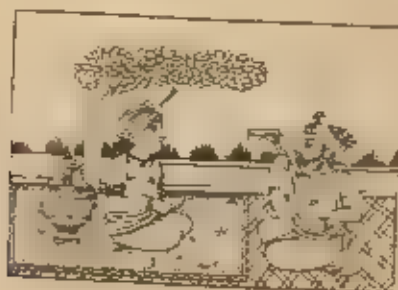


'Don't be a fool,' said she, 'but tell me at once

So he told his wife the whole story which he had promised to keep secret, and the tiger, listening outside, heard every word, and he cried out, "You wait till I catch you!" And the man said to his wife, "Now, you see!"

Next day the ploughman would have kept to the house, being afraid to go out to till the land, but his wife hosted him, saying, "Off with you! Snakes and tigers never come to the same place twice!" Get along!" and she took up a stick and gave him a drubbing. Then thought the man to himself "Better for me to be killed by a tiger than struck by a woman!" So out he went, but presently came across the tiger, who began to upbraid him for his perfidy, and would have eaten him, if the wife, hearing the noise, had not issued forth armed with her budgicon. The tiger, seeing her fury, took fright and ran away, leaving the man to his plough. And so the wife returned triumphant to the cottage. Who then will say that a woman is not as good as a donkey seeing that if a donkey routed a tiger, a woman was more than a match for man and tiger too?

*Told by Nur Khân, a farmer, at Torbala, Upper Indus  
November 21, 1880.*



## STORY OF A RUBY

OF A REALLY DESERVING MAN NO ONE KNOWS THE VALUE



✓  
ONCE upon a time there was a potter, who owned thirty or forty donkeys. Having loaded them up with pots one day, he was going his rounds, when he found a precious stone, which he tied round his largest donkey's neck. After a time he came to a ferry, and as he was crossing over, the

ferryman saw the stone and admired it. "What a pretty stone!" said he. "Give it to me, and your donkey may go over free."

"All right," said the potter, and he handed over the stone to the ferryman, who tied it to his stern oar.

After a time, a traveler wanted to cross. He was by trade a lapidary, and seeing the stone he said to himself

"That stone is simply a priceless ruby!" So he said to the boatman, "Will you take five rupees for your stone?"

"You can have it for ten," answered the boatman, having no idea of its value, and so the lapidary became the possessor of the ruby.

Having paid the money, and received the stone, he wrapped it most carefully in several soft napkins, and then laid it within several jewel cases, which he placed under lock and key in the safest place in his shop.

Some time after, the king, wanting a ruby, sent his minister

to look for one. Without delay they went straight to the lapidary, who at first denied having any such stone as the king would care to possess. "If I had," said he, "you would seize it and give me but a small sum for it."

"Never fear," said the minister. "As you have such a ruby, show it to us. But first how much do you ask for it?"

"Not less than twenty thousand rupees," answered the lapidary.

"Well, bring it and show it!" said the minister.

So he brought out his boxes, which he proceeded to open. But, alas, he found his precious ruby shattered to atoms!

"Ah my kismet, my kismet, my ruby, my ruby," cried he.

So the minister went away. And the lapidary, looking at the shattered ruby, began to upbraid it. But the ruby murmured, "Can you wonder that I am broken? First I was found by a potter and tied round the neck of a donkey, but the poor man was a simple villager. Then I was won by a boatman and bound me to him, but he too was ignorant and knew no better. But you, you offered five rupees for me, and gave ten! And even now, when you had the chance of procuring my true value, what did you do? You asked a wretched twenty thousand rupees for me! These slights were too much, my heart broke, and now I am worthless!"

So with people really worthy of honour. They are never appreciated by their fellow men, until, with broken hearts they lie in their graves!

*Told by Sher Khan the blind Khan of Hazara Dec. 27 1881*

## l'Envoy

Sadā nā bāgīn bālbūl bole,  
Sadā nā bāg bāhārān,  
Sadā nā rāj khūshī de honde,  
Sadā nā majlis yārān'.

Freely rendered thus:

For evermore, within the hower's recesses,  
No bulbul sits and sings melodious notes,  
No verdant April leaf the garden presses  
For evermore!

A monarch, robed in night and wraps in splendour  
Reigns not nor are from sounding shore to shore  
And friends companion-ship must end in parting  
For evermore!

The *Chayyār* or *Panānā* who has not this stanza by heart. It expresses the resigned philosophy which suits him best, the philosophy of Solomon—*Vanity of Vanities*."

The bulbul is not always singing in the garden  
The garden is not always in bloom,  
Kings are not always reigning in happiness  
Friends (lovers) are not always together.



## NOTES AND APPENDIX

**Vikramāditya Vikramāditya** Vikramāditya, a great Hindu warrior, saint, and legislator. His original capital was Uggayini (Udaipur, Dakhin Deccan), but he extended his arms as far west as Kashmir (see Wilson's *Indian Antiquary*), the south as well as India which he invaded the Alukkas (c. 544 A.D.). The Vikramāditya of the Vikram era which begins in 50 A.D. is therefore more or less a fiction. Among his successors were Ashvamedha, Prabhakarsena, who was killed by the king of Malwa, Kishkinkya, his son, Prabhakar, killed by Sushaka, an enemy of the Badkhist, and Silditya (580-600), who reigned six years and reigned the 'five centuries' though peace was not restored during thirty years. He was a strict Buddhist and abstained from eating of meat.

**Shalivahan** Shalivahan, the Kushan ruler, who is celebrated by the Kushan coins under the name 'Sawana' (Sawana, Sanskrit: Sarika). He succeeded in overthrowing the empire of Vikramāditya and that was the end of the Vikram era. The Vikram era (A.D. 57) must have been very common and that explains why we have occurred (c. 450) in the history and thirty years after the reign of Vikramāditya (c. 544 A.D. 677). It is to be remembered that though Greek rule in the Kāshmir Valley and in the Indus ended about 150 B.C., the most flourishing period of Indo-Scythian rule ranges from 150 B.C. to 100 A.D., and after this the Indo-Scythians ruled east of the Indus as well as west, as it has been shown that Marikaya, the great Badkhist *stupa* or monastery which stood between Jhāra and Rāwā Pind, was founded or at least restored by Huvishka of the Torjari tribe of the Indo-Scythians, who is believed to have reigned some time between B.C. 57 and A.D. 47.

**Sarikap Rāja** Ghulam, an intelligent visitor of Kāndhān Mohit Garagarh about five miles from Sarikot told me that Rāja Sarikap was a son of the famous Rāja Bhadrā, a brother of Rāja Dharmā, whose memory is preserved in a traditional stanza (p. 173) and

that he used to live in Sangât thî Ghari, or the Fort of Sangat half a mile from Srikot on the top of the ridge of Gandgarh and that he built Srikot of men's skulls, is the name according to the tradition, though he admits that it may also mean the Great Fort. Traces of Srikapûr however exist all over the country. There is a "Srikapûr Fort" under the hill two and a half miles from Shekhar in Hazârî where coins are found, there is another at Rawal in Kashmir, another at Hajar near Lahore, and still another on the site of ancient Taxila near Pindi, the great city, now almost obliterated, where Alexander the Great was sumptuous & entertained, and where also the ancient Buddhist *stupa* is, locally known as the tower of Râni Koklân.

The traditions near Shekohara to the west of Lahore are very interesting, as well as perplexing. There we find—

- (1) A Fort of Srikapûr at the village of Balar
- (2) A Fort of Simsûk.
- (3) The village and Fort of Anha, near Râsi
- (4) The villages or (a) Kâpûr and Kûlpi, or (b) Manda and (d) Mândehi

At all these, which are now known as the Bagh-Bachia or Tiger Hills, there are mounds said to commemorate Raja Srikapûr and his two brothers and four sisters: name of Simsûk and Anha, his brothers are Kûpû, Kûlpi, Mîndi, and Mânesh, his sisters.

Rasah is Grey Mare. She bears various names. I find or more exactly find, the name given in the text means "made of steel." *Harâk* another name of this famous horse, is simply the "Grey Mare." *Sharâf thî harâ*, said her name was rather *Chakra Irak*. *Black-pan* is the name of the large black bee said to be emblematic of the lotus. *Irak* is a term which distinguished a famous breed of horses from Central Asia, probably Parthian. *Irak*, *Arak* is strictly the country lying between the Tigris and the Euphrates. A grey mare seems to be held in high favour among the tribes. I remember that the leader of the *Khagharis* who opposed the British advance at Ferozâbâd near Jalaâlâbâd in 1879, was seen mounted on a fine grey mare. So the famous steed of Râstem was also a grey mare.

Râni Koklân.—According to the "Châzi" version, and also to the Jârâ Jâmâ's version, queen Koklân, when she fled from the castle

<sup>1</sup> *Koklân*, and *Koklân*.

which was killed on the spot. The dead sheep, however, related an entirely different story. It is said that, the day after the chase, an broken steed survived the Raskahs' pursuit, threw her into a sack and her owner, badly injured, and being together with her horse, saying that her Kaga (father) at his son is going home to be married — at last started the chase of Atak Atak. Nauray the horse took the strong road, or spine. On the way, after some time, she perceived a group of nomad scavengers, observing Koka's death, and perceiving that she was not so dead, took her and carried her to her winter quarters where she named her. She wore her summer dress, and wore a red Kaka Karak and Seli, and from these things, as from signs or tracks, she was living in the house of the Upper Tabat, and the Lower Tabat. She Sharp Eye got the clue and the clue, and that the Kaka Karak of Tabat, and the signs of living in the house of the Upper Tabat, on account of their way, recent for Koka. At last, when she heard speaking of the Kaka Karak, she said, they are of the same race, because they display certain characteristics as arrogant and proud, while at the same time they possess qualities of an ego of a sort, as cowardice, treachery, and greed. She explained this to show that the thing was exactly the one she had seen in the story.

The Roaring of Gandgar. Mount Gandgar, which with Kasa, imprisoned the giant Thirya, is said to be a low earthen dikes. Then, when there is no perceptible shaking for internal roaring of the earth can be heard, and the Thirya is the noise which is said to be imprisoned under. The villagers, however, sometimes assert that the howling of the giant is quite distinct above from the roar of earth, and that, as this peculiar howling has not been heard of late, the giant Thirya must have succumbed to his miseries at last!

Raskahs' Arrows. These arrows, which are said to be made of the writer, are made of a greenish stone, then slanted about ten feet of the ground. They are not over half an inch in diameter, and are made of the granite rocks with a fine grain. The arrows are the pieces which they now use. According to the story of Muhammad, even to make Kasha, the paragon of heroes, and even to make him to carry these great stones, the other way





remains of a strange superstition prevalent among the village of the Upper Luta. Among the people of this district there is a belief that a certain kind of knowledge is passed on from father to son, and that it is not to be revealed to any one else.

According to the story, the distance was not to be less than 800 miles, and the distance was not to be less than 800 miles, and the distance was not to be less than 800 miles.

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and specimens of *Arum* is the *phunch* or gun-nera, or the *kikkor* or *arabid araba*, and the apple tree called *ber*, together with the *dhaman*,<sup>1</sup> famous for its grand foliage and snowy white flowers, are valuable for its hard and solid which is highly prized by the country buyers. We arrived late in the evening and utterly exhausted we were glad to draw room, a blazing fire in the comfortable house of a kindly British Customs' Officer F. J. Barrow, a native whose aid was of much value to me in the collection of some of these tales.

The origin of the name Chaudhary is quite uncertain. I may mention, however, that *chaud* in *urmukhi* means anything but a housewife as said. But on the banks of the Indus, as it appears to possess an external meaning and it may be applied to what is monstrous, horrible, an obscene or depreciable and possibly, such a name, for instance, as *Sankaradev* (a bad Chaudhary) then may mean the part or name of the Chaudhary's appropriate name for a place so fraught with tradition stories of those folk tales which appear to have succeeded in the superior cunning of the simpler folk of the world.

Chaudpat—A game of very high adaptability. As a chess, it is played on squares but the squares are sixteen in number in sets of four, each distinguished by its own colour and always just as in draughts and in the board game of the Japanese where the number of one square each. The board itself is usually composed of equal numbered or squared and is however, not square but in the form of a plain cross. The dice are thrown before each move. One K. Nal is traditionally said to have been the inventor of it.

The game played by Rasht and Srikan, a village taken by the army many points in connection with the famous gambling match between Dharmadhar and Yudistira in the great epic of the Mahabharat (circa B.C. 1500).

The foregoing tale is from the happy version of the Krishna Legend, published in Germanki at Lahore. It represents the two kings in the present when Krishna is finally victorious. The action of the players is fine where the cat attacks the wolf, queen and the covert concern of the queen princess, Krishna, as I take her to be together with the complacency of the spotted, black whiskered cat as she mumbles the accompanying rat.

<sup>1</sup> *Dhaman* (*Grewia Elastica*).

are equally fair. The game is excellently portrayed; it is clear and unmistakable. But the most striking and stroke of the artist is the introduction of the wall and window scenes, one of which it is quite evident, are deeply interested in the state of the contest. The whole conception is charming, and it is well worth the method of representing the crowded events of the episode in a single scene after the manner of the *Anglo-Saxon* and *medieval* times. The artist is to be commended for the way in which he has succeeded in arousing the English interest of the bucolic *Panjābī*.



**Raja Hind.** According to the authority of Ghalib, a village of Mount Chanderghat, referring probably to a large local trade fair. This fair was at Oudh on the western bank of the Ganges. The very spot where according to Captain Cunningham, Alexander the Great crossed the river. But Hind also had a seat at Atak, Attock and his territory, as already remarked in the Introduction, was named Chanderghat. The name Chanderghat survives in more than one spot in the neighbourhood of Atak.

But Chanderghat appears to have been something more than a petty village, for we find its memory as also already noted, largely preserved as far east as Lahore and as far west as Jaunpore in Agra. When encamped at the latter place during Sir Sam Browne's occupation of the valley in 1876, I learned from certain

[illegible]

These mongre traditions are preserved by the villagers at Lohit who also believe that the three heroes were slain by Arakhs. For the Imam A. Hama Muhammad's family and those among the stepas were it was Rabi Han that Arakhs was killed because of his iron-hot temper and that Jangtaraag at Karabai.

In the Peshawar Valley the following tradition survives respecting Rāja Hūdi and his brethren.

At the time of the settlement of the Pathar caves in the year 1840, a fort had been built at Rana by a Hindu chief, two of whose mothers had wed in the year previous to its construction and the other at Pathar, and called Rana. His son, a cunning Khatri, at opposite Atank. It was arranged, however, that one of them should be left as a post when the smoke arising up to the sky would be the signal for the rescue. The Chattragur chief, however, was so cunning that, when they saw the smoke, went to assist the party, but it was a false alarm. Some time after the cave being attacked by Pathars,

\* Now in the Gold Room in the British Museum



Together the brothers took counsel  
 To buy some iron,  
 To take it to the smithy  
 Spades and ploughshares to make  
 Together the brothers consulted  
 To divide also their lands and to eat.

NOTES. *Rat*, adv. together from *rauna* to join is company  
*Rauna* = to mix, as wine and water

*Nichā* an *vr̥hāre* word = counsel, consultation.

*Band* to divide *Band* and *man* measured, to be up the measure of feet

Mahyān chāren, mūrī māren,  
 Palī kujh nā pāyā,  
 Bharjāyā āke rowan lagvān,  
 Hai, hai bhayye-khāyā.

You graze the buffaloes, play your pipe  
 And earn nothing.  
 Your sisters-in-law came and began to weep,  
 (Crying) Hai, hai you never devourer

NOTES. *Mahyān* from *sing* *Mahā* buffaloes, an archaic word the use of *ma* being *ma* *hān* or *manhān*

*Mūrī* is a flute such as that which the god Krishna plays

*Palī* a skirt. The line means literally 'You've got nothing for your skirt' and refers to the custom of tying up coin, or other small treasures, in the corner of the skirt or robe. Hence the saying 'Tere palī ki pāyā?' What have you gained?

*Hai, hai* be as a exclamation of distress. Cf. the Greek *hai*.

*Bhayye khāyā*, another form being *Bhāra khāyā* - devourer of your clothes. Compare the English saying, 'You' devour me out of house and home,' and the Hindi phrase 'They devour widows' houses.'

11

'Takht-Hazārean Rājha purā  
 Pahī rāt masā,  
 Mange rūkre is naddhe ānde,  
 Ic kachchī lassi pīti.



From Takeda Hara the River started.

And the first night came to a mosque.

He wanted bread, his boy brought it.

And he drank milk-and-water.

Notes. *Takeda Hara* = Takeda River, a river of the province of Takeda. *Hara* = the more important.

*From Takeda Hara the River started* = *Hara* = the more important. *From Takeda Hara the River started* = *Hara* = the more important.

*And the first night came to a mosque* = *And the first night came to a mosque*. *And the first night came to a mosque* = *And the first night came to a mosque*.

Basantar sūnūn hath na āndī.

Ghar-ghar dhūndān watān,

Pahā sat waddāne mārī

Lahu chogayā hathhān.

Fire I could not find,

From house to house I wandered,

The first blow I struck with the hammer

And the blood flowed from my hand.

Notes. *Basantar* = a servant who is in the house. *Basantar* = a servant who is in the house.

*Ghar-ghar* = house by house. *Ghar-ghar* = house by house.

*Pahā sat waddāne mārī* = *Pahā sat waddāne mārī*.

Terā kī kūjh gayā

Tainūn puchhe Sowārī,

Terī chāī yārī āhī,

Tūn hain kamzāt bhārī.

What is the something you have lost,  
Sowari is asking you,  
Yours and his was the friendship,  
You are very low-caste.

Notes: *Phyllanthus* is a very large family (ca. 1000 genera) with $\text{Adj}_i$  was, for  $id$ , (also local).[illegible]

*Pharmazie*, 1955, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843

Kalke Pīr dua karde  
Nān terā Mivān Rānyā,  
Bachcha Hīr tudāhān dūtī  
Ge dūdh pulāen mānyā.

Your name is Miyán Rānjhā,  
The girl Hir is given to you,  
If you give us to drink some buffalo's milk

*Notes. Fir.* The Fir were the five chosen disciples of Mohammad, who take the Twelve Apostles following him in order everywhere. Their names were Abbas, Ali, Abubakr, Saad, Usman, and Umar. Of the two great divisions of Mahomedans, the Shiites and the Sunnis, the Sunnis acknowledge Ali only. On Ali's sons Hassan and Hussein with their children were killed in A. D. 610, the Shiites grieve on him, and every year at the Mourning they see the Shiites celebrate their death in processions with much wailing and weeping.

Again, a little further back Mr. or Mrs. [name] is seated to  
swindlers and Molasses are the other only can

*Zedillo, in, and I were in real use for families*

Pidin uhnūn hukam ditta  
Dono akh mitāi,  
Allā de nān di tainūn Hīr ditti  
Māhr Chūchak di jāi.

The Pirs ordered him  
 To close both his eyes, (saying)  
 In the name of God, we have given you Hîr  
 Mâhr Chûhak's daughter

NOTES. *Mâhr* a honorific word, meaning head, master or chief from the Arabic *mâhr*.

*Jih*, & from m. *jâh* offspring from the verb *jâma* to bring forth.

\*\*\*

Uchya lamyân khûb jawānan  
 Bālân nâl dupattâ,  
 I in ghâton chhûr he ghate hoson,  
 Dûhsen kamliyâ gattâ.

O youth, tall and beautiful,  
 With a turban on your head,  
 You have left the ford for no ford,  
 O fool, you will drown in the stream!

NOTES.—*Uchya* high. tall. *lamyân* long, *uchya lamyân*, in intensive,—very tall.

*Bālân*, literally, not head, but hair.

*Tân ghâton* etc. A proverb runs thus—*Arvun ghâton be ghâtâ hona hair*. Why leave the sand-banks for no sand-banks. *Wân* are you going wrong—referring to the torals in the rivers which he over sand-banks.

*Kamliyâ* (O) fool, from *Kamla* a fool—so a so *ghallâ* (O) simpleton, from *ghallâ*.

XVI

Sûno Siyâlo dhuyân wâliyo,  
 Dhuyân na rakho ko,  
 Jamdiyân î mâr satto,  
 Tars na khâyo ko.  
 Ethe othe dhubh jahânio,  
 Hîr Râjhe dî hoî.

Hear, ye Sivals who have daughters'  
 Do not keep your daughters,  
 As soon as they are born kill and cast them out  
 Have no pity on them! (for)  
 Here and there, in both the worlds,  
 Hîr belongs to Rânjha!

NOTES. *Sivals*, a tribe of Panjâbis, grazing buffaloes.

*Tars* pity, from the Sanscrit. In Persian it signifies fear.

*Na khaye tars* Do not eat pity do not admit pity to the heart.

*Hir Rânjhe di hai* Hîr is of Rânjha an idiom similar to the familiar Latin one.

## XIX

In the lament of the old uncle rendered in prose in the translation, "*Khari*" the name of his pet brown hee here means "beauty." His little red bitch was named *Lohi* a word which means red. The Panjâbis are fond of naming an animal after some characteristic. Thus "*Batu*", speak for a good watch dog "*Dhabbi*", "spot", for a spotted dog "*Nu*" "bluish-gray" for a cow of that colour or for a grey mare, etc.

## XXVI

Sân we Kâzi bâbal jihâ  
 Main jihyân ghar dhiyân,  
 Mî nân kardî arzân kardî  
 Jân bolawân Miyân.  
 Rânjhâ merâ paik piyâdâ  
 Mast mirâkan thiyân  
 Rânjâ ja dalân wich khâlosî  
 Main dhâl Rânjhan dî thiyân,  
 Je main mukh Rânjhe thîn morân  
 Makke kiyon kar gayân?

Hear me O Kâzi you are like my father,  
 You have daughters like me in your house  
 I am praying and beseeching you,  
 And ever have called you Miyân.  
 Rânjha is my brave soldier  
 I am mad after him.

If Rân is standing in the battle-field,  
I will stand as Rânjha's shield.  
If I turn my face from Rânjha,  
How can I go to Meccah?

*News.* *Bulat* a friendly love letter from *Abbi* also brought is *Pak* mainly, 'brave' a 'brave' letter. In Persian times a foot-messenger

*Foot* a messenger from pad Sans. *Padat* the foot

*Mirokhan* may with love. An archaic word not generally used in this sense though found in Hazara and among the *beher*. If corresponding yet is *mirakhan* to be melancholy to be called there is to strike from *mirrikhan* a strike as when a ball is *maat* an strikes with 'horr' and 'hoof'

*Dalan*, p. of *dai* a caper held from Sans *dalan* to spit to a I. There is a common proverb which runs *Jithe dai uthe bādhar* for *Dahin uti sahit bādhar*—Where the battle field is there are clouds.

*Mukh* face. In Sanscrit also the mouth meaning preserve. In the compound *Mukharbind* 'Holy Mouth' a title of the god Krishna. Compare 'Chrysostom'

## XXVIII

Uyîn mîn man nakh gharāwân,  
Peshîn thîn monolî,  
Dîgar dâ mâin hâr parowân,  
Shâm pâwân gal choh,  
Khusîn de main witr guzârân,  
Nafî par merî jhohî,  
A Kâfî, bādshâh de jullîe,  
Sharâ mukâwan rollî.

At morning hour I will make ready my nose-ring  
At noon my ear-ring,  
In the afternoon I will prepare my necklace,  
At sunset I will put on my frock,  
At bedtime I will perform my *witr*.  
Having my rosary in my lap,  
Come Kîz let us go to the king  
To settle our dispute.

**Notes.** This stanza refers to the five fixed times of the prayer among the Muhammedians. The contents indicate that the person referred to is a faithful Moslem, and that the king will justify her.

*Fajrin* (Fajr) morning, the morning prayer seen at sunrise.

*Peshin*, from *pesh* before, or in front. Persian. The hour when the sun moves forward from the zenith up to one or two o'clock.

*Digar*, the second time, (Persian) the hour from two to four.

*Sham* (Hm) the evening, the hour when the sun sets, evening.

*Hizr* (Arabic) the confession of faith repeated over and over again at bedtime, *khushtun* between nine and twelve.

*Agh* (Arabic) here refers to the string of beads, the rosary of *tasbeeh* at use of the East *pace* St. Domin.

*Muntri* is sometimes used for the bracelet, sometimes for all the jewelry. Keshi a Hindustani word. *Panja* *waris* *baak*.

*Har* is any neck-reef, or by a garland of flowers as a necklace of silver. Here it would be the latter.

*Chah* it is made like a long, open bag, as a turban or tied behind.

*Khushtun*, a confession bedtime from the Persian *khushtun* to sleep. *Jhōli* is a skirt, and so the "lap."

*Koh* an ancient word, as a to *quar* *use* *rad* a spotted arrow.

## XXXI

Bhannî bhannî main patan gayān.

Aggon berî āi,

Berî de wich gabhar dithā,

Bekāl usdî chāi,

Chishmān bhar asān wāl dithā,

Lagyd uttar sāhī,

Hazrat Khwāje pīr ne,

Merî kī karmāi,

Harān pakṛ cāhatī māyān

Main khaṁhe nāi avahī

Arshād tor mānūn gahne āe

Ek hasā ek bāhī,

Jabrāī nishān parhāyā,

Isrāfīl gawāhī

Panj Pīr merī janjīe charhe,  
 Kitā fazal hāhī,  
 Ethe, othe, dohīn jahānī,  
 Hīr Rānjhe nūn diwālī.

Roaming, running, I went to the ferry  
 Before me came a boat,  
 In the boat I saw a youth,  
 I took hold of his skirt,  
 (or, I lifted his veil)  
 With full eyes he regarded me,  
 And my breath came quick.  
 The Hazrat Khwājah Pīr  
 Did my betrothal,  
 Fates caught and put me in Māyān.  
 And I was married to Rānjhā.  
 From the skies came my jewels,  
 One a necklace and one a bracelet,  
 Jibrāfil solemnised my marriage,  
 And Isrāfil was witness.  
 The five Pīrs joined in the procession,  
 And God had blessing for me.  
 Here and there, in both the worlds  
 Hīr was given to Rānjhā.

Notes. *Bhannā*, from *bhagnā* to run, another word is *dhuruknā*, and another *narnā*. The usual word for "to run" is *daurna*.

*Gubhar*, a youth (provincial). Another form in more general use is *gubharū*, also a bridegroom, or a husband.

*Bukhar*, a veil, a skirt, a sheet, a woman's veil, a man's skirt, but men frequently veil their faces from the sun too when travelling or sitting, or lying.

*Uttar sahi*, quick breathing, as from exertion or excitement, dying away swooning. The term is also used for asthma and heart-disease.

*Māyān*. *Māyān* is a peculiar custom observed for about a week before marriage. The bride is put in some secluded place where no one may visit her but one or two of her girlfriends called *sahbāliyan*, or bridesmaids. She must neither wash nor change her clothes, the idea being that her beauty after her final bath will be all the more resplendent. On these occasions a feast is held and much

joy expressed. Dancing and singing take place and the bride's body is anointed with fragrant ointments. Then follows the wedding

I once witnessed a similar ceremony at Ceylon during the Fasting. A girl having come to the age of puberty was confined for some three or four days in a little circular wigwam made of reeds and compelled to remain there in the utmost seclusion, her food being handed in on a plank of wood. On her wedding day she was taken out, well washed in the stream and the dresses up, and bejewelled. Feasting and loud music were kept up the whole night and for several days and nights after.

*Chashmân*, a Panjab Fair, verse *Chashmân sang chashm*

*Huran* Four s. *Parî* four c. (then the *Parî* is a fairy. *Hûris* are *Parîs* are feminine but just "girls"). evil spirits are named. The faeries are said among the Hindus to be under the rule of *Râja Inrî* (the god of the *Vedâs*) and they are believed to destroy good crops and bring rock generally.

*Harat Akwân* *Harat* (Village) is a title of honour among holy men. *Khwârd* also a term of honour refers to *Khwâjab Khîzar*, the green-robed deity, who among Muhammadans is the protector of travellers. The voyagers of the Indus, Muhammadan as well as Hindu, believe that he is the over-god, able to preserve their minds and villages from the croaking action of the waters.

*Ashûn* pl. of *arsh* (Arise the sky, the home of the angels) or rather the term used for the throne of God.

*Hûlu* for *Alâb* an Arabic word in common use in the Panjab.

*Jibrîl* is the Archangel Gabriel who brought the Qur'ân down to the Prophets, and the *Kur'ân* to Muhammad.

*Irîfû* is Raphael who is regarded as a guardian angel and who will blow the trumpet on the Judgment Day.

The other Archangels among Muhammadans are *Mîkâl* (Michael who gives down bread, and *Asraf* (Azrael) the Angel of Death who bears away the soul.

These are the four *farishtâs*, or archangels of Islam.

## XXXV

Babal sânûn majhîn dityân,  
Koi hûrân koi paryân,  
Sing jinhânde wal wal kunhe,  
Dand châmbe diân kalyân.



Bahr jawan te jūh sohāne.  
Ghar āwan te galyān  
A, Rānjha gal-lag-lag miliye,  
Khān khamān nūn khalgūn.

My father has given me buffaloes,  
Some are hours, some fairies,  
The rams are twisted—driven—drive  
their teeth as white like jasmine buds.  
When they go forth the pasture was new  
When they come home the lanes,  
Come Runners closely etched—emerge  
(And) let them devour their owners.

Yes. This pretty little pastoral I have rendered to the  
freely

H. tail very curved & crooked ~~tail~~ crooked

*Akron* is the best. But is the same as *teeth* at there is a common saying in the *Dante* (and *of Akron* teeth) white as or is of justice, when it put to it is the line in the stanza.

*gah* goes pasturing & my kin has seen a *hast gah* keep  
tally on the village streets, from *gah* to passage by a  
hills it means a pass.

Grat. en k. tagningarna till ena sidan och till andra sidan

[illegible]

XXXX 11

Ayâ Sâwân mành we Kâzi  
Rah gâi ret nimânî  
Hervâr hatk yin rah.ndâ nabîn  
Shâuh daryâ dâ pânî.









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